The Saturday Evening
POST
January 18, 1958 — 15¢

JAN 14 '58
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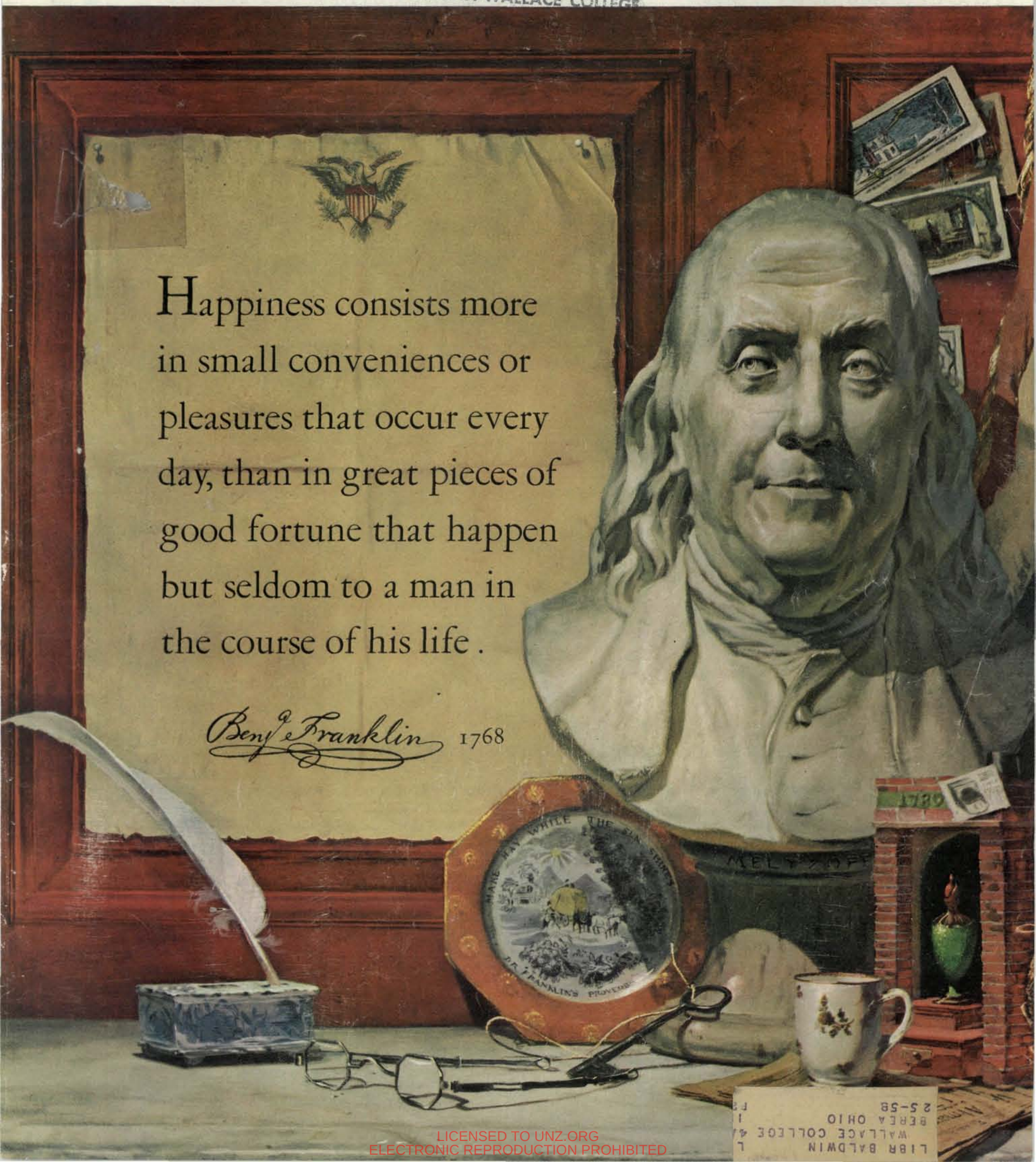
I Call on Edward R. Murrow
By PETE MARTIN

A Woman's Story of Her Widowhood and Remarriage
By MELISSA MATHER AMBROS



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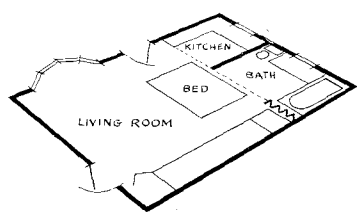
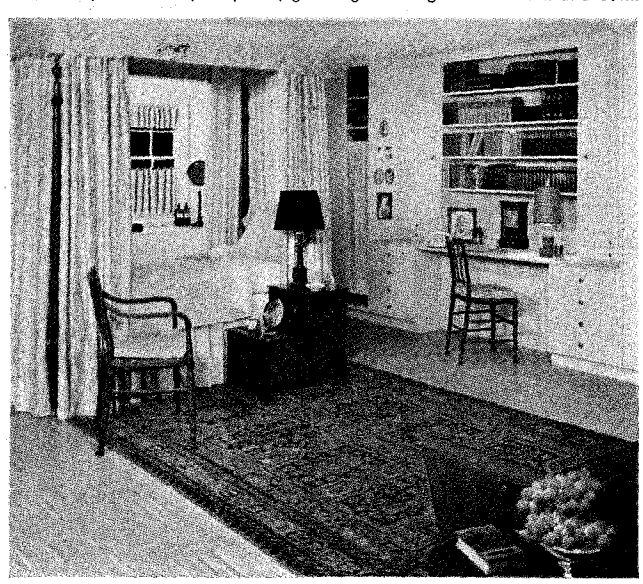
Floor is Armstrong Parquet Linoleum Tile, No. 1840. Room designed by Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration.



ANNOUNCING A LUXURY FLOOR AT LOW COST:

new! parquet linoleum tile by Armstrong

View from opposite side of room. Mother has every comfort and convenience in this charming one-room apartment built on to her married daughter's house. The handsome floor of Armstrong Parquet Linoleum Tile is greaseproof and splashproof, goes right through into kitchen and bath.



This is a remarkable floor. As you can see, it has all the beauty of costly wood parquet. The warm, mellow colorings. The ability to go with any furnishings. And Armstrong Parquet Linoleum Tile has none of the disadvantages of wood. No splinters. No open seams. No sanding. No varnishing. It's the sort of luxury floor you wouldn't mind paying extra for—but Parquet Linoleum Tile actually costs less than almost any other floor. What's more, you can easily put it down yourself, if you want to save installation costs. So don't put off that redecorating any longer. Ask your dealer to show you the many design effects possible with Armstrong Parquet Linoleum Tile. It will do wonders for any room.

SEND 25¢ FOR "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING." Ideas in color for every room. Sketch plan of this apartment and list of furnishings available free. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5801 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

LINOLEUM • INLAID VINYL CORLON® • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE • LINOTILE®
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"We're looking for people who like to draw"

BY ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW—America's 12 Most Famous Artists want you to test your art talent. We want to find out if you can be trained to be a successful, money-making artist.

This offer is part of a program we began ten years ago. We found that many men and women who should have become artists — didn't. Most of them hesitated to find out how much hidden art talent they had. Others who *knew* they had talent simply couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan To Help Others

My colleagues and I decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves were able to learn only through long, successful experience.

We illustrated this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings; then organized it into a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting . . . lessons that anyone could take right in their own homes and in their spare time. Finally—after much testing—we perfected what is probably the most personal and effective method of criticizing a student's drawings and paintings that the field of art teaching has ever known.

Our program of art training is now well known and respected all over America. During the past ten years, we have helped thousands of people find success in art. Here are just a few:

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Father of Three Wins New Career

Stanley Bowen—a married man with three children, unhappy in a "dead-end" job—began studying with us, evenings. Now he's earning a much higher salary as an illustrator for a growing art studio. And his family sees a happy, secure future ahead.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

John Busketta was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he began our training. He still works for the same company. But now he's an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay!

Earns Seven Times As Much

Eric Ericson used to be a clerk in an auto parts department. Thanks to our training, he is now an art director at *seven times* the salary he was making when he enrolled.

A West Virginia salesgirl studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he enrolled with us. Two years later, he won a prize in a national cartooning contest and was signed to do a daily comic strip for a group of newspapers.

Profitable Hobby — at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one-man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

Donald Kern—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana — studied art with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for $250 each, and gets all the business he can handle.

Mother Boosts Family's Income

Elizabeth Merriss—busy New York mother —now adds to her family income by designing gift wrappings and greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

Free Art Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page art talent test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who reveal talent through this test are eligible for professional training by the School . . . right in their own homes.

If you like to draw and want to know if you have talent worth developing — mail the coupon today. The test will be mailed to you without cost or obligation.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

ALBERT DORNE

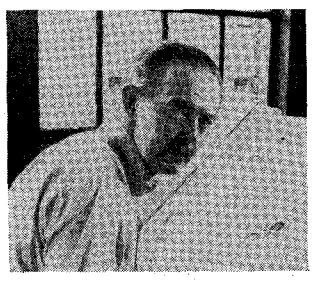
NORMAN ROCKWELL

AL PARKER

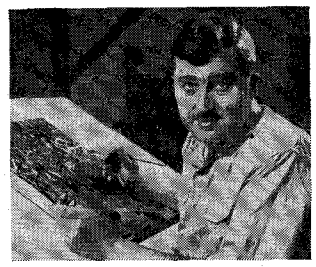
JON WHITCOMB

HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

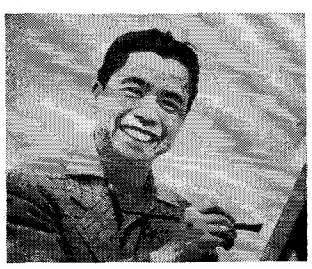
STEVAN DOHANOS


FRED LUDEKENS

PETER HELCK


ROBERT FAWCETT

BEN STAHL


DONG KINGMAN

AUSTIN BRIGGS

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 542, Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. _____ Age _____
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

County _____ State _____

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LIBERTY MUTUAL®

The Company that stands by you®

May: Hit by our policyholder!
August: Switches to Liberty!

THIS LETTER, written *to* Liberty Mutual by a car owner who collected damages *from* Liberty, speaks for itself.

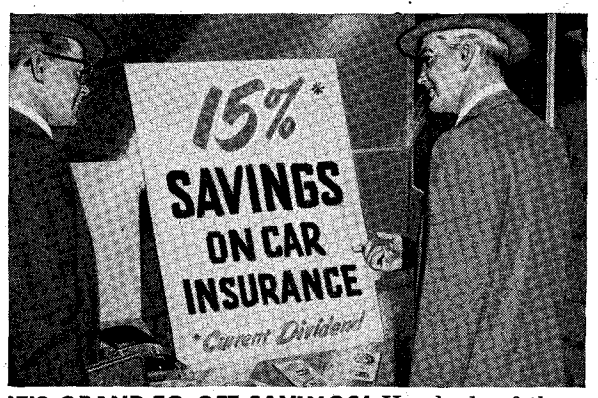
"Gentlemen: This letter is just a part of my way of saying 'thank you' for the excellent service you gave me when my wife's automobile was struck by your policyholder's truck recently while she was shopping.

"The efficient, swift action of your claimsman gave my wife and me calm assurance when we needed it most. This was the first time our car has ever been damaged and our only chance to use our insurance. Your settlement was made before we had even heard from our own company.

"As further evidence of our appreciation, we have placed our automobile insurance with your company. You can rest assured we shall be happy to recommend your company to any deserving drivers among our acquaintances."

Thus, at the expiration of his policy, another car owner joined the Liberty policyholders who for many years have been getting fine protection at a saving through dividends.

IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual when your old policy expires. Get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of our policyholders have switched to Liberty from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. We'll take care of the rest.



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

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LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Our quotation from Benjamin Franklin, on the 252nd anniversary of his birth, finds the founder of this magazine in a philosophical mood. (He also founded the American Philosophical Society.) In a letter to a friend, he muses upon true happiness, reflecting that it is encountered in the little pleasures which come every day rather than in "great pieces of good fortune that happen . . . seldom." Franklin was in London then, in 1768, struggling to ease the mounting tension between nations, and men indeed needed to be reminded that from each troubled day there can be distilled the essence of happiness. It is an equally helpful thought for 1958, while the people of the whole world brave the tensions and wrestle with the complexities of our own time.

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

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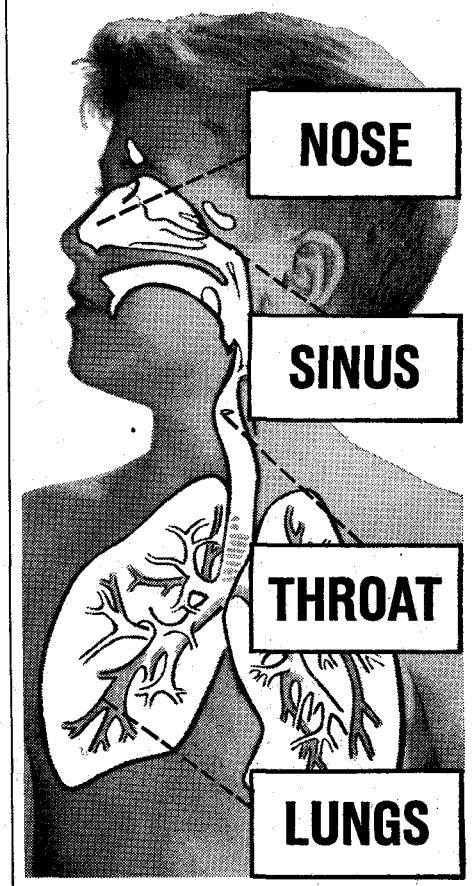
VIRUS COLD OR ASIATIC FLU?

New Instant-Acting Chest Rub Speeds Relief Through



- **CREATES MORE MEDICATED VAPORS, FASTER**
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Now, from Anahist research comes this new wonder formula for chest misery accompanying virus colds or Asiatic flu. New SUPER ANAHIST INSTANT-ACTING CHEST RUB speeds more medicated vapors faster through nose, sinus, throat, lungs . . . while its deeper penetration breaks up congestion . . . and increased blood circulation flushes away stagnant cold "poisons." Get this new greaseless, stainless cream, today. © 1957, ANAHIST CO., INC.

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Letters

Honest Cops vs. Crooked Cops

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Captain Todd O. Thoman, Jr., for having the guts to stand up for what is right in these times when so many of our dignitaries have turned spineless [How I Trapped My Fellow Cops, as told to Ben Pearse, Dec. 7].

Shame on those who snub that family. Wonder if they ever heard the word "integrity"?

E. M. ENGLAND
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

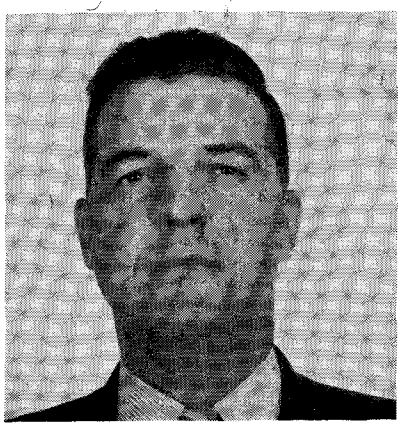
I feel a deep sense of gratitude and appreciation for the unselfish and courageous personal sacrifices made by Capt. Thoman. I wonder if the captain realizes the immense good he has accomplished on behalf of honest law enforcement.

PAUL S. BEGIN
Smyrna, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

As a fitting follow-up to How I Trapped My Fellow Cops . . . former probationary detective George C. Prather [see cut] recently began serving a sixteen-month-to-four-year jail term for his part in the 1954 bribery conspiracy.

Prather, who jumped bond in Oct., 1956, was arrested by FBI agents Nov. 21, 1957, on a 40-acre pig farm near Booneville, Ark. He had purchased the farm last July under the name of "Greg Winston."



Caught.

Still outstanding against Prather are an indictment charging him with bail jumping and a reframed indictment charging him with 14 counts of bribery. He also faces trial on two other indictments, returned in 1954, which charge him with bribery.

STAN EHRLICH
Washington, D.C.

Kersh, Bierce and a Bottle

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the novelette, The Secret of the Bottle, by Gerald Kersh, Dec. 7.

Here is a writer who has brilliantly combined the style and literary powers of Ambrose Bierce and Edgar Allan Poe. Give us more of his stories.

R. L. ANDREAU
Banning, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

The mystery of Ambrose Bierce's dramatic disappearance will long provide a topic of conversational conjecture among writers. . . . Only a few who knew him are still around. From the anecdotes, however, told me by two who knew him intimately, novelist Gertrude Atherton and his newspaper pal, William C. Morrow, once called the "California Poe," I am reasonably certain that the solution offered by Gerald Kersh would make even "Bitter Bierce" grin and glow with a saturnine satisfaction and sense of satanic fulfilment.

LOUIS DEJEAN
Asheville, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

It is my hope that the following true incident may be of interest to others who appreciate Ambrose Bierce's writings and wonder about his mysterious disappearance.

During the Florida "land boom" of the 1920's, there was in Miami a small, dark eating place run by a fat, wheezy Mexican, Pedro Dominick, whose English was barely understandable. . . .

Pedro told us repeatedly he had been in Pancho Villa's army, but he added apologetically it was not from choice. . . . One night he told us a newspaperman had been killed by Villa.

"Good, good writer," he said. "Good friend to me."

"What was his name?" I asked.

"Biss, Biss, Biss," was all I could get out of him. I couldn't connect it for some time with anyone I had heard about.

"Could the name be Bierce—Ambrose Bierce?" I asked, after considerable thought.

"Yes, yes," he answered, nodding his head vigorously. "Amb'ose Biss. Good, good man. Good friend to me. Gen'ral Villa had him shooted. Villa t'ink he spy."

CECIL RHEA WARREN
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

In your introduction to the Kersh story, you say, "On this as yet unsolved riddle, Gerald Kersh has based his tale."

What is your meaning? Is it that the whole account is fiction? Or that Kersh is telling the truth? I would very much like to know—as would thousands of other teachers of American literature.

PHILIP M. MARSH
Texas Lutheran College
Seguin, Texas

● Strictly fiction. —ED.

The Law of the Land

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial A "Law of the Land" Needs a Firmer Base Than Court Decisions [Dec. 7] is so true and so timely.

If we place court decisions on the same basis with the Constitution of the United States the Constitution loses its permanence, its purpose and stability, and becomes only that which a small, select group may say it is. A court decision is the law of the case and not the law of the land.

T. WHITFIELD DAVIDSON
District Judge
Dallas, Texas

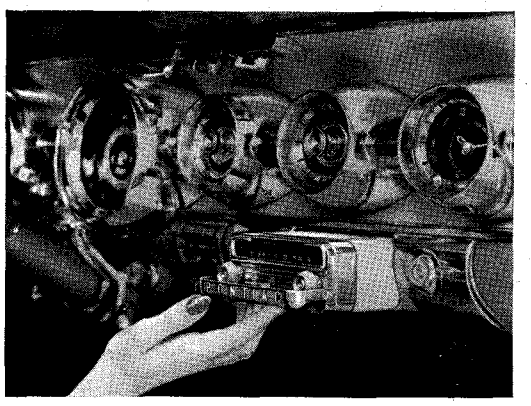
Dear Sirs:

Your concern over the "Law of the Land" . . . is heartening. A proper understanding of the place and function of law in our (Continued on Page 6)

GO MODERN
. . . in a BIG Way!

This year, Pontiac points *the new direction* in styling! With its bold prow and sleek, deep-etched lines, Pontiac has made "the coming thing" a going reality! And talk about modern luxury, here you can choose from over 200 color combinations, no less than 60 spacious interiors! You can match or blend upholstery, carpet and body colors to the limit of your imagination! What price all this luxury and elegance? Surprisingly enough, Pontiac prices start *well below* many so-called "de luxe" models of the "low price three". So, come on, go modern in a big way—there's nothing to stop you! Your key to the future is waiting at your Pontiac dealer's.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



*An extra-cost option

NEW SPORTABLE ◄ TRANSISTOR RADIO*
It's two radios in one! Slip this full-fidelity car radio out of the instrument panel housing and you have a quality portable equipped with its own speaker and batteries!

NEW MEMO-MATIC ▼ POWER SEAT*
Try the seat with the built-in memory! Pontiac's Memo-Matic seat, with full, four-way adjustment, mechanically notes your favorite sitting position!

BIG BOLD

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A BOLD NEW CAR FOR A BOLD NEW GENERATION

PONTIAC

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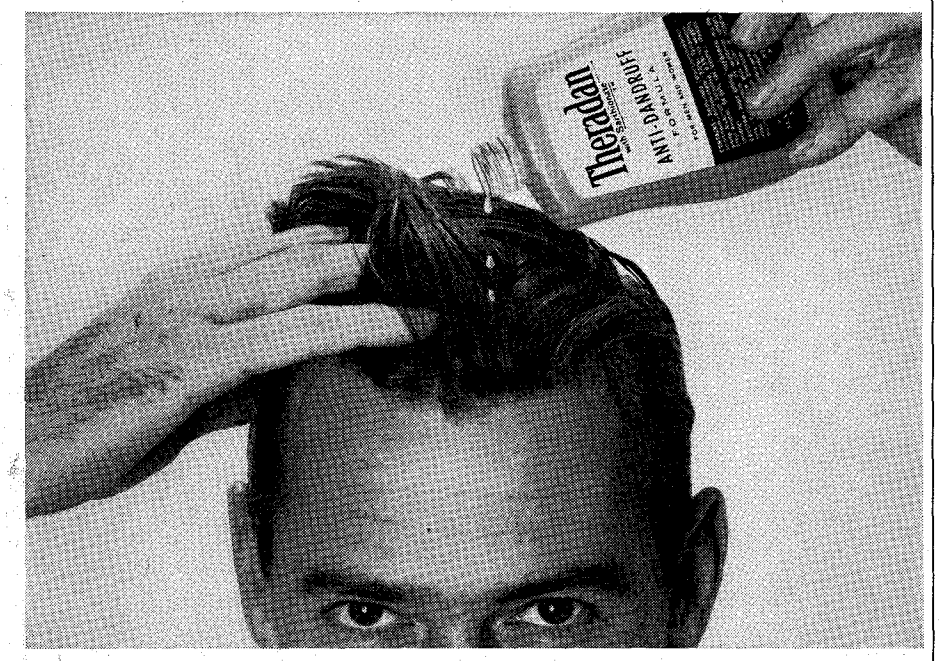
You can't just wash away dandruff...

Theradan medicates away dandruff and itchy scalp



with just 3 applications!

This new dandruff medicine works where shampoos fail because it stays on long enough to do a real long-lasting job!

Theradan is not a shampoo. It's not a "tonic." Mere shampoos and tonics only clean up *loose* dandruff. They can't get down where dandruff starts. Theradan can and *does*. It contains penetrating Sarthionate *to stop dandruff 1 to 3 months.*

Just 3 applications and even the worst kind of dandruff goes. Ditto the itchy scalp you get with it.

You put Theradan on for an hour or so . . . or leave it on overnight, if that's needed and convenient.

Gently, it penetrates and lifts off the layer of dead cells that sticks to your scalp and keeps forming new dandruff.

Theradan acts *under* the surface, not just on top . . . so it leaves your hair and scalp really clean—free from dandruff scales and related itching.

For 20 months, specialists tested Theradan on severest cases. Nobody got dandruff again for 1 to 3 months. You won't, either.

Theradan is made by the makers of Bufferin.® Try Theradan today. It really works.

After it clears up dandruff and itchy scalp, many people use Theradan regularly, once a month or so, as a preventive. Why don't you?

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS: The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For a report write Medical Director, Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-182, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

with exclusive penetrating ingredient **SARTHIONATE®**

Theradan T. M. clears up dandruff that mere shampoos can't reach

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

society is essential to stable government. Lawyers all over the nation are disturbed by the current tendency of our leaders and of our people to regard the individual conscience of persons in authority as a proper substitute for the "law of the land" in matters of judicial decision and executive action. Such reliance on personal conscience instead of on law leads inevitably to dictatorship.

J. DAVIS KERR
President, South Carolina Bar Ass'n.
Spartanburg, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

The writer of the editorial asserted: "In 1857 the Supreme Court declared in the Dred Scott case, by way of Chief Justice Roger Taney, that the Negro 'has no rights which the white man was bound to respect.'" This is wholly erroneous. . . .

Taney's exact words were: "Negroes had been deemed so far inferior (at the time the Constitution was adopted) that they *had* no rights which the white man was bound to respect." . . .

This gross error is still being made and has been used as an excuse to break the laws of our land. Taney recognized the right of the slaveholders to their property, but he did not give legal sanction to the racist philosophers.

ARTHUR N. LEE
Nashville, Tenn.

Any Subject, Any Situation

Dear Sirs:

I am ever amazed and humbled by the great depth of power James Warner Bellah assembles in a few brief sentences—in a few brief paragraphs. I refer specifically to SOLDIER'S BOY, in November 23, 1957, issue.

Personally, I prefer the well-documented tales of the old cavalry and the early-day West. But given any subject or any situation, Mr. Bellah is certainly a masterful writer. In my book he is the best among our present-day American writers.

JOHN TOWLER
Baird, Texas

Slavery, Modern Style

Dear Sirs:

You are to be congratulated on bringing to light some of the horrible facts about slave trading in the kingdom of Saudi Arabia. (I LEARNED SLAVERY ISN'T DEAD, by Noel Barber, November 30.)

The last time I had occasion to take a ship into Jedda, the Arab pilot who boarded us to point out the anchorage boasted that just the previous week he had brought over six young girls from the African shore. I can still remember the smirk on his face as he told us they were all virgins with medical certificates to prove it.

J. T. FETTES
Rutherfordton, N.C.

TV's Numbers Game

Dear Sirs:

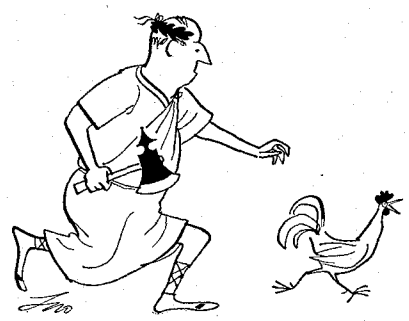
Thanks for Stanley Frank's TELEVISION'S DESPERATE NUMBERS GAME (Dec. 7) which supports my suspicion that a large majority of those who constitute the U.S. mass market for consumer goods like their high standard of creature comforts in the low-pressure atmosphere of a cultural vacuum. . . . "TV-Dinners" accelerate the attainment of a state of suspended intellectual animation by drawing blood from the brain to the stomach. Those who chew while they view are the sponsors' best and most numerous prospects, not those who think.

A. HERBERT JUEDE
Oceanside, California

Dear Sirs:

It is by no means certain that either the network executives or anybody else knows at this time too much about TV advertising. When they finally learn, it may just be that we shall see many more worthwhile programs and a lot less of the old 10-20-30 burlesque kind. . . .

The late Elbert Hubbard, speaking at a National Advertising Convention of about 1910 or so, covered the case with the following, as nearly as I can now recall it: "In old Roman days there were a number of greatly respected individuals called augurs. These men could spread



the entrails of a chicken and read therein the disposition of the fates in all matters. When one of these augurs walked abroad in the forum, people drew aside in fear and trembling, for did he not know everything? But when two augurs passed one another, they looked each other in the face and laughed. They understood."

CHARLES I. TAYLOR
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

We like variety in our television programs, but do we get it? No! Because there were some good musical and Western programs last year that many people enjoyed, the producers seem to think that's all we want, so that's practically all we get. People will probably get so tired of them that by next year none of those programs will even show on the ratings. Or others may do as our family has done—we don't watch television as much as we did in the past.

MRS. JOHN P. FOSNESS
Columbus, Ohio

Post Picture Credits

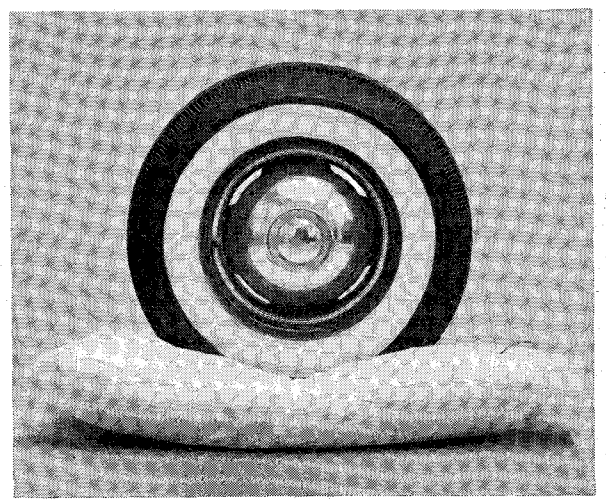
Reading across pages, then down:

6–Anonymous. • 19, 20–Joern Gerdts. • 21–Three by Joern Gerdts; anonymous, Joern Gerdts. • 22, 23–Frank Ross. • 24–Perry Peterson. • 25–International, Wide World. 26, 27–Bill Shrout. • 28, 29–Kurt Ard. • 30–From Joseph Kraft, Greer & Throckmorton, from Joseph Kraft. • 31–Morton Kunstler. • 32–Three from C.B.S.; C.B.S. (John Bryson). • 33–Two by Larry Fried; Frank Ross. • 34, 35–Joe De Mers. • 36–Wide World, U. S. Navy. • 37–Peter F. Petraglia, two from U. S. Navy; U. S. Army. 38, 39–Gus Pasquarella. • 43–Larry Fried. • 45–Sam Bates. • 92–U. S. Navy, Mike Shea, Sid Avery.

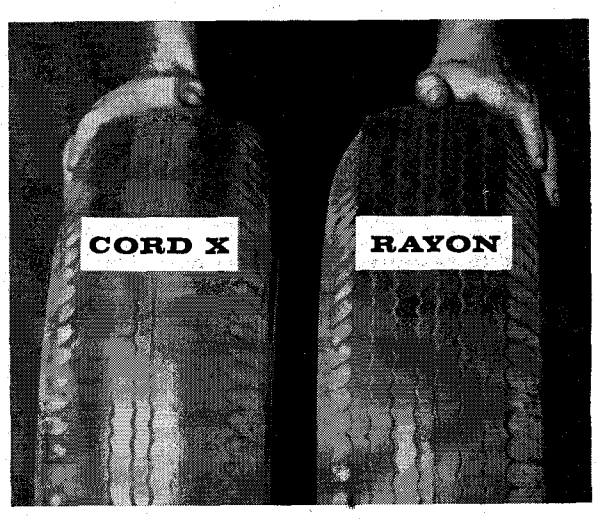
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new Super Rayon cord inside your tires gives far superior RIDE, SAFETY, WEAR

QUIET RIDE. You *don't* get these annoying thumps and bumps with rayon. You *do* get the quiet ride you paid for in your car. Scientific testing by Goodfriend Associates—top acoustical authority—proves Super Rayon cord tires up to 33% quieter than tires made with the other cord. That's enough to make it a lot easier to understand conversation in the car.

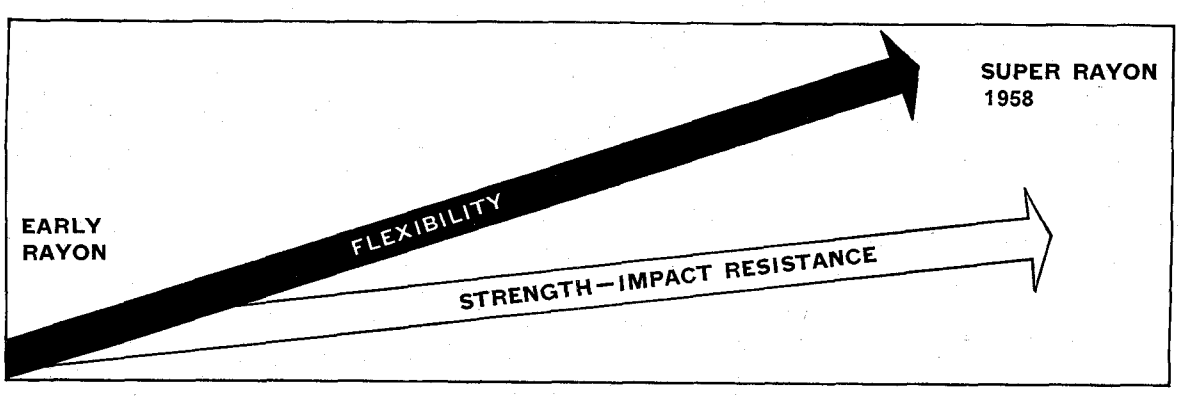


SMOOTH RIDE. Avisco® Super Rayon cord tires keep today's amazing new suspension systems as they were built to be—*pillow-soft*. The other cord expands and contracts, softens and hardens, with temperature changes. This can mean annoying overnight "flat spots," tire noise, harsh ride. Rayon is unmatched in flexibility and stability, hot and cold. *Real comfort.*



LONG RIDE. A carefully controlled driving test recently showed the treads of Super Rayon cord tires wearing *14 to 26% longer* than tires made with the other cord. Super Rayon clings to rubber tight, flexes with it right, resists shrinking and swelling. So there's less stretch and strain on the rubber around it. *There's longer wear.*

SAFE RIDE. Stunt drivers like this Tournament of Thrills driver are convinced of rayon's priceless safety. Day after day they bet their *lives* on their rugged Super Rayon cord tires. And test drivers at Motor Vehicle Research, outstanding independent testing authority, prove it. By hitting granite blocks at speeds up to 60 m.p.h. they dented rims—but didn't hurt their rayon tires!



HERE'S WHY. Super Rayon is a vastly improved cord over the rayon of a few years ago—virtually a new cord. Unflagging research has made Avisco Super Rayon 50% stronger, 100% more flexible, 50% higher in impact resistance. Result: rugged Super Rayon is today's *premium performance tire cord.* Ask your dealer for his top-quality rayon tire . . . rayon makes the difference!

AVISCO® TIRE RAYON

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Insist on Super Rayon—smooth ride, safety and long wear!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's Chevrolet's Series 36 light-duty Apache pickup

Here to stay!
Here to save!

with New Hustle!
New Muscle! New Style!

Stamina and stick-to-itiveness have long been a special stock in trade of Chevrolet trucks. And these broad-shouldered new Task-Force 58 models have even more of it! They'll keep on rolling a long

CHEVROLET

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That brawny blue stake is a Series 60 medium-duty Viking

time after lesser trucks have called it a day. You can put 'em on the job and forget your worries about breakdowns and high operating costs . . . these handsome huskies are packing more built-in muscle, more hustle in both V8's and 6's. Yes, sir, as sure as trucks deliver maple syrup in Vermont—the right truck for *any* job is a Chevrolet truck! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

TASK·FORCE 58 TRUCKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

At Paris We Got the Best We Could With Poor Cards

At a press conference a few days before he left for Paris in December, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles said that he did not favor "agreements in principle," because his diplomatic experience had taught him that when a proposition was accepted "in principle," he knew "it probably never would get anywhere."

Perhaps the agreement "in principle" adopted at the recent NATO meeting will work out differently. The European allies have agreed to permit us to have missile bases on their territory, but with an apparent veto on our right to push the button. This would, if Europe really goes neutralist, largely nullify the value of our overseas bases. And we have stated our willingness to negotiate with the U.S.S.R., "preferably within the framework of the United Nations." Thus we have not been kicked off the continent of Europe, as our pessimists feared we would be, but we have been compelled to give assent to the many-times-exploded idea that a settlement short of surrender can be arrived at with the Kremlin.

Hard words have been used concerning the reluctance of our NATO partners to harbor limited-range missiles on their territory. Their reluctance is not so very mysterious. After all, we are asking them to subject themselves to immediate Soviet attack in the event of war between the United States and Russia, at a time when it is widely believed that Russian military power, at least in the field of rocketry and guided missiles, is superior to ours. Despite the current tendency to think otherwise, the foreign policy of every country rests first of all on its own security and interest. Weak nations, placed between two powerful and mutually hostile forces, are not likely to defy the stronger of the two by allying themselves with the presumably weaker.

In view of these obvious limitations on the success of the NATO meeting. it looks as if the show was put on the road a little early. A time of possible military inferiority ought to be a time for confidential discussions and secret negotiation—not a time for assembling in a goldfish bowl to broadcast our weaknesses to the world. A little patience, plus further revelations of American competence in the missile area, might have convinced our allies that the U.S.A. was not so helpless as advertised and that, pending new developments, it was not necessary to submit to Soviet demands for new negotiation of the unnegotiable. With things the way they are, it is a time, as the London Economist put it, to go "hell-bent for half measures."

Unfortunately, however, the agreement to negotiate with the Kremlin may expose us to the possibility of another Foreign Ministers' conference since the Kremlin is unlikely to agree that the negotiations be conducted via the United Nations. No new Summit meeting is suggested. If talks, which is what the Kremlin really wants, serve as a means of probing Soviet intentions while the West accelerates its efforts to get even on missiles, the talks, despite the dangers inherent in dickering with Communists at all, may have a useful result.

Mr. Dulles has repeatedly recognized the futility of negotiating with the Kremlin, whose ultimate purpose is well known and has been underlined in scores of futile conferences in the past. But until we can assure our NATO partners that our military might is sufficient to protect them from the consequences of doing business with us, we are in no position to veto their decision to try more talk.

Probably there is less danger from actual talks with the Soviet plotters than from the groups here at home who want to throw in the towel. Our present plight has given that claque a big boost, and it will take a very impressive missile launching indeed to shame them into silence.

It's Getting Easier to Tell a River From an Open Sewer

According to Peter Farb, writing in the National Municipal Review, one of the big stories of our time is the way the American people are tackling the job of washing their rivers clean of filth. Hundreds of streams are beginning to lose their murky hue for the first time in generations. Fish are warily swimming back to haunts abandoned by their distant ancestors. Individuals, industries, communities and states are joining forces to get rid of the open sewers that have been masquerading as rivers.

One of the most remarkable of these cleanup jobs to date has been done on the Raritan River, in Northern New Jersey. Only a decade ago, the Raritan was carrying uncounted millions of gallons of sewage and waste downstream every day. As the result of a citizens' "Restore the Raritan" organization, a vast new sewage system, parallel to the river, has been built. When it is opened sometime this year, it will take about 40,000,000 gallons of sewage and industrial wastes daily to a modern treatment plant downstream.

A similar feat was achieved recently in the 42,000-acre Forest Preserve District near Chicago. This splendid tract was being ruined by a steady pollution of its 125 miles of streams. Now, thanks to the efforts of the Cook County Clean Streams Committee, twenty-five new disposal plants have been built in the area and the water is clear again.

A spectacular job of rinsing residue from a river has been done on Pennsylvania's Schuylkill waterway. This unfortunate stream was befouled for decades by millions of tons of coal washings plus uncounted tons of raw sewage. But as the result of an energetic attack by the state, the Schuylkill is much improved.

The attack on river pollution has been largely a state and local effort, but the new Federal water-pollution-control act (Public Law 660) allows the Federal Government to perform a useful pump-priming function in getting communities to act. Under the terms of the law, towns and cities with sewage troubles can get interest-free Government loans to pay for expert surveys of their problems. The Federal Government also provides some direct assistance, although on the 400 construction grants made to date, Federal aid has amounted to only 20 per cent of the cost.

One of the most encouraging aspects in this whole matter is the way that industry, long labeled a gross offender, is helping to carry the ball in cleaning up the rivers.

Webster's Dim View of the Great West Looks Silly Today!

Words of great men all remind us that they, too, can pull fearsome boners. Among the states which are growing fastest of all forty-eight are California and Nevada. Washington and Oregon, also, are acquiring population at a rate which suggests a successful marriage between the native birth rate and the immigration influx. The experts are long on the Pacific Coast territory not only in numbers of people but in growth of industry, finance, business and defense and entertainment enterprises.

Daniel Webster was a dramatic Secretary of State and an oratorical United States senator from Massachusetts. He won fame by his conduct of the Dartmouth College Case and in McCulloch vs. Maryland.

Yet in one of his eloquent flights of foresight, the great Webster arose in the United States Senate in 1840 to oppose the proposal to construct a railroad to the Pacific Coast. Said the great man: "What do we want with . . . this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever put those endless mountain ranges? What could we do with the Western Coast of three thousand miles, rockbound, cheerless and uninviting?"

Writing in behalf of the Southern Pacific Railroad, Innis Bromfield replies to Daniel Webster of 1840. He is gentle with the gentleman from Massachusetts, merely recording that men with open eyes, resources and land have made what he calls the Golden Empire one of the most productive areas in Webster's own country.

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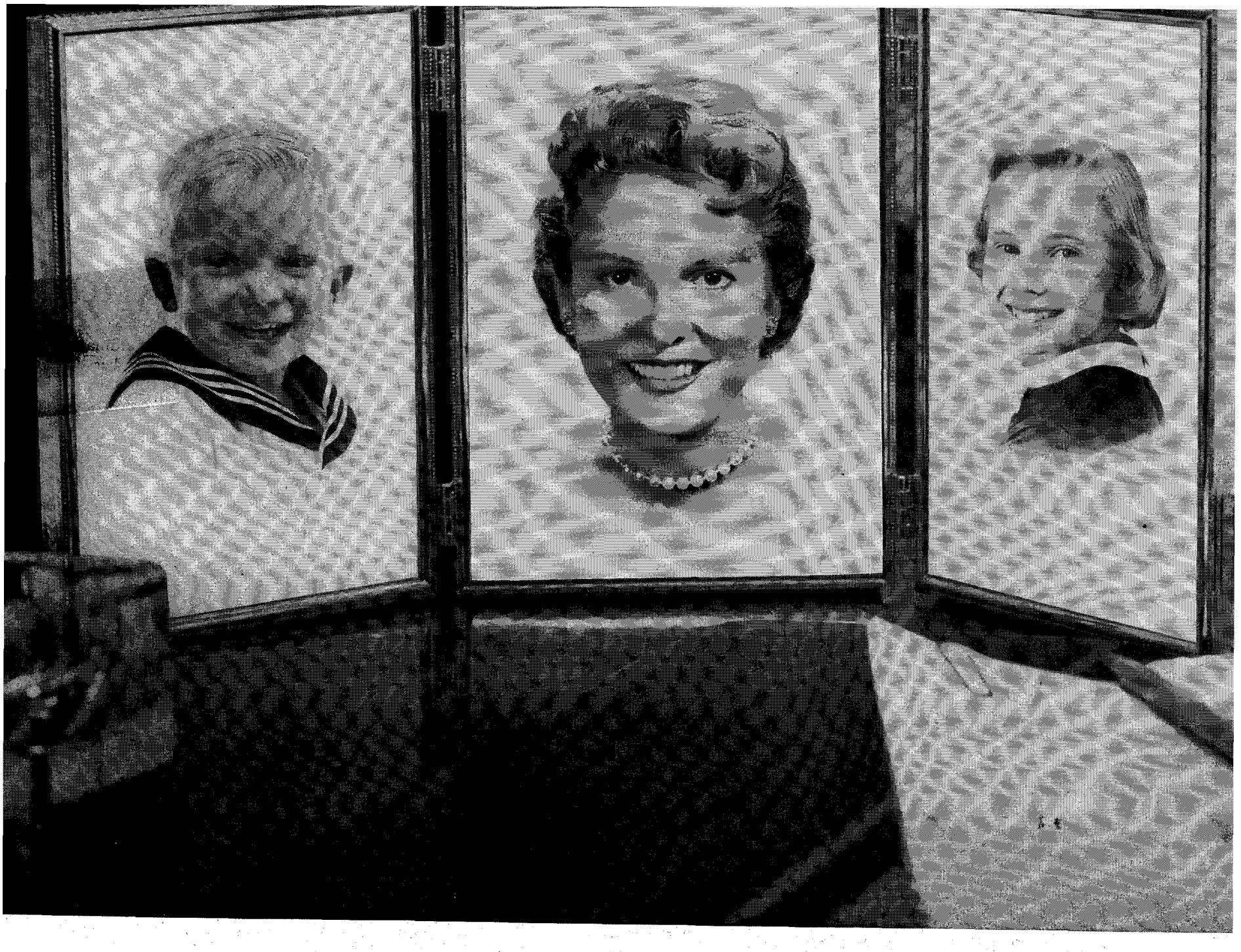


This is what we work for at Parke-Davis

. . . the better health and longer life that come with better medicines

OF THE SCORES of new medicines available today, *vitamin preparations* are of special interest to everyone concerned with the health and well-being of a family.

Expectant mothers, infants, pre-school children, teenagers, adults, the aged—all have different nutritional requirements, and today's vitamin products play an important part in meeting any vitamin deficiencies.

It's important to know, however, that vitamin combinations which benefit one group may not be completely adequate for another.

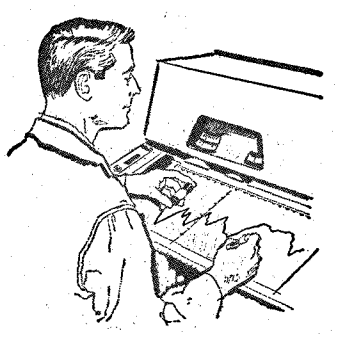
That's why, at Parke-Davis, we make a number of different vitamin preparations.

To make sure you're getting the vitamins *you* may require, see your doctor. His experience and judgment will enable him to prescribe the right vitamin preparation to meet your specific needs.

Copyright 1958—Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit 32, Michigan

PARKE-DAVIS

...PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES SINCE 1866



MILESTONES: For over 40 years, Parke-Davis scientists have been studying vitamins. Significant Parke-Davis contributions in this field include: development of ways to measure vitamin D; recognition of the complexity of vitamin B; development of sources of high-potency vitamin A; and isolation of folic acid.

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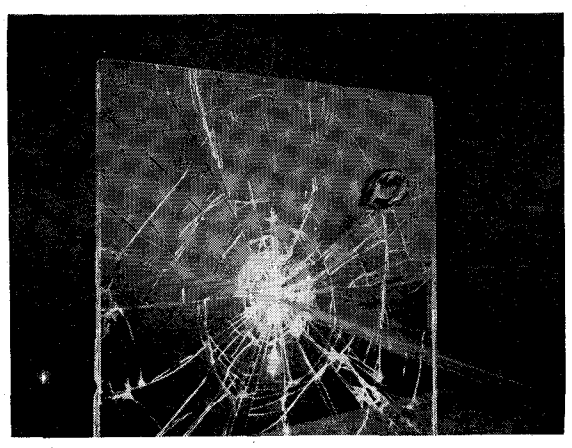
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

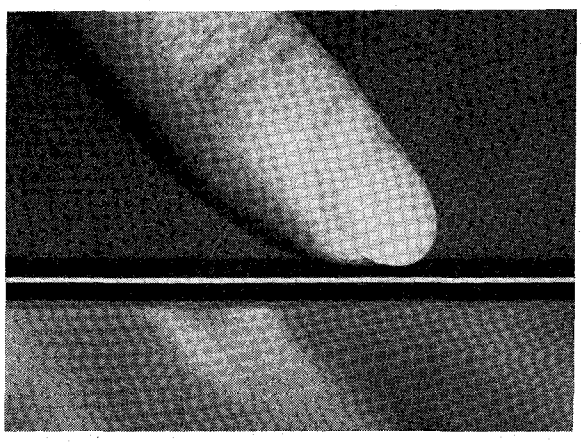
Picture-window view and "safety-cushioned," too!

Laminated "safety-cushion" glass absorbs shock ... reduces the hazard of flying glass

ROLLS WITH THE PUNCH. Tough plastic interlayer "gives" when hit. It's the "safety cushion" in laminated glass.



EVEN WHEN STRUCK, laminated safety glass is engineered to hold together—to help protect you from flying fragments.



LOOK FOR THE "safety-cushion" line along the edge of the glass in your car windows. It's the sign of laminated construction.

Those inviting picture windows in your next car will give you not only full vision, but added protection from road hazards—if they are made of laminated glass. This laminated glass has an interlayer of plastic that acts as a "safety cushion." The glass resists shattering even if struck by flying stones...helps protect you from the danger of flying fragments.

All cars manufactured in the United States have laminated safety glass in their windshields. And you can have this same protection in the side windows of your car, too.

Look for the "safety-cushion" line along the window edges. It's the sign of laminated construction.

Du Pont does not manufacture laminated safety glass. It is a supplier of the "safety cushion" used as the interlayer in the construction of this glass. The Du Pont trademark for this polyvinyl butyral plastic is BUTACITE®.

Watch the "Du Pont Show of the Month"
Ninety minutes of the best in live television—CBS Network.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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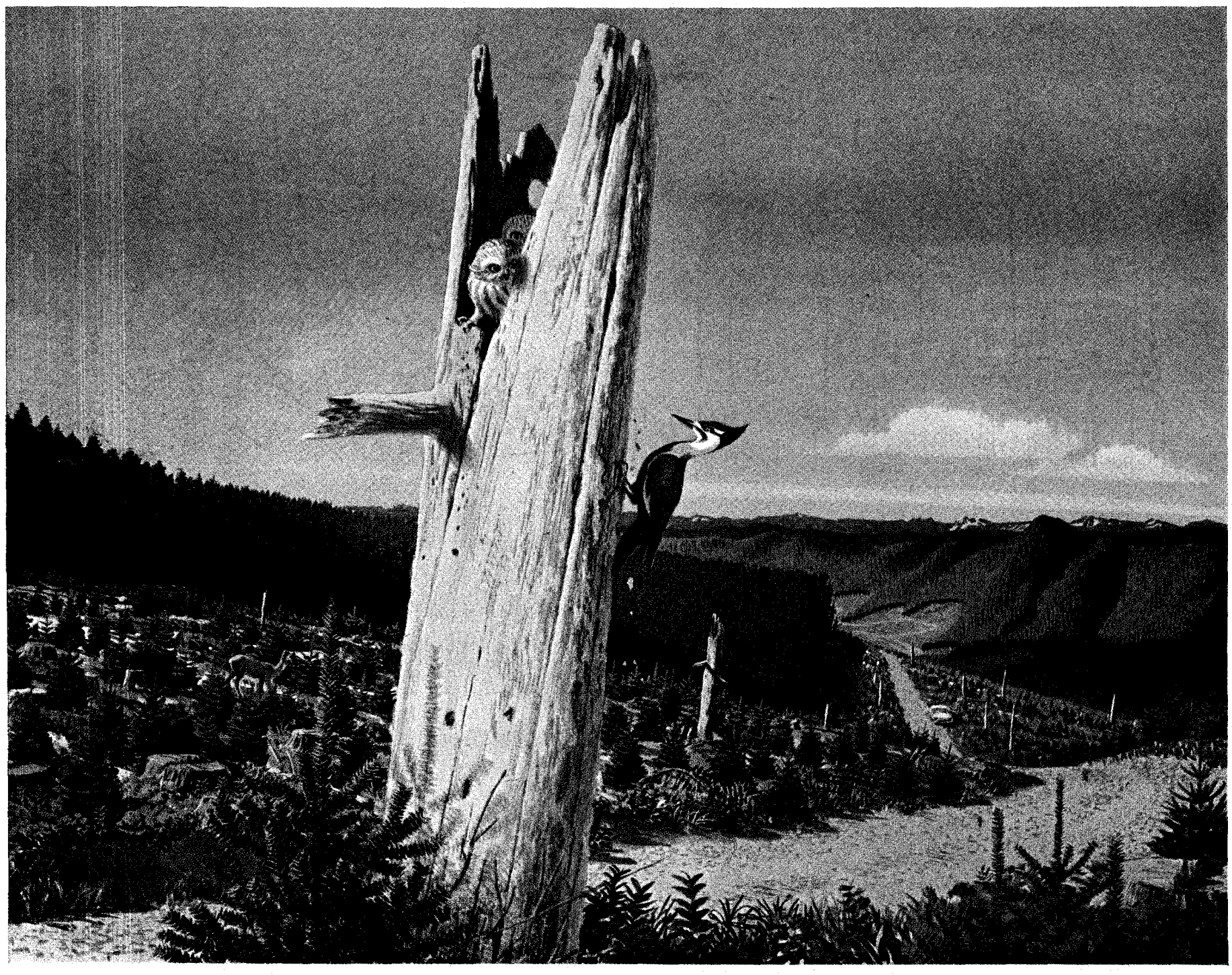
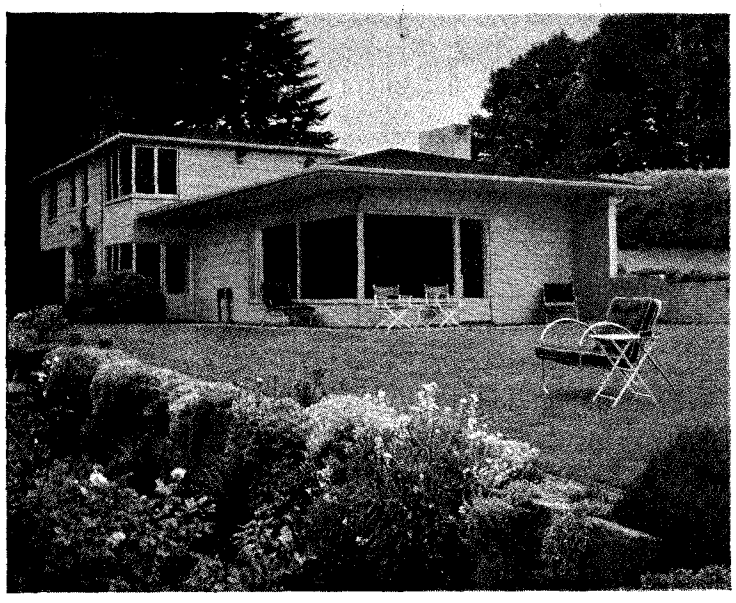


forest products for tomorrow are growing on tree farms today...

Beautiful homes of wood are still America's best building buy. For fine quality west coast woods, select from the many species marketed nationwide under Weyerhaeuser's 4-Square trademark.



All across America, tree farm lands that were harvested to provide wood for past and present generations are again green with growing young trees. Rooted in rich forest soil amid the stumps of their elders, these new timber crops will provide an abundance of forest products for use *in the future*. By good forest management this pattern of harvesting and restocking can go on indefinitely.

Weyerhaeuser tree farms, for example, are operated under modern forestry plans intended to keep the cycle of tree growth and harvest perpetually in balance. By measuring the amount of new wood being grown on our lands, company foresters are able to establish the volume of merchantable timber to be cut. After each harvest, the land is put back into production through a planned program of reforestation. These practices, plus constant protection against fire, insects and disease will enable our tree farms to produce a continuous flow of wood...*forever*.

The prophecy of a steadily rising demand for wood in the future emphasizes the importance of good forestry today. *To learn more about industrial tree farming, write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for a free booklet,* ***Promise of the Trees.***

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

making forestlands serve America better by scientific management

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

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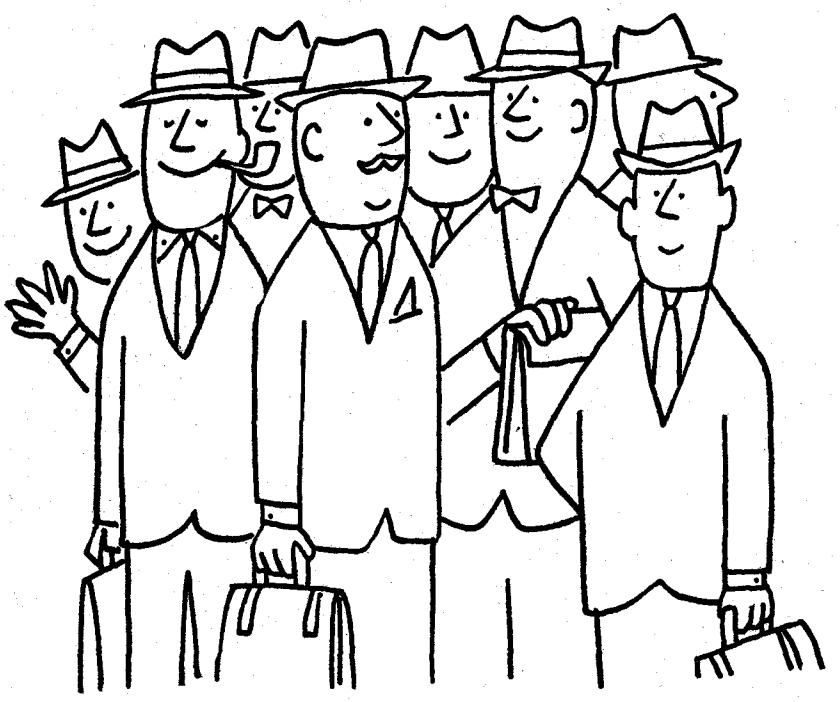


1.

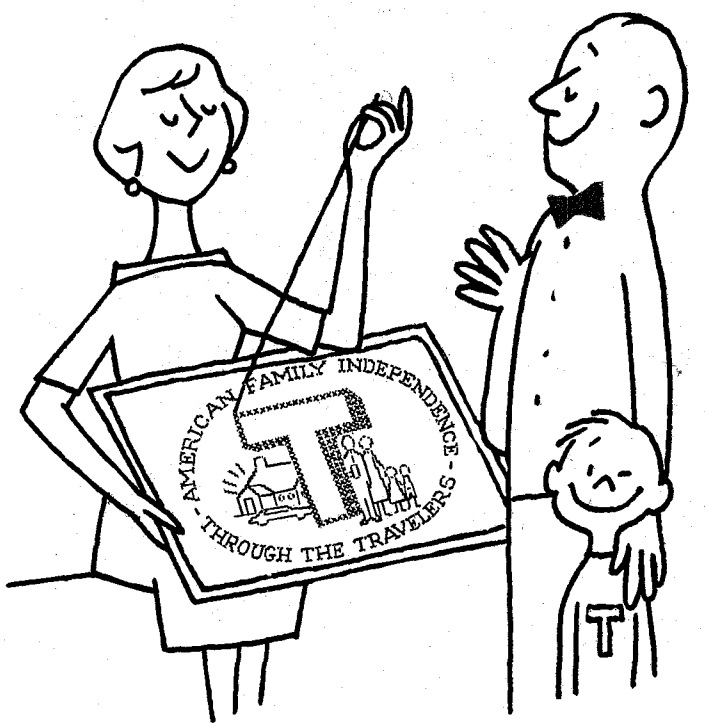
Fred Jackson had insurance men in glorious profusion
But when he had a claim to make he ended in confusion.
And when he least expected them, the premium bills came due—
Such big, uneven lumps they were—his budget broke in two.

2.

And then one day his Travelers man, who wrote Fred's car insurance,
Said, "Why put up with all this fuss? It's quite beyond endurance.
The Travelers offers every kind—life, health, home, car—the works;
No overlapping policies—no gaps where danger lurks.

3.

"Besides the great convenience—and just one insurance man
The Travelers has a way to pay that's called the Budget Plan.
Pay *all* of your insurance—not in fits and starts and jumps—
But *monthly*, like your telephone—no budget-busting lumps."



4.

Now Fred is happy, worry-free—and so are Fred's descendants.
It's what The Travelers calls American Family Independence.
And only through The Travelers can you choose this kind of plan—
So if it sounds just right for you, then call your Travelers man.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through

THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Police cars have to start in a flash—and go like the wind. Nearly *twice* as many use Champions as any other plug! Above: Champion-equipped police cars in Hastings on Hudson, N. Y.

Q. Why are nearly twice as many police cars in the U.S.A. powered by Champion spark plugs?

A. Champions give full-firing power. Put new Champions in your car every 10,000 miles. You'll get an *immediate* boost in horsepower...and save gasoline, too!

World's favorite spark plug on land, on sea, and in the air

CHAMPION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See what your family can enjoy with a View-Master Stereo Viewer

and "come to life" View-Master three dimension color pictures

Just think! With View-Master your family can tour America . . . can visit the world's fascinating places. The youngsters can share thrilling adventures with favorite heroes...can learn while they have fun!

View-Master pictures literally "come to life" in the Stereo Viewer. And each Packet of 21 full-color pictures is just $1.25. Look over this list now—pick the Packets *your* family will enjoy!

America's Scenic Wonderlands

ARIZONA
- ☐ Grand Canyon National Park I
- ☐ Grand Canyon National Park II
- ☐ Painted Desert and Petrified Forest

ARKANSAS
- ☐ Ozark Mountains

CALIFORNIA
- ☐ California Missions
- ☐ Los Angeles Area
- ☐ Redwood Highway
- ☐ San Diego Zoo
- ☐ San Francisco
- ☐ Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks
- ☐ Yosemite National Park

COLORADO
- ☐ Denver and Mountain Parks
- ☐ Mesa Verde National Park
- ☐ Pike's Peak
- ☐ Rocky Mountain National Park
- ☐ Royal Gorge

FLORIDA
- ☐ Cypress Gardens
- ☐ Greater Miami Area
- ☐ Marine Studios, Marineland
- ☐ Parrot Jungle
- ☐ Silver Springs

IDAHO
- ☐ Sun Valley

ILLINOIS
- ☐ Chicago

KENTUCKY
- ☐ Mammoth Cave National Park

LOUISIANA
- ☐ New Orleans

MISSOURI
- ☐ Ozark Mountains

MONTANA
- ☐ Glacier National Park

NEVADA
- ☐ Hoover (Boulder) Dam
- ☐ Las Vegas
- ☐ Reno, Virginia City, Lake Tahoe

NEW ENGLAND
- ☐ New England

NEW JERSEY
- ☐ Atlantic City

NEW MEXICO
- ☐ Carlsbad Caverns National Park

NEW YORK
- ☐ Brooklyn
- ☐ Coney Island
- ☐ Long Island
- ☐ New York City
- ☐ Niagara Falls
- ☐ United Nations

NORTH CAROLINA
- ☐ Cherokee Indians
- ☐ Great Smoky Mountains National Park

OREGON
- ☐ Crater Lake National Park

PENNSYLVANIA
- ☐ Philadelphia

SOUTH DAKOTA
- ☐ Black Hills—Badlands

TENNESSEE
- ☐ Great Smoky Mountains National Park

UTAH
- ☐ Bryce Canyon National Park
- ☐ Salt Lake City
- ☐ Zion National Park

VIRGINIA
- ☐ Mount Vernon—Home of George Washington

WASHINGTON
- ☐ Mount Rainier National Park

WISCONSIN
- ☐ Wisconsin Dells

WYOMING
- ☐ Grand Teton National Park
- ☐ Yellowstone National Park

ALASKA
- ☐ Alaska

DOMINION OF CANADA
- ☐ Banff, Canadian Rockies Alberta, Canada
- ☐ Montreal, Quebec
- ☐ Victoria and Butchart Gardens

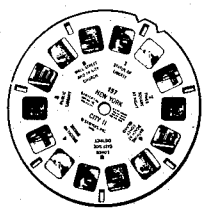
STATE PACKETS
- ☐ Alabama
- ☐ Arizona
- ☐ Arkansas
- ☐ California
- ☐ Colorado
- ☐ Connecticut
- ☐ Delaware
- ☐ Florida
- ☐ Georgia
- ☐ Idaho
- ☐ Illinois
- ☐ Indiana
- ☐ Iowa
- ☐ Kansas
- ☐ Kentucky
- ☐ Louisiana
- ☐ Maine
- ☐ Maryland
- ☐ Massachusetts
- ☐ Michigan
- ☐ Minnesota
- ☐ Mississippi
- ☐ Missouri
- ☐ Montana
- ☐ Nebraska
- ☐ Nevada
- ☐ New Hampshire
- ☐ New Jersey
- ☐ New Mexico
- ☐ New York
- ☐ North Carolina
- ☐ North Dakota
- ☐ Ohio
- ☐ Oklahoma
- ☐ Oregon
- ☐ Pennsylvania
- ☐ Rhode Island
- ☐ South Carolina
- ☐ South Dakota
- ☐ Tennessee
- ☐ Texas
- ☐ Utah
- ☐ Vermont
- ☐ Virginia
- ☐ Washington
- ☐ West Virginia
- ☐ Wisconsin
- ☐ Wyoming
- ☐ Washington, D. C.

Newest Packets
- ☐ Children's Zoo
- ☐ Queen Elizabeth Visits Canada-U.S.A.
- ☐ Shenandoah National Park
- ☐ Sight-Seeing in New York City

plus Disney's newest TV sensation
- ☐ ZORRO ©W.D.P.

Disneyland
- ☐ Disneyland I, Main St., U.S.A.
- ☐ Disneyland II, Frontierland
- ☐ Disneyland III, Adventureland
- ☐ Disneyland IV, Fantasyland
- ☐ Disneyland V, Tomorrowland

A FREE Picture Reel for YOU!



That's right! Sawyer's has a FREE REEL of View-Master "come to life" pictures for you—a regular 45c, 7-scene reel from your choice of the many View-Master categories...travel, children's stories, etc. Just pick up your "FREE REEL CARD" at any photo, gift, drug or department store that carries View-Master products. Fill it out—drop it in the mail, and Sawyer's will send you your free reel. No obligation.

Get yours now—offer expires March 15, 1958.

Nature

ANIMALS
- ☐ Battle of the Monsters from "The Animal World"
- ☐ Children's Zoo
- ☐ Performing Animals (St. Louis Zoo, Missouri)
- ☐ San Diego Zoo

FISH
- ☐ Marine Studios, Marineland
- ☐ Wonders of the Deep

INSECTS
- ☐ Butterflies

BIRDS
- ☐ Parrot Jungle
- ☐ Wild Birds

Religious
- ☐ Birth of Jesus
- ☐ Christmas Story
- ☐ Easter Story
- ☐ Jesus Teaches Forgiveness
- ☐ Miracles of Jesus
- ☐ Parables of Jesus

Famous People
- ☐ Movie Stars
- ☐ Royal Canadian Mounted Police
- ☐ TV Stars

World Events
- ☐ Boy Scout Jamboree
- ☐ Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II
- ☐ Queen Elizabeth Visits Canada-U.S.A.

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- ☐ Egypt
- ☐ In Darkest Africa

ASIA
- ☐ India
- ☐ Japan

EUROPE
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- ☐ Italy
- ☐ Sweden
- ☐ Switzerland
- ☐ People of Russia
- ☐ Russia Today
- ☐ Inside Moscow

NORTH AMERICA
- ☐ Mexico

HAWAII
- ☐ Flowers of Hawaii and National Park
- ☐ Hawaiian Medley
- ☐ Hula Dancers (Hawaii)
- ☐ Islands of Romance (Hawaii)

Children's Stories

ADVENTURE SERIES
- ☐ 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
- ☐ Brave Eagle
- ☐ Captain Kangaroo
- ☐ Johnny Moccasin
- ☐ Rin-Tin-Tin
- ☐ Robin Hood
- ☐ Tarzan of the Apes
- ☐ Tom Corbett, Space Cadet
- ☐ Zorro

ANIMAL STORIES
- ☐ Walt Disney's Bambi
- ☐ Bobby the Bunny

CARTOONS
- ☐ Donald Duck
- ☐ Goofy
- ☐ Two Mouseketeers
- ☐ Woody Woodpecker, Andy Panda and Chilly Willy

CHRISTMAS STORIES
- ☐ A Christmas Carol
- ☐ Christmas Story
- ☐ Santa's Workshop

COWBOYS
- ☐ Buffalo Bill, Jr.
- ☐ Cowboy Stars Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy, Cisco Kid and Pancho
- ☐ Cowboy Stars' Adventures Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy
- ☐ Dale Evans "Queen of the West"
- ☐ The Lone Ranger in "Mystery Rustler"
- ☐ Roy Rogers "King of the Cowboys"

FAIRY TALES
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- ☐ Arabian Nights
- ☐ Little Red Riding Hood, Hansel and Gretel, Jack and the Beanstalk
- ☐ Cinderella, Goldilocks and the Three Bears, Rumpelstiltskin
- ☐ The Three Little Pigs, Little Black Sambo, The Ugly Duckling
- ☐ Sleeping Beauty, The Pied Piper of Hamelin, Thumbelina
- ☐ The Littlest Angel
- ☐ Peter Pan
- ☐ Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
- ☐ The Wizard of Oz
- ☐ Mother Goose Rhymes Miss Muffet to Jack and Jill Little Boy Blue to King Cole, and Bo-Peep to Cat and the Fiddle

REAL LIFE ADVENTURES
- ☐ Aircraft Carrier in Action at Sea
- ☐ Circus (Ringling Brothers)
- ☐ Hunters of the Plains
- ☐ Riders of the Desert
- ☐ In Darkest Africa
- ☐ Mickey Mouse Club Circus Visits Disneyland
- ☐ Mickey Mouse Club Mouseketeers
- ☐ South Pole, Conquest by Air
- ☐ Wonders of the Deep

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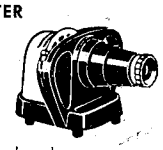

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'58 Dodge Power Giants scoop truck field... prove 4-way leaders of the low-priced 3

You've driven new trucks before . . . but never new trucks like these! For today's new '58 Dodge *Power Giants* are the first trucks in history to lead the low-priced three *all four ways*. Check them out and you'll find they're definitely:

1. First in Styling. From striking dual headlights and gleaming chrome-crowned grilles to new luxury cab interiors, they're designed to add prestige to your business.

2. First in Power—with up to 234 hp., as much as 24% more than competitive makes. This Dodge power reserve lets you haul the heaviest loads without harmful engine strain—cuts engine wear *and* repairs . . . prolongs engine life.

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See these handsome, rugged new trucks at your Dodge dealer's soon . . . and get his special Dodge 40th-Anniversary deal!

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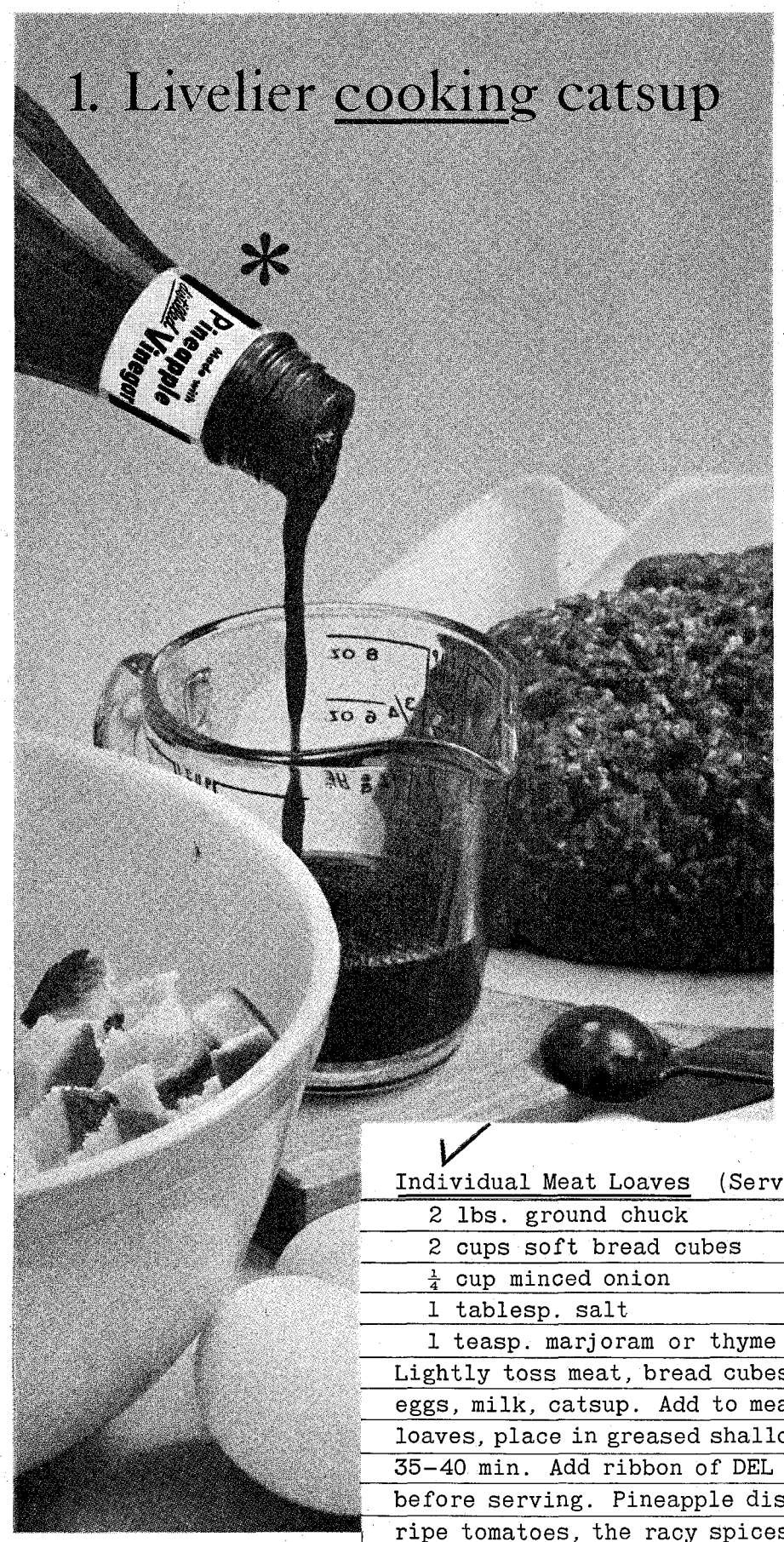
Del Monte® catsup is a two-way treat!

1. Livelier cooking catsup



2. Livelier eating catsup

✓ **Individual Meat Loaves** (Serves 6)

2 lbs. ground chuck	2 teasps. prepared mustard
2 cups soft bread cubes	2 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ cup minced onion	¼ cup milk
1 tablesp. salt	½ cup DEL MONTE Brand
1 teasp. marjoram or thyme	Catsup

Lightly toss meat, bread cubes, onion, seasonings. Combine eggs, milk, catsup. Add to meat. Shape into 6 individual loaves, place in greased shallow pan. Bake in hot oven (400°) 35–40 min. Add ribbon of DEL MONTE Catsup to each loaf before serving. Pineapple distilled vinegar accents the ripe tomatoes, the racy spices, gives the flavor staying power. That's why DEL MONTE Catsup is livelier catsup — so rich, subtle and exciting even the flavor goes farther.

*Pineapple distilled vinegar makes the flavor come alive in Del Monte® catsup

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ROUGH ROAD HOME

By Melissa Mather Ambros

A woman tells the moving story of her family's tragedy, the compassion she discovered among strangers, and the new life she created for herself and her children.

PART ONE

We live in Vermont, and thereby hangs this tale. Sometimes I'm asked when we're going to move back to the United States. I couldn't be more there right now, I say. Well, then, why did you choose to live in Vermont? I'm asked. Not, of course, by native Vermonters. It's only folks so unfortunate as not to have been born here who wonder.

I drive down to meet them in Four Corners and I advise them to leave their car in the Woodruffs' lane and let me take them up in the jeep. The jeep has nearly nine inches' clearance, which is none too high to get over the ledges, and it has a number of extra gears with enormous power at low speeds, and four-wheel drive for mud, ice, snow or fresh gravel, which can act almost like quicksand if it's several inches deep. We may need all of these helps to get home.

"Melissa," my friends gasp as they clutch their elegant handbags and brace themselves against the lurching of the jeep. "How did you

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Washing for a family of eight takes Melissa one full day a week, even when her daughter Mary Lee helps.

When the power fails, grace before dinner is said by candlelight, just as it was in this room a century ago.

ever find this place? Why ever did you choose Vermont?"

I find the first question vaguely flattering, implying that I must have set out into the wilderness with gun, compass and Bible. "Real-estate agent," I reply briefly, putting a Vermont twang to my words. "I told him what I wanted, and he figgered I meant what I said. So he showed me the farm and I bought it."

"Yes, but what did you want?"

What I didn't have, I think. I chose Vermont because, at the time of choosing, which was 1950, I was living in Virginia: Fort Monroe, Virginia.

If you have ever lived on an Army post, you may know what I mean. Although Bob, my husband, was expecting at any time to be pro-

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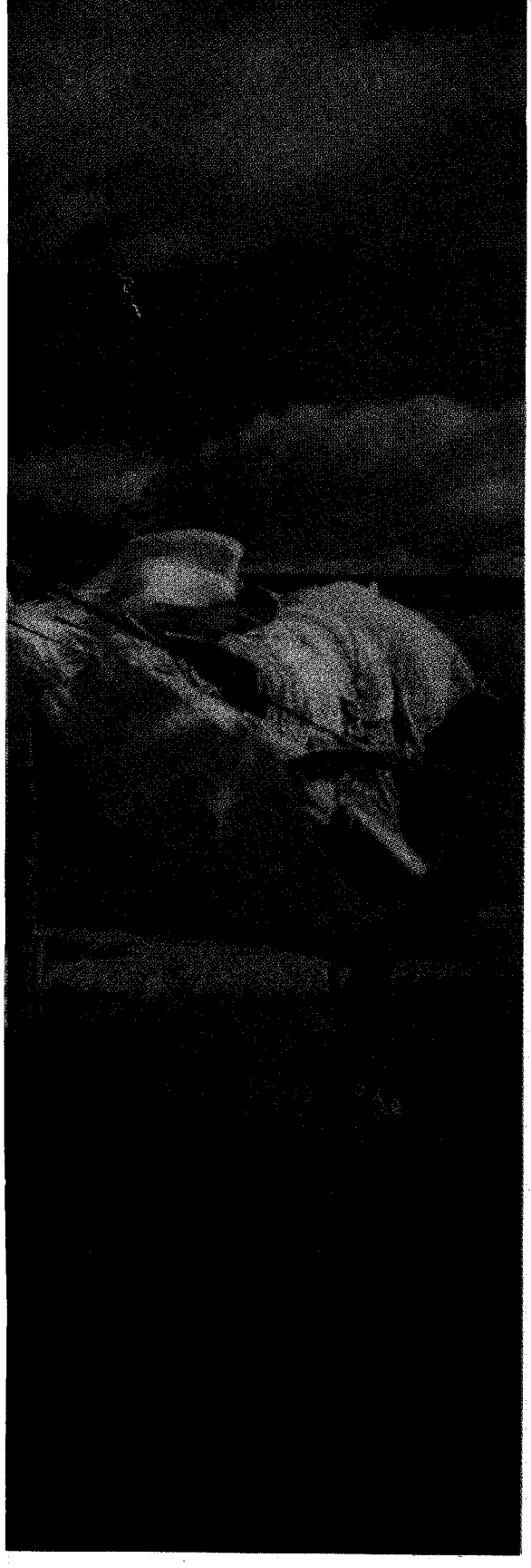
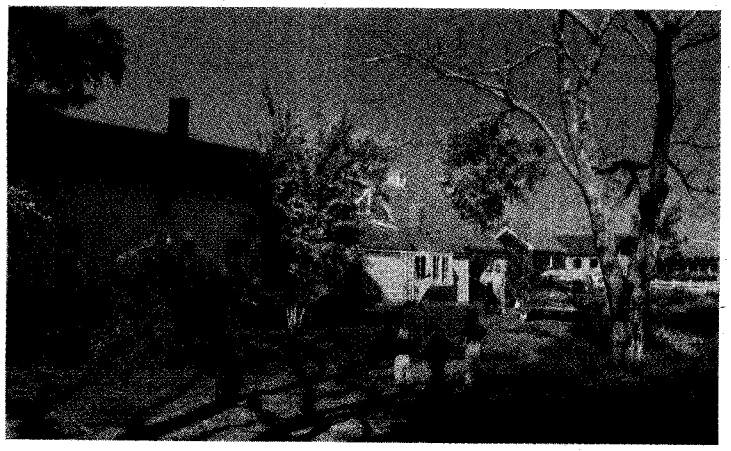
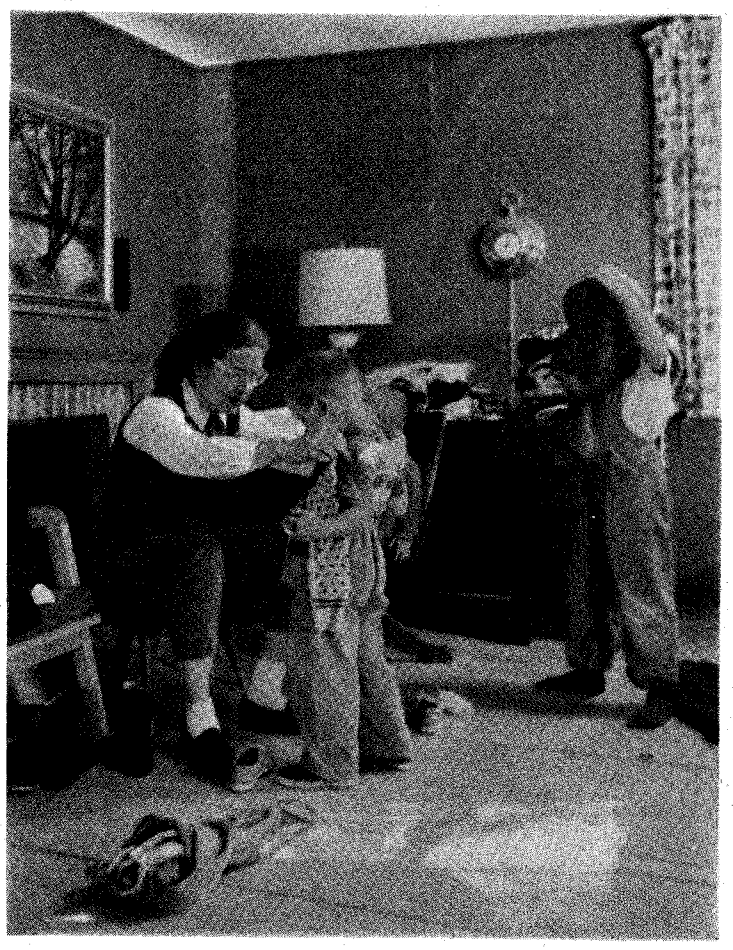
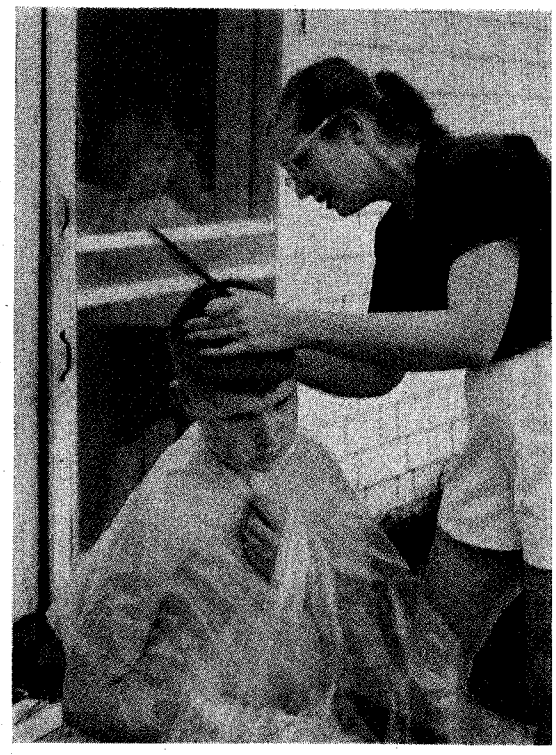




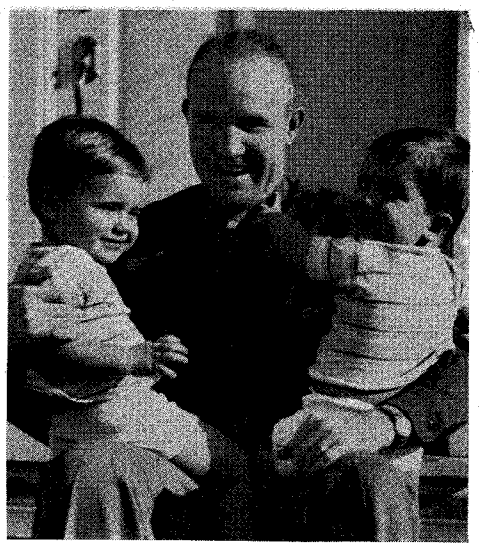
The farm: "A haphazard house, with windows scattered casually wherever needed, no line exactly horizontal or vertical but 'more or less.'"

Matching winter clothing to sprouting offspring is an annual problem. Victor (center) is near the bottom rung of the hand-me-down ladder.



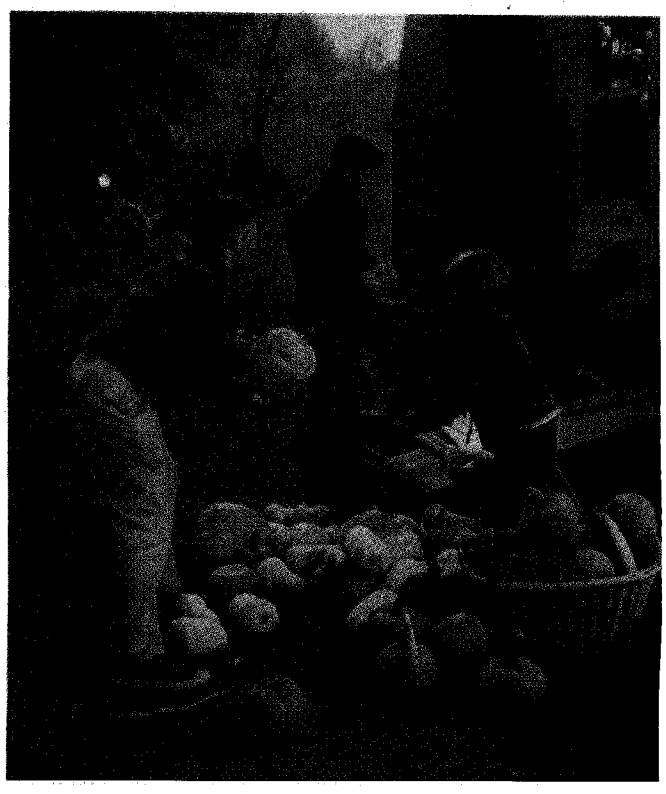


Melissa is the family barber too. The haircut Chris gets may not be elegant, but it will be free.



The twins, Pat (left) and Mike, with their father, Bob Coughlin, in 1944. He died in spring of 1951.

October's harvest: Longin Ambros (left) and a crew of young helpers pass the pumpkin and squash crop down to the root cellar.



Photographs by Joern Gerdts

moted to full colonel, he had been assigned quarters in one half of a converted mess hall in a group of temporary barracks (temporary after World War I) down by the swamp on the edge of the post. I dare say these quarters might have seemed roomy enough if we had had no children, or a conservative one or two. With four, we were jam-packed in.

There was a living-dining room curled around the furnace room which separated us from the family quartered in the other half of the building. (Bang on the wall. Shout, "Dodie! Dodie Dunn! Come over for coffee!")

The three bedrooms were excellent for our posture, the narrow passageways between bureaus and beds demanding tummy-tucked-in and seat-sucked-under. Into the largest, the nine-by-twelve, or possibly it was ten-by-thirteen—let's be fair—we crammed two bunk beds and a spare, three inadequate chests of drawers, a bulletin board, and our three boys—the twins, Pat and Mike, age eight; and Chris, bright red hair, age six. Three-year-old Kitty had the smallest bedroom to herself, except when my family visited, and Bob and I stepped over each other's feet in the third. The bathroom literally didn't have floor space to spare for a bathroom scale, and I felt crowded in the kitchen when I was in there alone.

It would have been easier to accept all this with good grace and sportsmanship if Bob's pay hadn't been deducted precisely the same rental allowance—$125 a month, which was a good deal more (Continued on Page 80)

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The Face of AMERICA

The Hungarian-Americans

It's a long way from the Danube to Lake Erie, but Laszlo Konrad and his wife made it in time for Laszlo, Jr., to be born free. The Konrads fled the Communist brutalization of Budapest in the tragic autumn of 1956. A year later their son was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Stephen Szabo in the Hungarian Reformed Church of Cleveland. The date—October 6—was significant: On that day in 1849, thirteen Hungarian patriots were executed by foreign invaders, and Martyr Day has since been dedicated to Hungarian love of freedom and willingness to die for it. Little Laszlo—son of a machinist—joins a brilliant company of Hungarian-Americans: The physicist, Edward Teller, father of the H-Bomb; the late John von Neumann, mathematician; Theodor von Karman, the aeronautical genius; Leo Szilard; and Eugene Wigner. In other years the fiery orator, Lajos Kossuth, was a refugee in the United States. Today the Gabor girls have brought a note of Magyar glamour to America, and 300,000 other Hungarians leaven our national character with their special talents. Welcome, Laszlo, and be comforted by your mother's hand at your feet. There's no hurry, but tomorrow is all yours. ● Photograph by Frank Ross

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"What kind of woman are you, anyway?" Floyd cried.

Rough Treatment

When his mother asked for pity, he jarred her as she never had been jarred before.

By SAMSON RAPHAELSON

Floyd Patrick Rogan, in bathing shorts, lay with the September sun on his back and glanced at his guest, his mother, sitting peacefully under the big striped umbrella by the swimming pool. There she was, a woman who had raised five children through poverty and sickness, who had drudged and skimped and saved, and never a cross word for the kids or the old man. A good woman, who had lived sixty gentle, unselfish, God-fearing years, and Floyd loved her, but he rarely seemed to find a thing to talk about with her.

It was ma's last day here in his pleasant Long Island place—Sunday, and nothing to do but loaf until people dropped in at cocktail time. Tomorrow she was going home to St. Louis. He had let the whole summer drift by without once taking the time for a folksy talk, a filial lingering over the family ups and downs since he had seen her and his father and the rest of them five years ago.

Actually there wasn't much to talk about. Almost nothing had happened in those five years in St. Louis; also Laura, his wife, had spent cheerful hours hashing over that nothing with ma. But Floyd was the son. More than that, he was the shining light of the family, the first-born, the gifted one—a famous author, and only thirty-three. He felt remiss. In his two novels, for instance—one about Catherine of Russia and the other about Marie Antoinette—some of the village characters, according to history, had been numb and inarticulate like his mother, yet Floyd had found ways of bringing out their essential flavors.

But here was the real ma, and he knew how little she had to say. And what could *he* talk about? His books? She had read them, indeed; page by page; and her comment on each was: "It's real nice, Floyd. Sure, the punishment of sin is hell everlasting; that's always the way. It was real nice." (Continued on Page 74)

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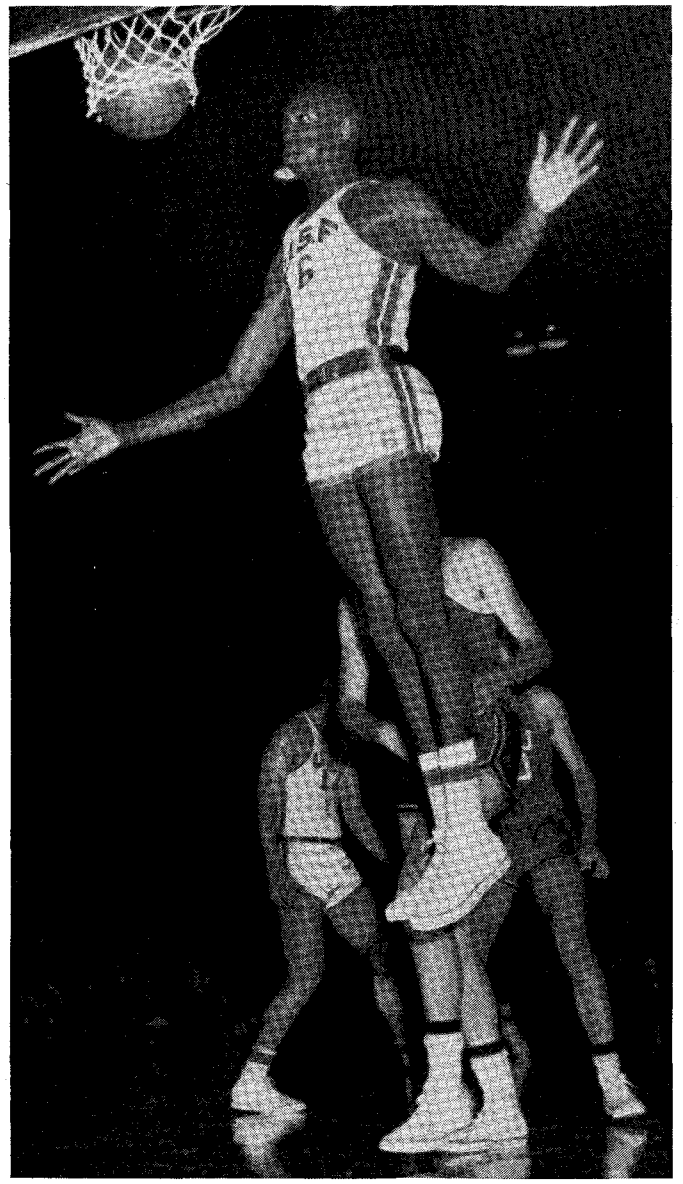
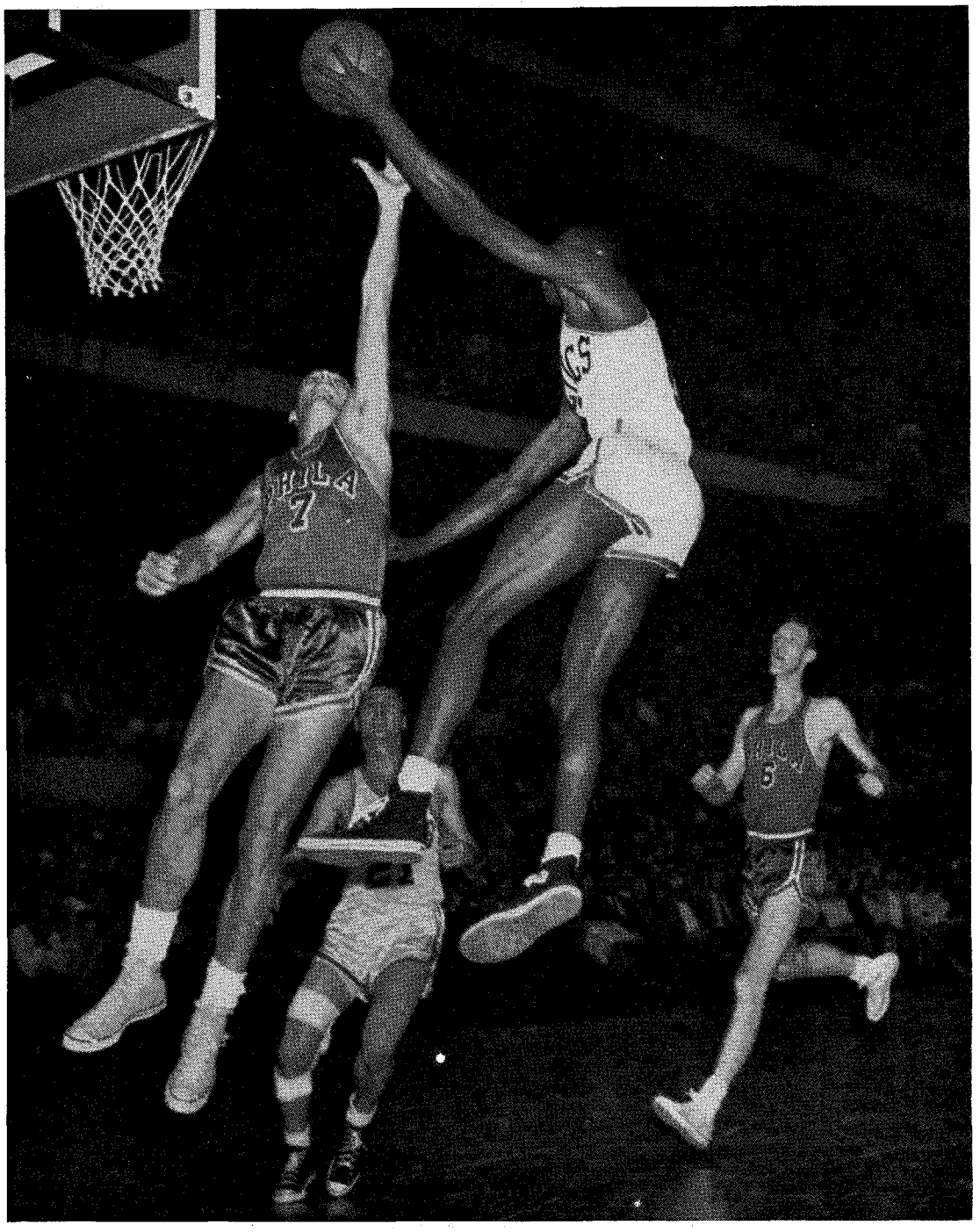


At the University of San Francisco, Russell flew through the air with the greatest of ease. Before turning pro he played in the Olympics.



Above: Russell in action as one of the Boston Celtics. He discovered the pro game could be "murder on the court. I had to learn things I'd never thought of while I was playing college ball."

I Was a 6'9" Babe in the Woods

Don't be deceived by appearances, says the Celtics' young star, who reveals why the pro basketball game is far more grueling than it appears to the fans.

By BILL RUSSELL, as told to Al Hirshberg

Anyone who thinks professional basketball isn't tougher than the amateur variety ought to try it sometime. Take my case, for example. I moved from the University of San Francisco to the United States Olympic team to the Boston Celtics within a ten-month period in 1956. I had more headaches in any one pro game than in all the college and Olympic games combined.

I started out so miserably with the Celtics last season that I was ready to quit after six games, even though in one of them I got thirty-four rebounds, for a new Boston Garden record. I was the worst shooter in the National Basketball Association. The opposition walked all over me. I got pushed, pulled, pinched, punched, bumped and stepped on because I was too clumsy to get out of the way. My All-American reputation meant nothing—there are All-Americans by the dozen in the pro league. My height, while hardly a handicap, was no longer exceptional. A number of men matched my six feet, nine inches, and some topped it. (Continued on Page 66)

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As the public likes a model, so Flint prospers. Buick's boss Edward Ragsdale (dark suit) and GM president Harlow Curtice estimate a theoretical car's chances.

THE CHANGING MIDWEST

A Matter of Style and Steel

The City Club, where Flint's millionaires play poker. From left: Walter Love, contractor; Mayor George Algoe; Russ Mann, broker; Ragsdale; Robert Longway, a retired Buick executive; and George Whyel, banker.

A report from Flint, Michigan, where prosperity sometimes accelerates, sometimes stalls—depending on how many Buicks America buys.

By
JOHN
BARTLOW
MARTIN

Photographs by Bill Shrout

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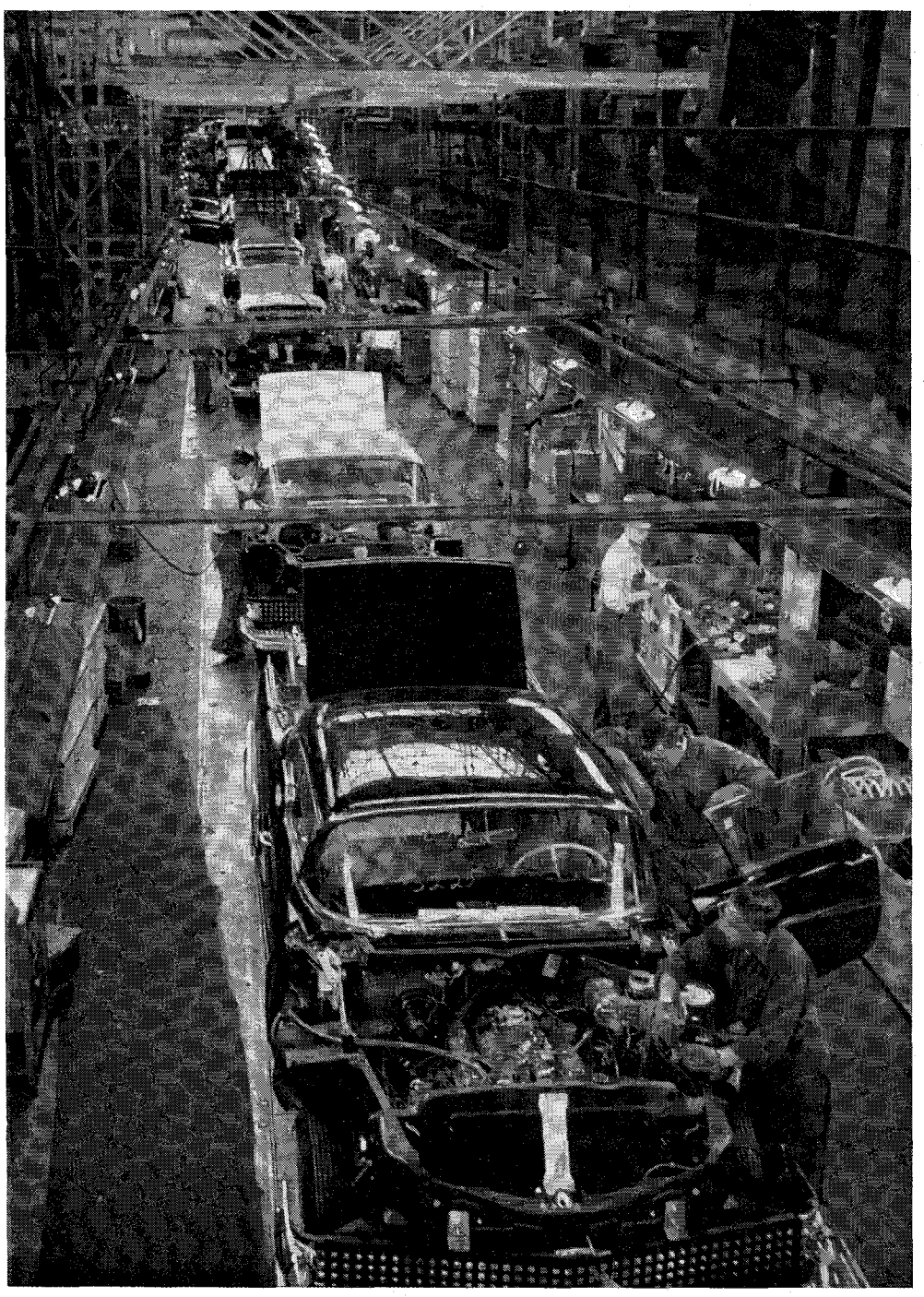
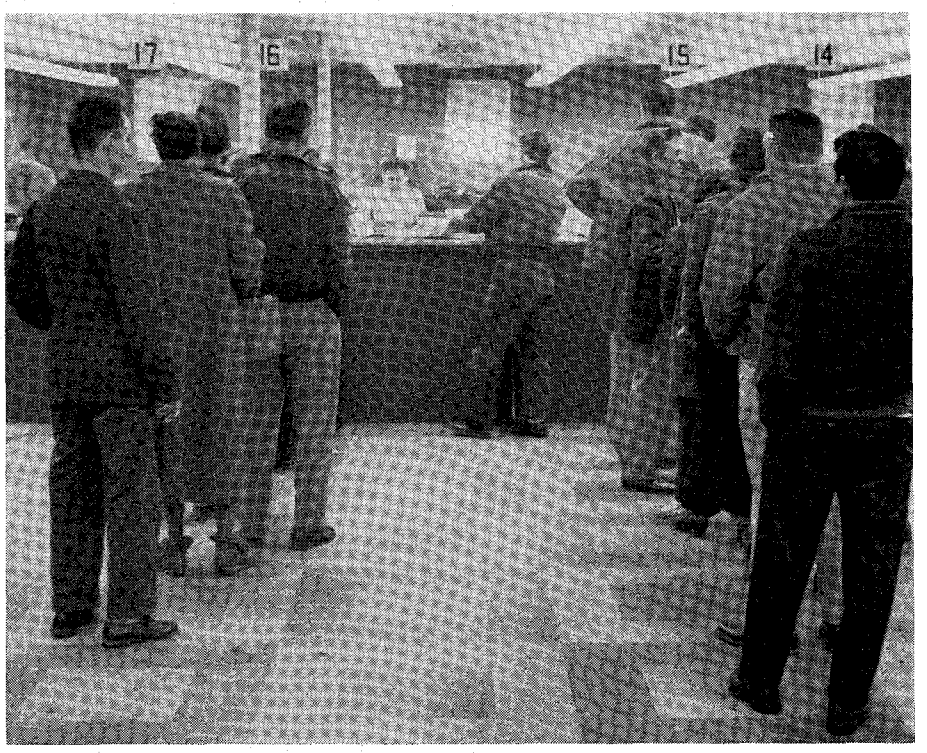


Buick's assembly line. The powerful auto workers' union, claiming that automation causes unemployment, plans to fight for a shorter work week for 1958–59.



Flint's State Employment Service office was the busiest place in town in July, but by November the lines of out-of-work had shrunk.

Otis Bishop, head of the Buick UAW local: "We had people lose their homes in that layoff last summer. Right today there are 4500 people in bad shape with debts."

PART TWO

In the hot clangorous gloom of the drop-forge plant of the Buick Motor Company in Flint, Michigan, a workman wearing dark glasses opened the door of a fiery oven, drew forth a seventy-five-pound red-hot steel bar and laid it on the die of an enormous hammer.

One of his fellows tripped the hammer and down it smashed, again and again, beating an engine part into shape. The hammer towered two stories high, black, an enormous altar. The men worked as a team, dwarfed in a forest of gigantic machinery. In all of Buick, a vast industrial complex nearly two miles long, containing 104 buildings, these drop-forge jobs were among the hottest and most demanding. The big men who held them disdained the more routinized assembly-line workers.

In the V-8 engine plant, crankcases started down the line that would make them finished motors. On the line were not men but machines, some resembling refrigerators, others batteries of cannon—machines that milled, bored, drilled the crankcases, passing them along, all without the touch of man, the controlling intelligence residing in gray switch boxes and boards of winking lights. This line was automated. A dozen years ago eighty men had worked on it; today only eighteen were needed. The crankcases reached the main assembly line, and here men added pieces to them as they moved along: pistons, valves, connecting rods. All around was a clanking, moving jungle of conveyors and subassembly lines. Each man tightened a bolt or two. They moved as in a ballet, all day long, every motion timed and rehearsed.

In the final assembly plant, auto frames moved along the line, and men walked backward beside them, bolting on parts. A crane dropped a body on the frame; suddenly what had been a pile of metal became an automobile. By a miracle of scheduling, green fenders arrived at precisely the right time to be put on a green-bodied car. The line sloped to the floor; a man got into each car as it came to the end of the line, started the motor, checked the lights, tested the brakes and drove away. On a blackboard a supervisor was chalking cabalistic marks—the line was producing sixty-eight cars an hour, more than one a minute.

As we saw last week, Rushville, Indiana, is the heart of the agricultural Midwest. Just so, Flint, Michigan, is the heart of the industrial Midwest. It may be regarded as the birthplace of both General Motors and the United Auto Workers of America. I visited Flint twice in 1957—in July, and again not long before Christmas.

How were things in Flint last summer?

"Not so good," said the cab driver, bouncing up the brick

(Continued on Page 63)

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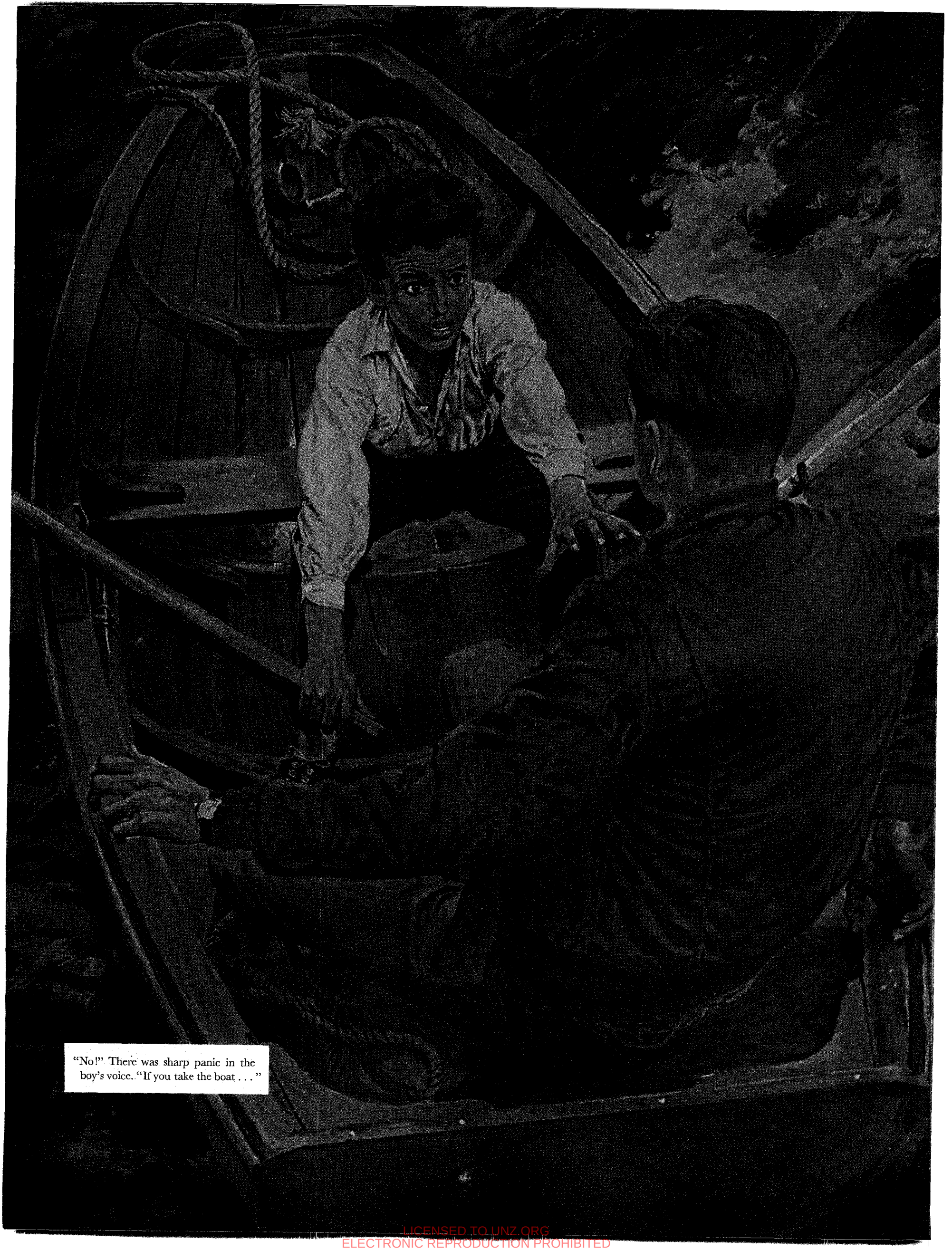

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ISLAND OF FEAR

Why did no visitors ever return from this mysterious shore?

By WILLIAM SAMBROT

Kyle Elliot clutched the smooth tight-fitting stones of the high wall, unmindful of the fierce direct rays of the Aegean sun on his neck, staring, staring through a chink.

He'd come to this tiny island, dropped into the middle of the Aegean like a pebble on a vast blue shield, just in the hope that something—something like what lay beyond that wall—might turn up. And it had. It had.

Beyond, in the garden behind the wall, was a fountain, plashing gently. And in the center of that fountain, two nudes, a mother and child.

A mother and child, marvelously intertwined, intricately wrought of some stone that almost might have been heliotrope, jasper or one of the other semiprecious chalcedonies—although that would have been manifestly impossible.

He took a small object like a pencil from his pocket and extended it. A miniature telescope. He gasped, looking once more through the chink. Heavens, the detail of the woman! Head slightly turned, eyes just widening with the infinitesimal beginning of an expression of surprise as she looked—at what? And half sliding, clutching with one hand at the smooth thigh, reaching mouth slightly rounded, plump other hand not quite touching the milk-swollen breast—the child.

His professional eye moved over the figures, his mind racing, trying to place the sculptor, and failing. It was of no known period. It might have been done yesterday; it might be millenniums old. Only one thing was certain—no catalogue on earth listed it.

Kyle had found this island by pure chance. He'd taken passage on a decrepit Greek caïque that plied the Aegean, nudging slowly and without schedule from island to island. From Lesbos to Chios to Samos, down through the myriad Cyclades, and so on about the fabled sea, touching the old, old lands where the gods had walked like men. The islands where occasionally some treasure, long buried, came to light, and if it pleased Kyle's eyes, and money obtained it, then he would add it to his small collection. But only rarely did anything please Kyle. Only rarely.

The battered caïque's engine had quit in the midst of a small storm which drove them south and west. By the time the storm had cleared, the asthmatic old engine was back in shape, coughing along. There was no radio, but the captain was undisturbed. Who could get lost in the Aegean?

They had been drifting along, a small water bug of a ship lost in the greenish-blue sea, when Kyle had seen the dim purple shadow that was a tiny island in the distance. The glasses brought the little blob of land closer and he sucked in his breath. An incredible wall, covering a good quarter of the miniature island, leaped into view, a great horseshoe of masonry that grew out of the sea, curved, embraced several acres of the land, then returned, sinking at last into the sea again, where white foam leaped high even as he watched.

He called the captain's attention to it. "There is a little island over there." And the captain, grinning, had squinted in the direction of Kyle's pointing finger.

"There is a wall on it," Kyle said, and instantly the grin vanished from the captain's face; his head snapped around and he stared rigidly ahead, away from the island.

"It is nothing," the captain said harshly. "Only a few goatherders live there. It has no name, even."

"There is a wall," Kyle had said gently. "Here"—handing him the glasses—"look."

"No." The captain's head didn't move an iota. His eyes remained straight ahead. "It is just another ruin. There is no harbor there; it is years since anyone has gone there. You would not like it. No electricity."

"I want to see the wall and what is behind it."

(Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Kurt Ard

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I Saw the Algerian Rebels in Action

By JOSEPH KRAFT

Behind nationalist lines in troubled Algeria this correspondent lived with the guerrillas and saw them harass the French. Here is his report on this war of terror.

The author's guide in rebel territory was Lieutenant Tahar (center.) At right, a young Arab combat nurse.

Rebels strip weapons from a command car they have just ambushed. Two Frenchmen were killed, three taken prisoner. Minutes after this picture was taken, the rebels set the car afire and fled into the hills.

CONCLUSION

Nationalist movements, however potent, have rarely won independence by force alone. Almost always the decisive factor has been popular support. My main purpose in going behind the French lines in Algeria was to gauge the strength of the nationalist rebels among the people.

The point of departure was an Algerian rebel encampment in Morocco some fifty miles south of the Mediterranean and about fifteen miles west of the Algerian frontier. With Lieutenant Tahar, my guide, and an escort of six or seven uniformed nationalist soldiers, I rode horseback across the frontier by night. After we had penetrated some thirty miles into Algeria we turned over our horses to a party that was crossing back to Morocco. After a two-day climb afoot over rough country, we reached one of the few streams I ever saw in Algeria. It had cut a valley deep between mountain peaks. We followed the valley northward, moving in easy stages from village to village.

A sense of two worlds, adjacent but separate, pervaded the trip throughout. We sometimes came within several miles of French military posts and, in one case, as close as a thousand yards. The city of Tlemcen, where several thousand Europeans live, was at all times within forty miles. Once when I had laryngitis, the nationalists got me medicine from a Tlemcen pharmacy. But in the villages I visited there

(Continued on Page 89)

Right: Lieutenant Driss (bareheaded) is one of the political officers who whip up support for the rebels among the Arab population.

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He was lying on the ground, propped against the fallen tree, his gun beside him.

Ghost Dog

The old man would never hunt again. Now the boy had to carry out the plan . . .

By RODERICK LULL

I didn't know—not at first, anyhow—why I was half afraid of this old man. It wasn't because he was old, nor was it because he was said to be rich; in the East we had lived in a town with men who must be richer still, and I'd felt no awe of them. Nor was it because he gave you the idea that he was particularly stern. His mouth was straight, all right, but it was also a mouth that liked to smile.

Maybe part of it was his clothes. He looked important without trying. The old man, Mr. Rodgers—John Cameron Rodgers—had that knack, for whatever it was worth.

Even if I was scared of him, a little, I couldn't keep away from his place for long. That was because of his dogs. In the East I'd dreamed of having a dog, but it wasn't practical, my mother and my father said, and what they said went. I'd carried the dream west with me, but I didn't have one yet, for I'd changed. I didn't want just a dog. I wanted a dog like Mr. John Rodgers' dogs.

They were springer spaniels, and people said he'd brought in their ancestors clear from England. Most of them were liver and white, with a sprinkling of black and whites, and there were at least ten in his kennel. And three times I'd watched, from a distance, as he worked dogs on pigeons, and each time I'd felt that tingling of the skin that said I'd been spoiled; I had a goal, and a hard, expensive one. Any old bundle of dog fur with four feet and a head never would do now, gentle and playful as it might be.

I went often to his place. It was easy enough not to be seen. The house—a big one, older than Mr. Rodgers, with great eaves and wide porches—had a blind side where it backed against a stand of fir trees. You went along the trees, past a garden hidden by a ten-foot hedge, and then you came to the kennels. You could stand there, doing no harm, watching the dogs and putting your fingers through the wire and feeling the soft, velvety noses. If you heard a door close hard—and Mr. Rodgers always closed them hard—you could slip away as you'd come.

This day I went to the kennels and stood there, as usual, watching the dogs. I was thinking so hard I didn't hear the door slam. Mr. Rodgers sometimes sold dogs; I'd learned that in town from the hardware man. But he didn't know the prices, except that they must be big—mighty big.

(Continued on Page 48)

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I Call On Edward R. Murrow

By PETE MARTIN

TV's noted interviewer faces an interview himself, and tells a Post editor how he persuades the famous to let his cameras invade their private lives.

Marilyn Monroe's first TV appearance was on Person to Person. It took her five hours to prepare her make-up.

I didn't like the way my interview with Edward R. Murrow was shaping up and I told him so. I said, "When your co-producers, John Aaron and Jesse Zousmer, sent me a list of thirty-five questions and suggested that I put them to you, I thought, *If my questions and answers are both going to be handled by your staff, I might as well let you interview yourself.*"

A week before, Aaron and Zousmer had had a talk with me. When I'd told them that it was my habit to use a tape recorder rather than a notebook and pencil, they had seemed unpleasantly startled. "We'll be happy to have a C.B.S. sound technician sit behind a soundproof glass wall and tape-record your interview for you," they suggested. "In addition, we'll have our own typist type the words from your tape. Then we'll look it over to make sure she has made no mistakes and send you a copy."

I realize now that I had been overtouchy, and too quick to jump to a conclusion, but I'd gotten the general idea that they thought I might take a "negative" point of view when I called on Murrow—"negative" being Madison Avenuese for "antagonistic." Nothing was further from my mind, but a little more of the implied censorship I had thought I was running into would have made me as "negative" as all get out.

Aaron and Zousmer sat with Ed Murrow and me now, ready to take part in my Murrow interview. We were seated around a table on a radio sound stage in the C.B.S. building on Madison Avenue. It had taken a certain amount of gall for me to mention that I thought I'd been spoon-fed the questions I was supposed to ask, but in my book the idea of a carefully screened interview was obnoxious.

When I mentioned the list of questions I'd been given, Murrow seemed surprised. I wasn't at all sure he knew about them, but if he was surprised he made a quick recovery. He said, in his deep, rich bass, "I am in your hands." And he pulled out a cigarette and lit it.

"The questions John and Jesse sent me were good questions," I told Murrow, "but I've got some of my own I'd like to ask you too."

"Go ahead," Murrow said. "I know what you mean. In the art of interviewing—if it is an art—questions have a tendency to flow from the preceding answers."

Perhaps I should add that once we began to talk, Aaron, Zousmer and Murrow couldn't have been more co-operative.

"Of the more than three hundred and fifty Person to Person TV interviews you've done," I asked Murrow, "which one did you find the most nerve-racking?"

"I've really choked up only once," he told me. "That was for about ten seconds when I was talking to the little French ballerina, Jeanmaire, on (Continued on Page 77)

Gypsy Rose Lee wore this "wireless mike" (under her clothing) on Murrow's program.

For three years the Duke and Duchess of Windsor spurned the show because they "had nothing to say." Murrow proved them wrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Graham. Graham's fans asked Murrow to smoke less while the parson was on. Ed refused.

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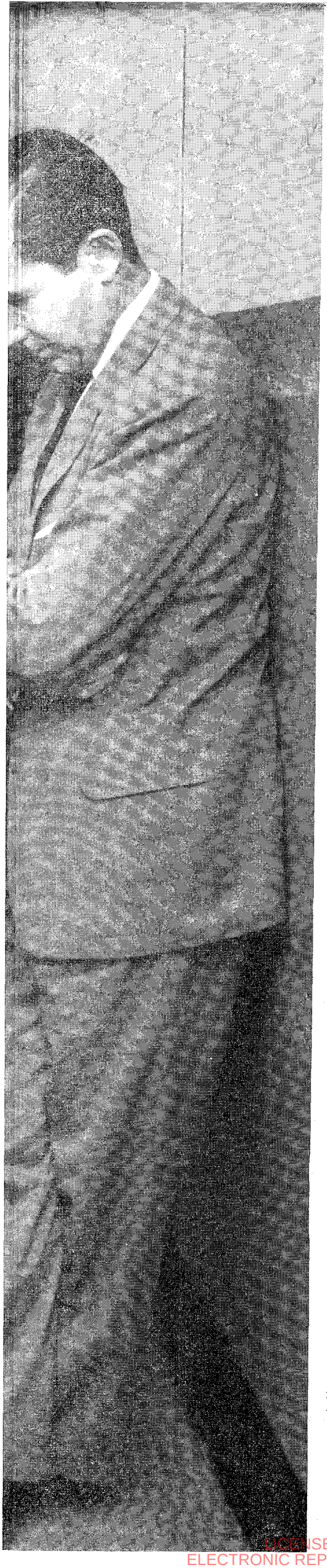
Murrow and his coproducers, John Aaron and Jesse Zousmer (facing camera). Each show features two celebrities. Aaron runs things at one location, Zousmer at the other.

All this TV gear went into the New York apartment of actress Julie Harris. Norman Rockwell balked at being interviewed; he didn't want this turmoil in his home.



Some of Murrow's guests have been disappointing. Murrow says, "Our first Person to Person show did not attract glowing reviews. One of the critics simply said, 'Murrow should have hung up.'"

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"Mariette," she heard her father call, "come over here a jiff. Young man here wants to meet you."

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By H. E. BATES

The Darling Buds of May

What did Mariette need? Just one thing: a husband.

After distributing the eight ice creams—they were the largest vanilla, chocolate and raspberry blocks, each in yellow, brown and almost purple stripes—Pop Larkin climbed up into the cab of the gentian-blue, home-painted thirty-hundredweight truck, laughing happily.

"Perfick wevver! You kids all right at the back there? . . . Ma, hitch up a bit!"

Ma, in her salmon jumper, was almost two yards wide.

"I said you kids all right there?"

"How do you think they can hear," Ma said, "with you revving up all the time?"

Pop laughed again and let the engine idle. The strong May sunlight, the first hot sun of the year, made the bonnet of the truck gleam like brilliant blue enamel. All down the road, winding through the valley, miles of pink apple orchards were in late bloom, showing petals like light confetti.

"Zinnia and Petunia, Primrose, Victoria, Montgomery, Mariette!" Pop unrolled the handsome ribbon of six names, but heard only five separate answers, each voice choked and clotted with ice cream.

"Where's Mariette? Ain't Mariette there?"

"I'm here, Pop."

"That's all right, then. Thought you'd fell overboard."

"No, I'm here, Pop; I'm here."

"Perfick!" Pop said. "You think I ought to get more ice creams? It's so hot Ma's is nearly melted."

Ma shook all over, laughing like a jelly. Little rivers of yellow, brown and pinkish-purple cream were running down over her huge lardy hands. In her handsome big black eyes the cloudless blue May sky was reflected, making them dance as she threw out the splendid bank of her bosom, quivering under its salmon jumper. At thirty-five she still had a head of hair like black silk, curly and thick as it fell to her fat olive shoulders. Her stomach and thighs bulged like a hop sack under the tight brown skirt, and in her remarkably small delicate cream ears her round pearl-drop earrings trembled like young white cherries.

"Hitch up a bit, I said, Ma! Give father a bit o' room." Pop Larkin, who was thin, sharp, quick-eyed, jocular and already going shining bald on top, with narrow brown side linings to make up for it, nudged against the mass of flesh like a piglet against a sow. "Can't get the clutch in."

Ma hitched up a centimeter or two, still laughing.

"Perfick!" Pop said. "No, it ain't though. Where'd I put that money?"

Ice cream in his right hand, he began to feel in the pockets of his leather jacket with the other.

"I had it when I bought the ice creams. Don't say I dropped it. . . . Here, Ma, hold my ice cream."

Ma held the ice cream, taking a neat lick at a melting edge of it.

"All right, all right. Panic over. Put it in with the crisps."

Packets of potato crisps crackled out of his pocket, together with a bundle of notes, rolled up, perhaps a hundred of them, and clasped with a thick elastic band.

"Anybody want some crisps? Don't all speak at once! Anybody ——"

"Please!"

Pop leaned out of the driving cab and with two deft backhand movements threw packets of potato crisps into the back of the truck.

"Crisps, Ma?"

"Please," Ma said. "Lovely. Just what I wanted."

(Continued on Page 56)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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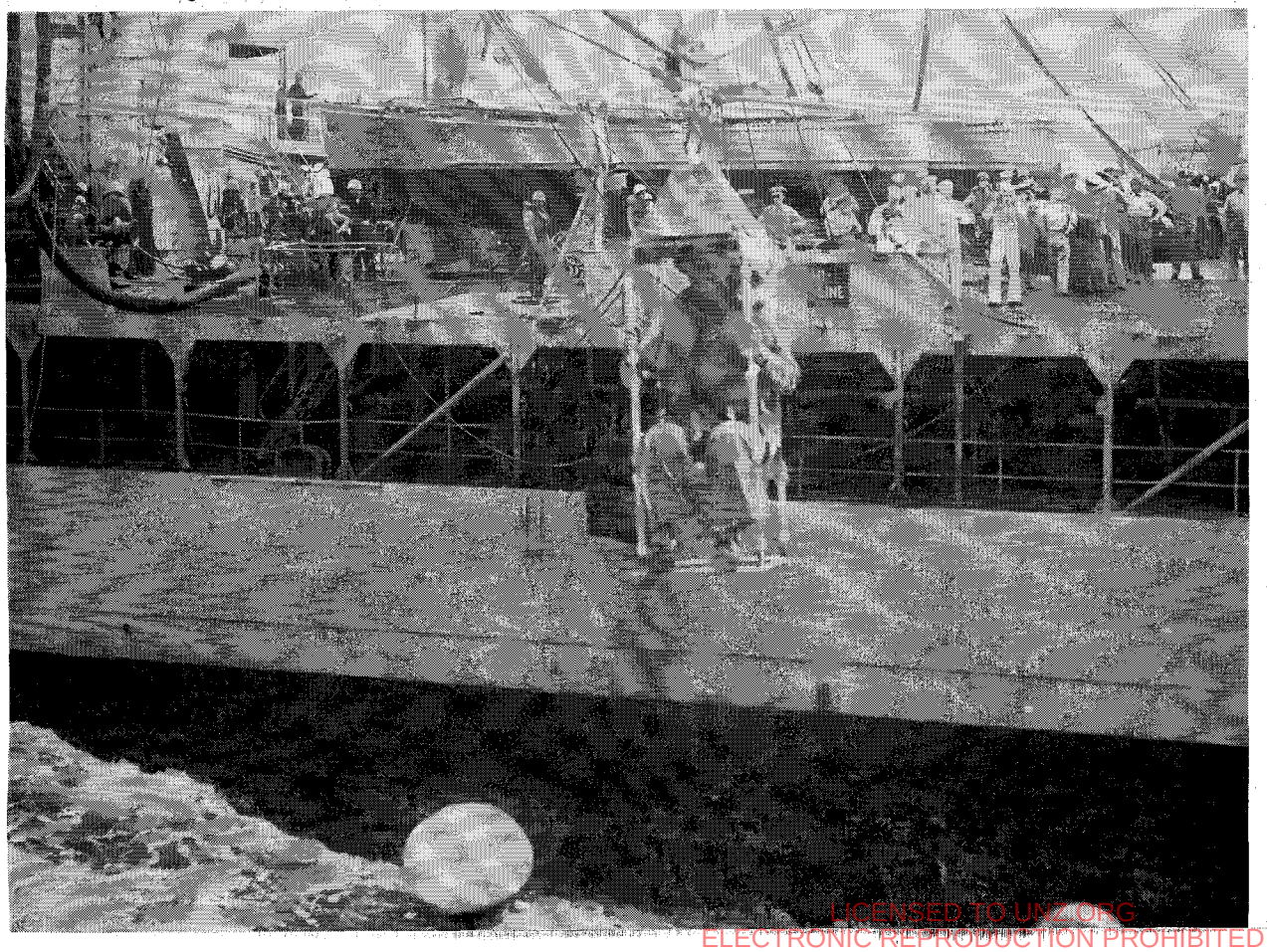
On the Prowl With "31 Knot" Burke

A Post editor watches the Navy's top seadog trouble-shoot his way along the Communist borders of the Orient.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

OKINAWA: Admiral Arleigh A. Burke (right), Chief of Naval Operations, gets down to earth with Pfc Richard Greer during Third Marine Division maneuvers. They discovered they were both from Colorado.

AT SEA: Burke rides the high line to the Seventh Fleet flagship. He became "31 Knot" in 1943, when he signaled "Proceeding at 31 knots" in reply to Halsey's order to intercept the enemy at top speed—30 knots.



ADMIRAL BURKE AND MR. MARTIN

When we learned that Admiral Arleigh Albert Burke intended to make a visit to our fleet in the Far East to determine its state of readiness, as well as to consult with military leaders in Japan, Korea, Taipai and Hong Kong, we thought it would be a good idea to tell our readers just what a Chief of Naval Operations does on such a tour. We asked Admiral Burke if he would be willing to allow Associate Editor Harold H. Martin, a former Marine Corps officer and correspondent who has experienced several hitches in the Pacific and the Korean War, to go along.

Admiral Burke graciously consented to take Mr. Martin along and show him how such operations are conducted. Mr. Martin boarded Admiral Burke's plane on the night of October eighth and remained with him throughout the precisely planned series of whirlwind inspections and visits. This article is the story of what happened all along the way on this tour of duty before their return to Washington on October thirty-first.

The Editors.

Half an hour before midnight the big Navy plane with the blue, four-starred flag on its nose, lifted up from Washington Airport, heading west for Alameda. Forward in the pilot's compartment Lt. Comdr. Bob Hurt, the plane commander, tested his new radio-telephone, chatting casually with Pacific Fleet Headquarters at Pearl Harbor, 5000 miles away, giving them his estimated arrival time on the following afternoon. Aft, in the small private cabin in the tail, Admiral Arleigh Albert (31 Knot) Burke, the Chief of Naval Operations, boss of 1000 ships and 9000 airplanes roaming the oceans of the world, shed his coat, lit his pipe and eased his rugged frame heavily into a chair. An hour before, at a black-tie dinner at the Willard Hotel, he had addressed 700 businessmen and scientists, suppliers to the Navy. For a man more at home on the bridge of a ship than a rostrum, the evening had been a strain. Across from him sat his tiny, brown-haired wife, Bobbie—witty, warm-hearted, and fond of teasing the big, earnest, slow-talking man. Still thinking of his speech, he blew a cloud of blue pipe smoke.

"Well," he said, "nobody threw an egg."

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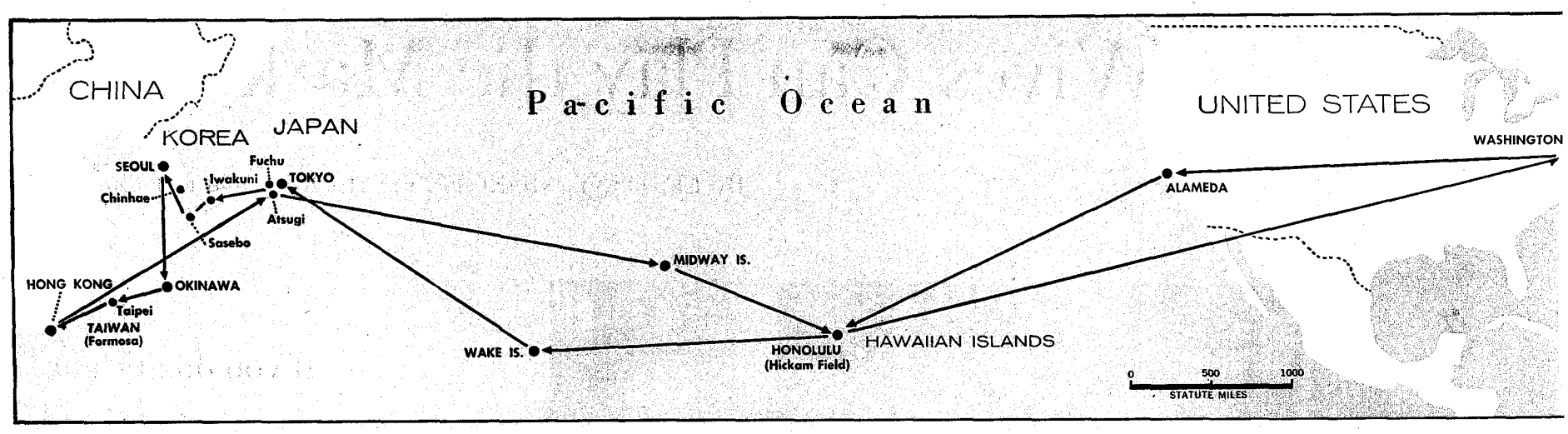


In 23 days, Admiral Burke flew 20,000 miles. His mission: to find out how quickly and how hard our fleet and our Asian allies can strike back, if the need arises.

"Nor laid one?" his wife asked sweetly.

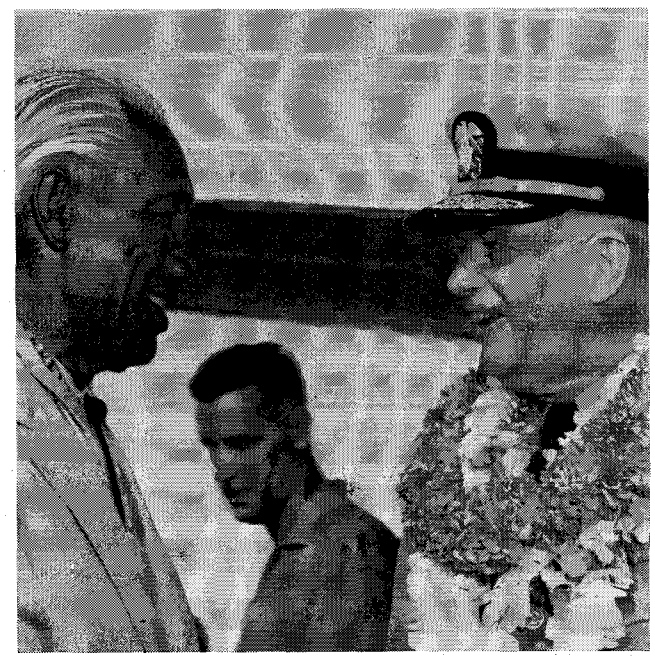
He grinned. "You married a sailor," he growled, "not William Jennings Bryan."

"I'm glad," she said, patting his hand.

Amidships, where the officers of the admiral's party were to sleep, a Filipino steward started making down the berths. Walt Cornnell, a Marine Corps colonel, Burke's senior aide, stopped him.

"Too early," he said, seeing the frown on the face of a sleepy fellow passenger. "He'll be up here in a few minutes, asking a thousand questions, ready to talk all night."

From the baggage that had been loaded aboard—the gifts for the Japanese, the Chinese and the Koreans, the dress uniforms each officer was carrying, plus civilian evening gear—the trip might look like a social junket, Cornnell explained—a three-week round of receptions, cocktail parties and embassy dinners. But it wasn't. It was serious business. From Honolulu halfway across the Indian Ocean, from the Bering Sea to Australia, the ships and planes of the 7th Fleet were guarding a dozen countries and 85,000,000 square miles of sea. It had been two years since Burke had been out there to talk with his commanders—*to find out, firsthand, how quick and hard the Fleet could fight if it had to fight*, and to see for himself what the Japanese, the Chinese, the Koreans and the British at Hong Kong could do defensively if the Reds should strike. For six months he'd been trying to break away, Cornnell said. Every time, some crisis in the Pentagon had canceled out the trip. And now this Sputnik thing —— He stopped. Burke and Mrs. Burke came down the aisle. She sat for a moment chatting (Continued on Page 86)



HONOLULU: Burke, swathed in leis, was welcomed by Honolulu's sheriff, Duke Kahanamoku, the famous 1912 Olympic swimming champion.

PEARL HARBOR: Burke (left) spent a day and a night in private talk with Admiral Felix Stump (right), chief of our entire military establishment in the Pacific. The ladies, left to right, are Mrs. Stump and Mrs. Burke.

KOREA: General Paik Sun Yup and his children greeted Burke at the airport. "One of Asia's toughest soldiers," Paik is chief of staff of Korea's army and an old friend of Burke's from Korean War days.

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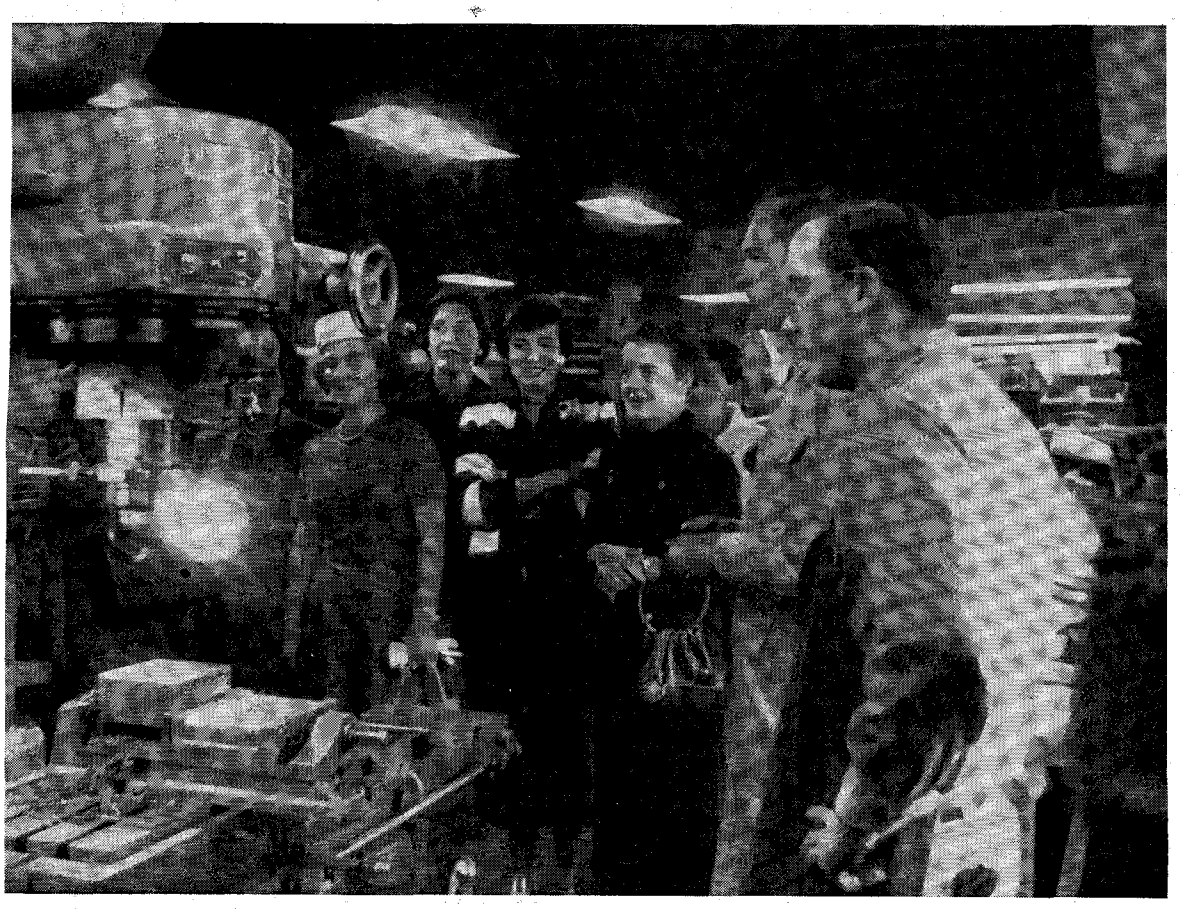
We Wives Can Play the Market, Too

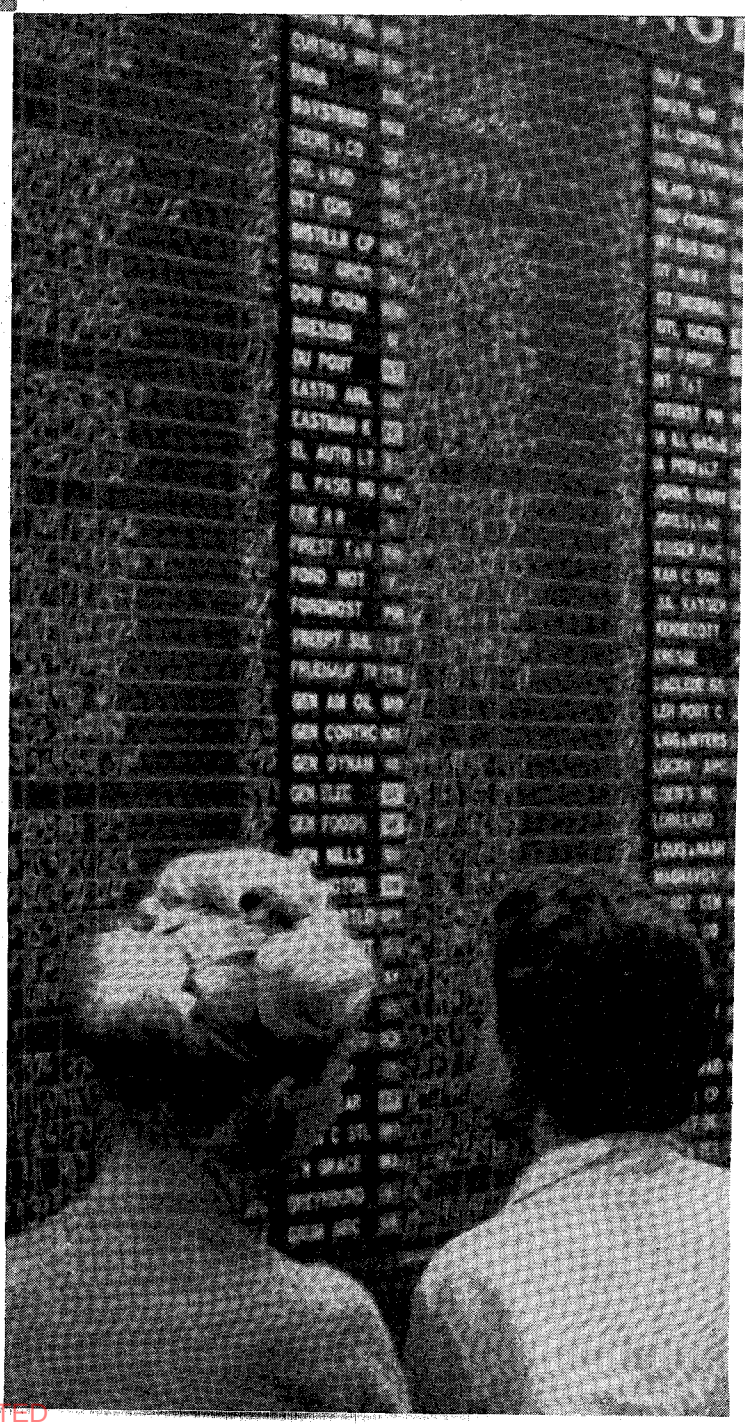
By LINDSAY MORGENTHALER, as told to Jerome Ellison

If you don't think your wife should dabble in the stock market, consider the unusual financial adventures of these ladies.

The stock-buying club "brought new zip to some of our marriages," says the author, here with her husband and children. The men are overjoyed at their wives' financial eagerness.



The girls now take a new and practical interest in such unlikely matters as machinery. Having bought a piece of Western Tool & Stamping Co. in Des Moines, they go to look the place over.



At the local broker's office, the WIGs (Women's Investment Groupers) study the cabalistic symbols of the "chalk quote board."

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Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

Five dollars a month rents the girls a meeting room. They bring cookies, have coffee sent in, and, after a certain amount of shrill debate, decide what stocks to buy.

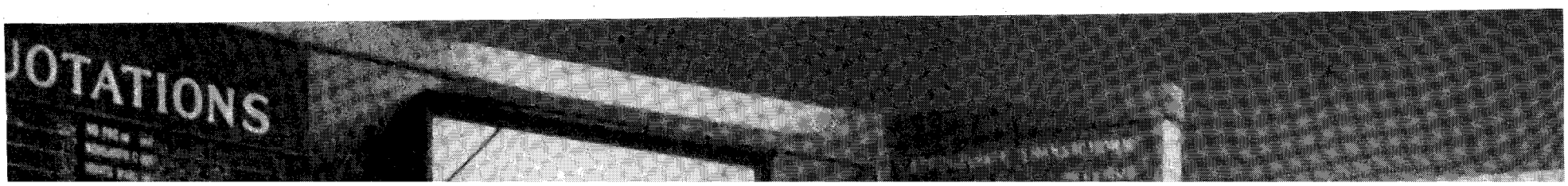
One of the reasons I admire my husband is that when he, an engineering graduate, and I, a fine-arts major, were married, he boned up on modern art just for the love of me. I remembered that later, when it was my turn to cope with something as alien as logarithms to my everyday life—the stock market.

Whenever I tell anybody I started a ten-dollar-a-month investment club in Des Moines, Iowa, just for housewives, it's two to one they'll say, "What can they understand about business?" Men often admit that individual career gals have a real feeling for business. But, as a general rule, women—particularly wives—are assumed to be without it. It usually comes as a jaw-dropping fact that our girlish tinkering has actually made money.

It has, however, and this is one reason we do it, but not the only one. After all, we're supposed to be a capitalist democracy, aren't we? Then why not practice a little capitalism at the grass-roots level? It can have an element of adventure, we've found. To pit your knowledge and judgment against the caprice of the market, then defend your thinking before a dozen or so sharp-witted peers, is a real experience. When you come out a winner, there's a certain exhilaration; when you lose, a genuine chastening. And it's instructive.

Some 8,500,000 Americans, in and out of investment clubs, own common stocks. About 4,500,000 women hold a majority of these shares and outlive men by about five years. Since we're placed in a position where we have to handle business matters, why not, we may well ask ourselves, do so intelligently?

Another point—if more reasons for our having an investment (Continued on Page 54)



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Post Scripts

Geoquizzical Note

The ancients thought the world was flat.
How quaint! But still, it's funny.
That's how I find it when I try
To borrow any money.

MARGARET MC KEEVER ELLERT

IF——

(With respects to Mr. Kipling . . . Anyone read Kipling these days?)

If you can fluff a putt or drop your service
And smile as if you didn't care a bean—
If world events, right now, don't make you nervous
However many Sputniks you have seen—

If you can stomach rock-'n'-roll, calypso,
Guitars and cowboy twangs and blue suède shoes—
Endure commercials driving others dipso,
And still not flip your lid or blow a fuse—

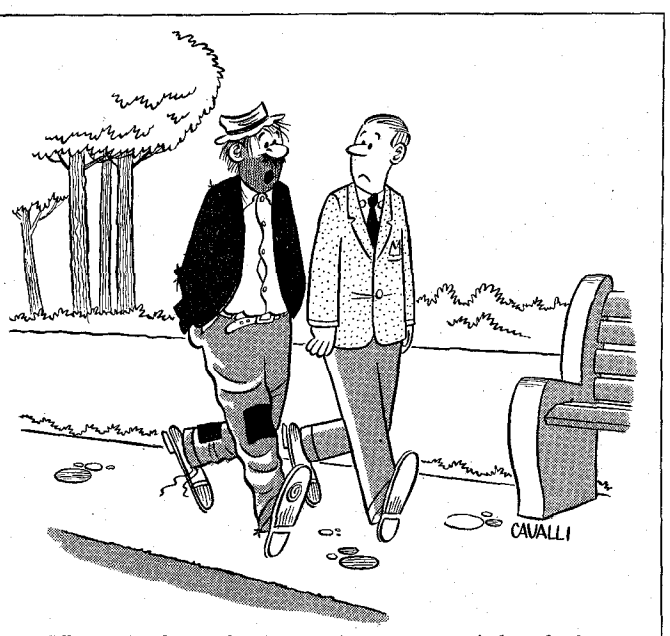
If you can see the Dodgers and the Giants
Moved bodily out West without a qualm,
And, trusting to your guts and self-reliance,
Remain unmoved, spectacularly calm—

If——What's the use of going farther, brother?
Let's cut it short, or we'll be here all week—
If you can do just one of these, no other,
They'll lock you up, my boy, for you're a freak.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"You skipped a line."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"The only thing that's keeping us apart is her foolish pride. She's ashamed to be seen with me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Some of My More Bitter Disappointments

"How old do you think I am? I mean it; go ahead and try to guess. However, I warn you that I'm more than likely a lot older than you think I am."

"Oh I'd say about forty-six."

"I'm thirty-five."

"O.K., if you're so smart, who was Romesh Chunder Dutt?"

"He was an Indian statesman."

"Yeah, but for how long?"

"If you'll give me your word of honor that you won't say anything to anybody, I'll tell you something that you'll really get a big bang out of. Promise now?"

"Word of honor."

"And you've got to promise me, also, that even if you later get sore at me, you won't say anything about it out of spite."

"I promise."

"Know what Arnold Tewksbury's middle name is?"

"Sure; it's Hooper."

"Where was I born? Bet you couldn't guess where in a million years."

"Well, let's see—Battle Creek, Michigan?"

"Right."

"How much do you think I paid for this picture that's hanging here on the wall? Would you say five bucks . . . ten bucks . . . fifteen or how much?"

"That's one of the ones that they had a whole raft of over at Brinkley's Supermarket for $1.99 each."

VERNON H. KURTZ

Try Looking in a Mirror Yourself, Dear!

You think that my figure's too wide
And I ought to cut down on my food?
Well, all I can say is that I'd—
If *you'd!*

RUTH CHADWICK

My Diary

Every time I read the diary of Napoleon or Mme. de Sévigné (or whatever it is), or F.D.R. or somebody like that, I always turn to my own and compare it.

It's a funny thing, but mine is never like any of theirs. Mine is sort of—well, gentle and casual; nothing dramatic or overblown.

I thought maybe I'd publish a few samples before the entire thing becomes available to my eager public. Just a taste:

MONDAY: It's raining.

THURSDAY: I told them to leave two quarts of skim milk and they left chocolate milk. Must speak to them.

FRIDAY: The cleaning woman didn't come. She called and said she had a spell of the Arthur-i-tis.

SUNDAY: Stopped raining, but still sort of sticky.

TUESDAY: Second World War started on time. Will probably be noisy.

FRIDAY: Yankees won the pennant.

WEDNESDAY: My wife is going to let her hair grow. She says it is too much trouble keeping it up in bobby pins and all that. I guess so. I don't have much trouble with my hair. Matter of fact, I don't have much hair.

SUNDAY: Raining.

TUESDAY: I should start planting radishes.

MONDAY: Too late for radishes.

FRIDAY: Fish.

TUESDAY: Had tooth extracted.

FRIDAY: Must plant yams.

SATURDAY: Come to think of it, I HATE yams.

SUNDAY: Raining again.

Of course, I've picked out the highlights. It isn't ALL as nerve-racking as the above.

GIDEON GAY

Included Out

While most of the guests laugh at Joe's corny jests
(Although he's a bit of a smarty),
There's one who just sighs, who, as you will surmise,
Is the Wife of the Life of the Party.

BERTON BRALEY

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WE'RE SO GLAD YOU LOVE OUR 3 NEW SOUPS!

We're cooking overtime, to keep up!

NEW! TURKEY NOODLE SOUP

Already a favorite . . . it tastes so good! Here's soup made extravagantly from the *whole* turkey! That's why the broth is so rich and full-flavored . . . why there's so much tender turkey meat . . . light and dark. And there are noodles by the spoonful . . . big, golden, enriched egg noodles!

NEW! MINESTRONE SOUP

People love it! It's a great big homey soup with 12 favorite vegetables! Carrots and potatoes, peas, green beans and pea beans. Tomatoes and onions, mustard and turnip greens . . . celery, cabbage and zucchini. All this, plus tenderest spaghettini and a zip of cheese.

NEW! CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP

A hit . . . almost overnight! It's a hearty, heartwarming country-kitchen kind of chicken soup. The broth is what cookbooks call "good chicken stock." And it's filled to the brim with pick-of-garden vegetables, golden ribbon noodles and plenty of tender chicken.

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!
Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!

So . . . once a day . . . every day . . . Soup—
Campbell's, of course!

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OLDSmobility

A new mode in motion that takes you out of the ordinary into the Rocket Age!

All '58 Oldsmobiles feature Safety-Plate Glass . . . all around!

Wherever you go, it's adventure ho! For the '58 Olds is an inspired car . . . with an exciting mobile look that mirrors your own good taste. It confirms your own good judgment, too. For the new Rocket Engine brings you a marked advance in fuel economy . . . with all the power you can use! Discover, too, the total thrill of *OLDSmobility!* Ride on air . . . with New-Matic Ride*—a *true* air suspension that's incredibly smooth and comfortable. Come have a new adventure at your Oldsmobile dealer's . . . in a Rocket road test now!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

**Optional at extra cost.*

OLDSMOBILE

1908 GM 1958

FORWARD FROM FIFTY... INTO THE ROCKET AGE

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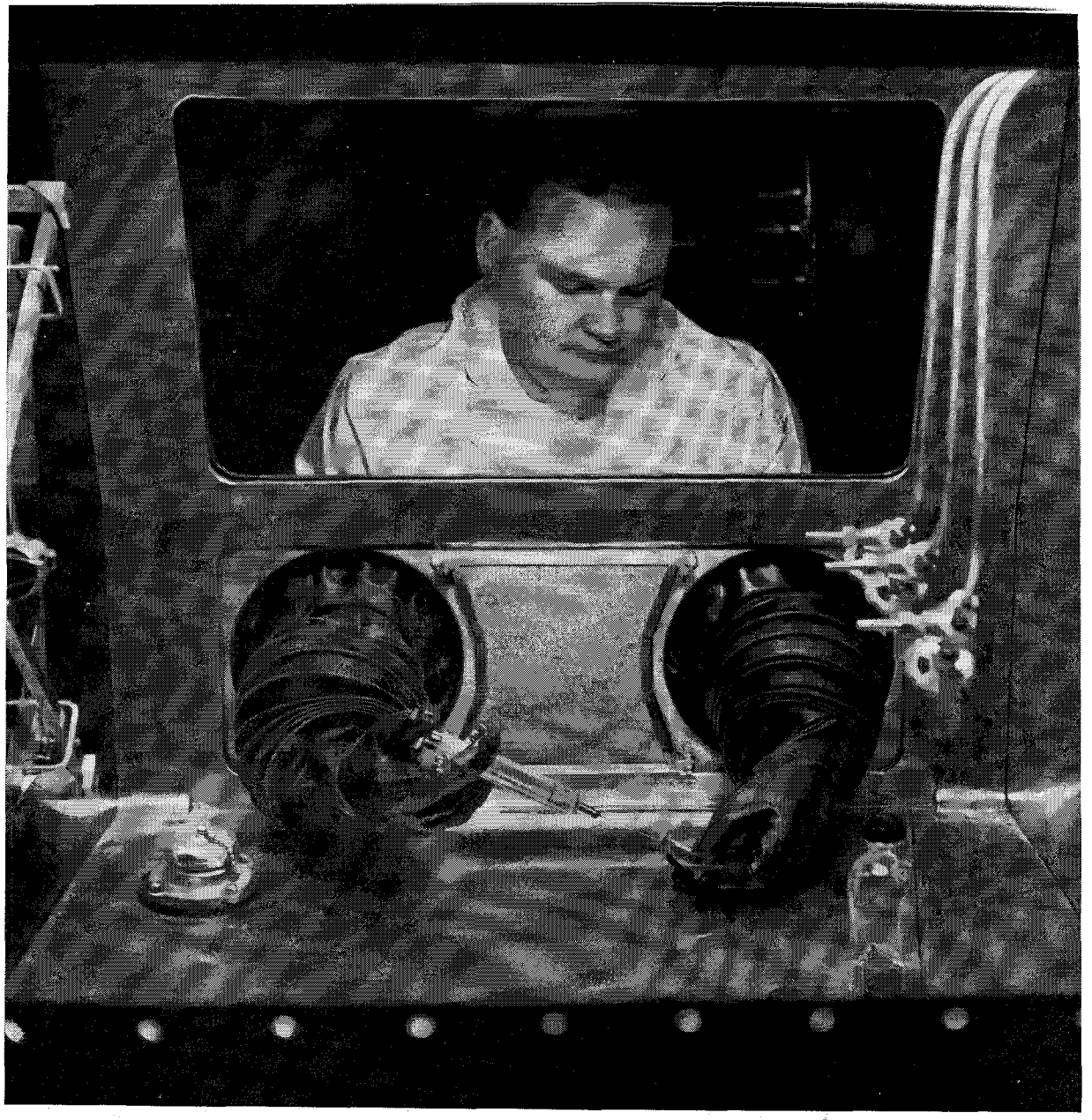
Report on "Plague Island"

Just off the end of Long Island lies a forbidden preserve, where enough diseases are "imprisoned" to ruin the U. S. livestock industry.



Plum Island technicians take extreme care to prevent escape of death-dealing viruses. Here, Karl Axelson, his hands encased in airtight rubber gloves, fills a hypodermic syringe in a sealed chamber.

By NEIL M. CLARK

Dr. Maurice Shahan (hands in pockets, foreground), boss of the Animal Disease lab, takes a 20-minute ferry ride to get to his mysterious domain, Plum Island. Sometimes storms maroon him there.

Summer visitors sunning themselves in the Orient Beach State Park on the breezy tip of Long Island, almost 118 miles out of New York City, are apt to look with a shudder across a mile and a half of sparkling water at the 800-acre sand heap called Plum Island. In the minds of many, it's half Alcatraz, half leprosarium. Navigation charts warn the public to stay off. The headman on the island, Dr. Maurice S. (Doc) Shahan, is known to have guards who watch all approaches twenty-four hours a day and hustle intruders off so fast they don't have time to pick up so much as a good look.

Personally, as I discovered when I met him, Doc Shahan likes people, and people like him. He is an amiable six-footer, tweedy in dress, handsome in a wide-open Western way. Born in Colorado, where nobody minds if a stranger rides across his range, he still prefers Western shirts and low-heeled cowboy boots, and usually wears them. He is rarely seen without a pipe or with a hat on his head.

But strangers have to keep off his island. That's ironclad. Nobody visits Plum unless he says so, and he doesn't often say so. He has the very best of reasons. Plum Island is headquarters for PIADL, which stands for Plum Island Animal Disease Laboratory, a $10,500,000 research installation in operation since 1954 under the Agricultural Research Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. As such, it (Continued on Page 84)

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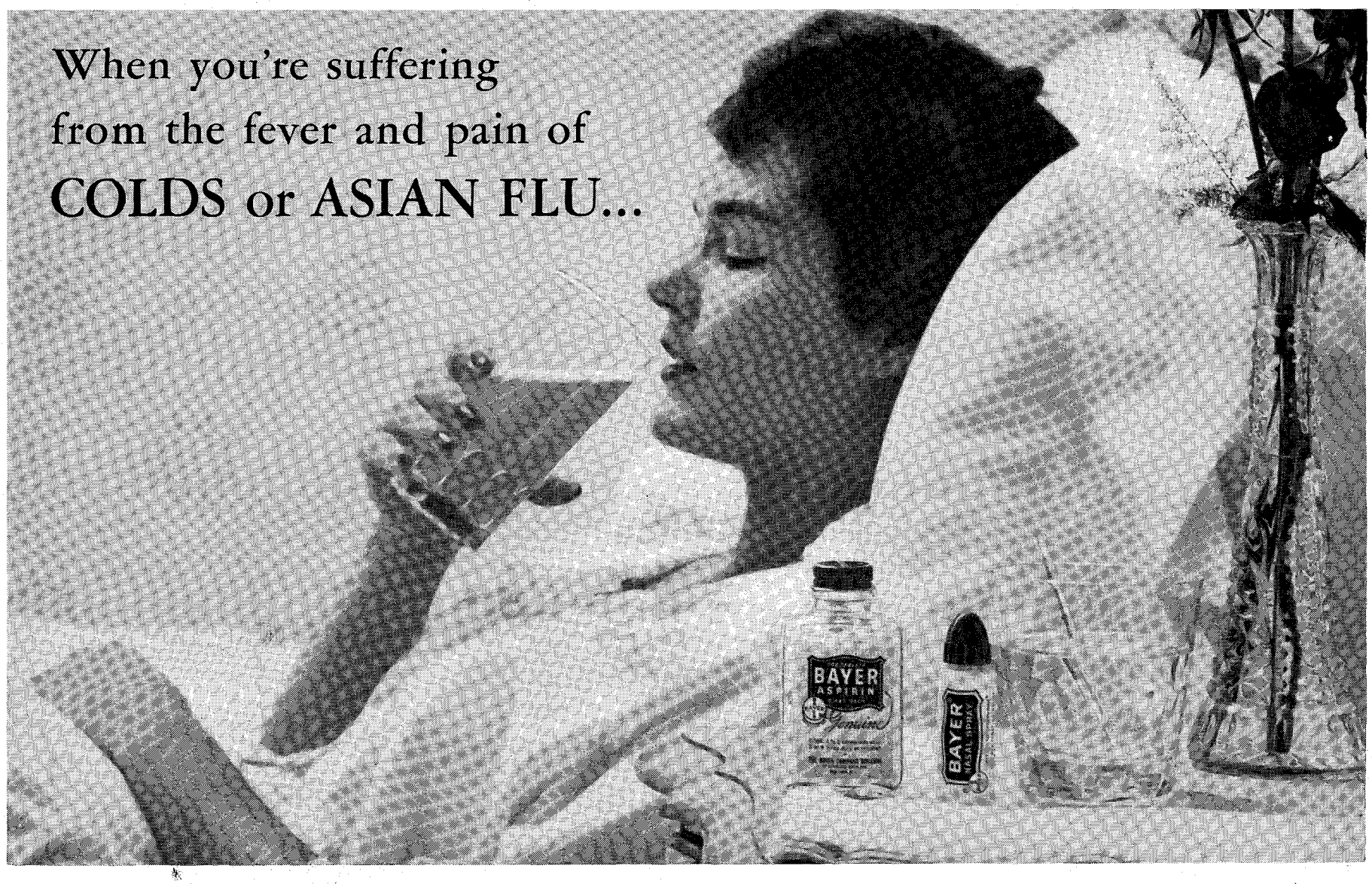

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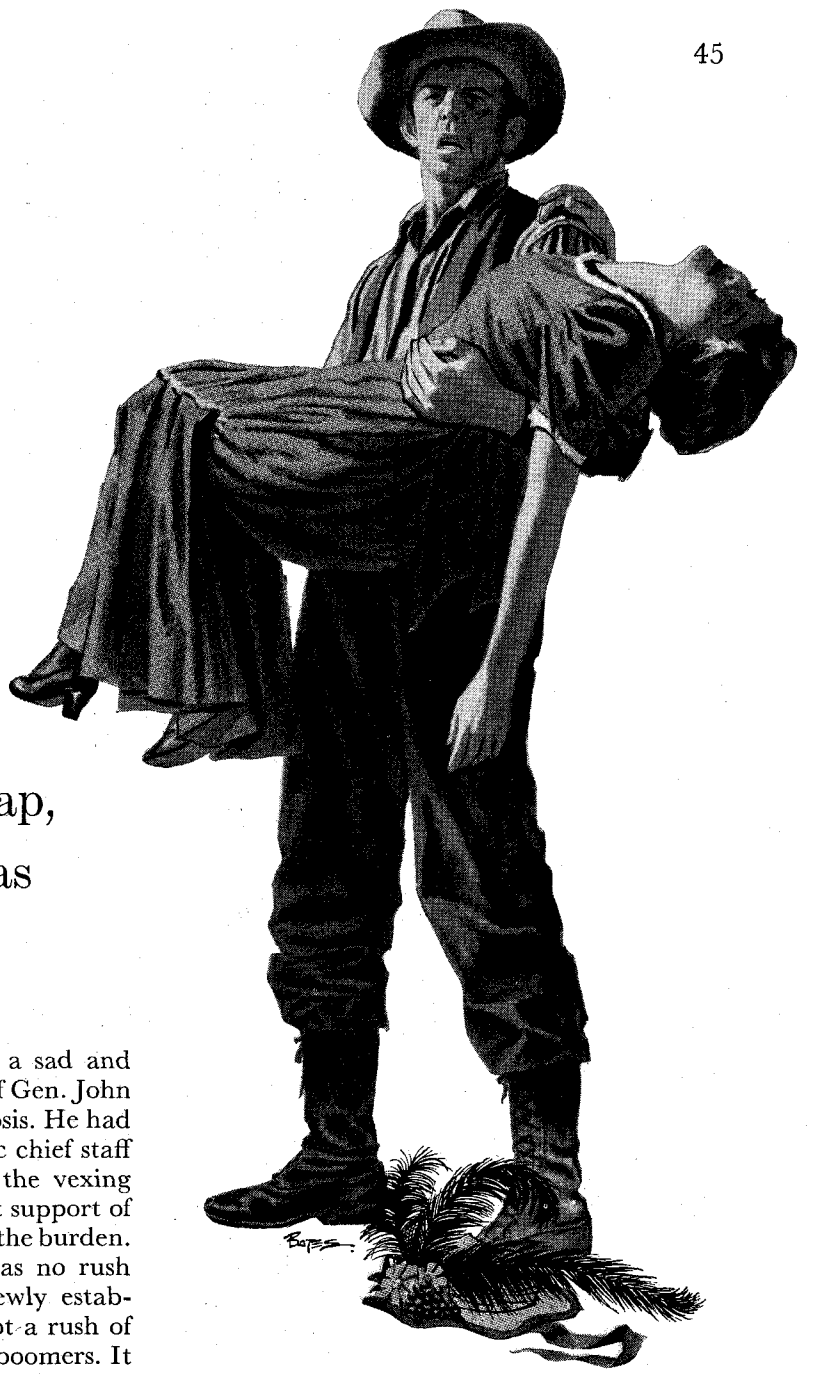
WEST OF THE LAW

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND



Bednigo stooped and raised her limp body in his arms. "The Big Tent," he roared. "The Big Tent has murdered Hepsie."

In a town where almost anyone's life was cheap, the gunman had shot the one person who was under everybody's protection.

"They're planning something very big and very evil," Hepsie said. "I'm not a timid woman, Bednigo, but I'm afraid."

And well she might be, thought Bednigo, if she'd stay in Julesburg. Julesburg, way station for the construction of the transcontinental Union Pacific Railroad, was a vicious town, run by a vicious man—Wesley Maury. Bednigo Claypool, aide to General Dodge, chief engineer of the railroad, had no doubt that if the railroad's million-dollar payroll arrived in Julesburg, Maury and his agents—the beautiful, treacherous Potter Nourse and the wily Skinner—would try to steal it.

In lawless Julesburg, not even the affection of the rough railroad laborers, whose illnesses Hepsie tended, could safeguard her against the violence brewing there.

VII

To add to General Dodge's woes, Brigham Young, the great Mormon leader, went on the warpath when he was informed finally that the Union Pacific would not build into Salt Lake City, and his bull voice roared in the Tabernacle in denunciation. But more troublesome were the machinations of Collis P. Huntington to build his Central Pacific Railroad eastward beyond the borders of California and enable it to seize for the Western coast the vast business of the Great Basin. The law as it existed did not contemplate the Central Pacific's extending its tracks out of California nor the Union Pacific's building into California. Huntington exerted all his astuteness to influence Congress by baseless charges against his rival, and a lawless contest resulted.

Indians redoubled their merciless attacks. Percy Brown's engineering party had been attacked by hundreds of Sioux, and Brown had been killed. There were raids from the Indians to the south as well as from the north. Nowhere was to be heard good news and all that came to hand was discouragement.

But what seemed at first to be a sad and troublesome thing was the arrival of Gen. John A. Rawlins, stricken with tuberculosis. He had been Grant's wise, able, diplomatic chief staff officer, and his understanding of the vexing problems together with his efficient support of General Dodge did much to lighten the burden.

Probably in all history there was no rush comparable to the rush to the newly established base at Julesburg. It was not a rush of gold seekers, nor of sooners, nor of boomers. It was a rush of lawless men and women to a town whose business was vice. From East, from West, from North and South they came—gamblers, murderers, ruffians, harpies, painted women, the dregs of a continent. There was no sheriff, no marshal, no law—and if there had been law, there was no one to enforce it. It was an efficient mustering of wickedness, organized and directed. Julesburg was a town governed by criminals to further the interests of criminals, and there decency must lurk and hide its face.

There Hepsie and Mrs. Beebe opened their restaurant, larger than it had been either in Fort Kearney or in North Platte, and from the first moment it prospered. If Hepsie had thought it necessary to conceal any feminine charms in the earlier towns, it was thrice necessary here. She drew back her hair more tightly, added clumsy folds to the shapelessness of her aprons and dresses, and gave as much attention to making herself unattractive as some Eastern belles gave to beautifying face and form.

Wesley Maury had disappeared from town and Laertes Lathrop Skinner had been left in charge. He had not the finesse of Maury, who preferred to remain in the background and to operate deviously and in secret. Skinner, on the contrary, delighted to exhibit authority and always to be visible to the naked eye. He was possibly more dangerous than Maury, because he was less intelligent and prone to exhibitionism. It pleased his vanity to be feared. Where Maury was deft, Skinner was blatant. It tickled his strange ego to be able to flout a powerful railroad and to see it helpless in the face of his tyranny. And he never let pass an opportunity to jeer at Bednigo Claypool publicly.

"Here," he would say, if Bednigo came into the Big Tent, "comes the railroad's hired killer. Hasn't been earning his wages lately."

To which Bednigo would pay no heed, but walk to the bar with expressionless face and order his drink. Never did he allow himself to be drawn. Never did he answer any taunt or insult. The time was not propitious and it seemed the better way to lure Skinner into thinking that he was cowed and not dangerous. So he endured and, after a fashion, turned the other cheek. His unwanted reputation as a ruthless killer suffered and even lesser ruffians dared to gibe. His job was laying rails, not policing a town, and he and the Casement brothers were grading the roadbed, placing ties and spiking rails with might and main.

Potter Nourse reappeared after one of her unexplained absences and made her home with an Indian girl for servant, in a little wooden hut on (Continued on Page 70)

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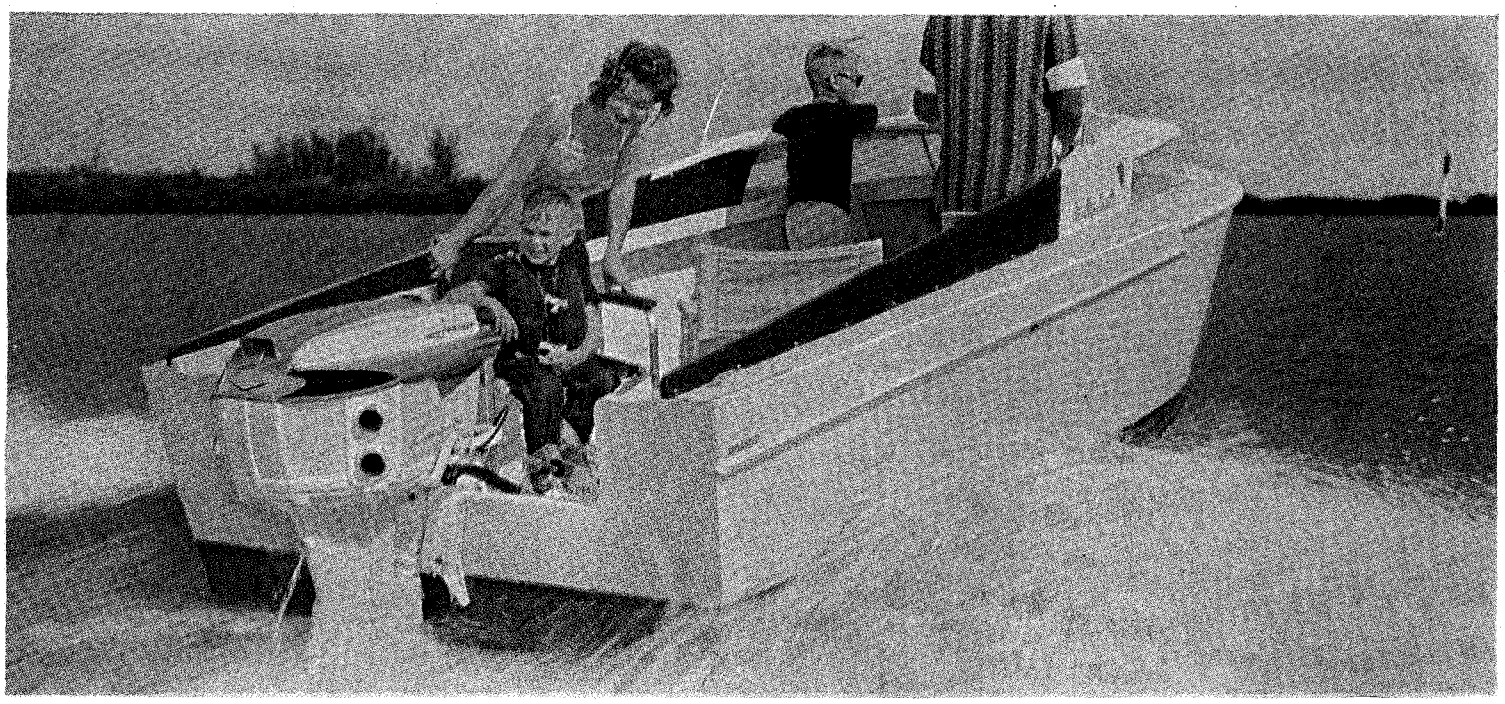

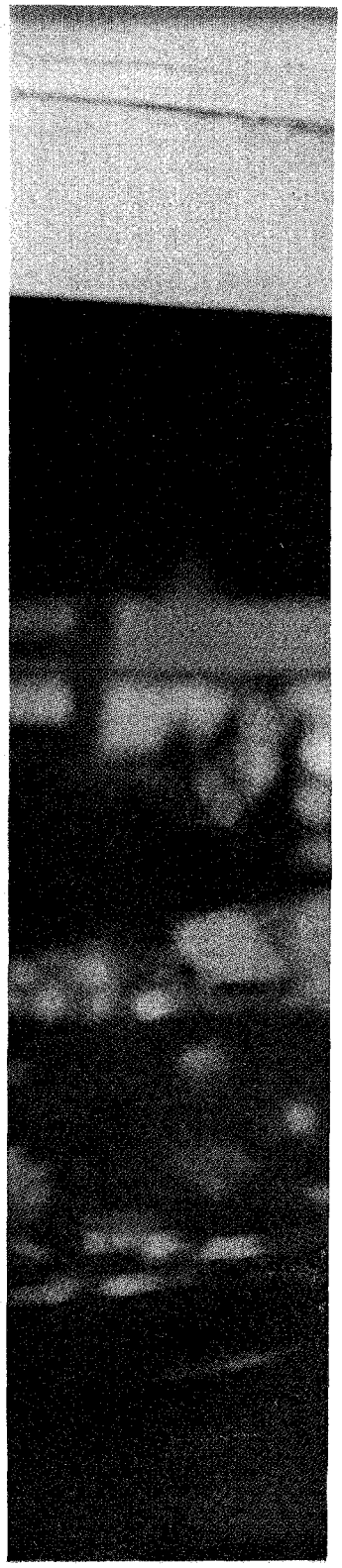

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V-block Sea-Horses deliver rated horsepower with absolutely no strain. Virtually no load can make them labor. What's more, full thrust is instantaneous.

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Ghost Dog

(Continued from Page 31)

I thought on, going nowhere. Then this voice, quiet and clear as cold brook water, said, "Want something here, boy?"

I swung around, and he was there. He was wearing old hunting pants tucked into battered boots, a sun-bleached shooting jacket, and a flannel shirt.

I wanted to run. But to run would be to admit wrongdoing. I looked him in the face, not answering.

"I don't think I place you, boy," he said. You could feel his voice inside you, probing easily but carefully.

I told him my name—Dick Kerrigan—and how we were new here, and my father was a foreman at the mill.

"I see," he said. "I see. And what do you want, boy?"

I told him that I liked to look at his dogs. That I'd like a dog like one of his springers someday. "I've been here before," I said. "Four, five times before. And I saw you work the dogs three times. I was watching up on the hill."

"So," he said. "You could have asked, you know. You'd have got permission. But never mind." He brushed dust from his jacket in an absent way. "What do you know about dogs, boy? Why would you deserve a good dog?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

Then the smile came out of shadow and became substance. "That was a straight, fair answer. Let's go inside. I can dig you up a drink of something soft."

He turned and walked toward the house; it was as if he knew I'd do what he said. Then we were inside, going down a long hall with the mounted heads of deer and elk and antelope on the walls. The room he led me to was large, with windows that gave on the enclosed garden.

He said, "Sit down, boy," and left.

There were books everywhere, and guns in a glassed-in case, their stocks dull and beautiful from hand rubbing, the bluing of the metal flawless. These were no hardware-store guns; these were rare ones. The walls were all but solid with pictures—of people, dogs, horses, scenes of a hundred kinds. The room smelled of wood and leather and smoke.

He was back, with a bottle of pop on a tray, whisky and glasses. He poured my pop, and a little of the whisky into the other glass.

"About the dogs, boy." He was leaning back, rolling a thin little black cigar between his fingers. "Were you thinking of buying a dog of mine?"

"Sometime, maybe," I said. Then I added, "sir."

"It would take more money than you have, probably."

"Yes, sir," I said. "A lot more. It's—it's just something to think about. Not for now. I know better than that."

"I see. I take you for about thirteen. That right?"

"Yes, sir. Only it's nearer fourteen now."

He nodded, his face serious. "And there's something else," he said. "At the best, you don't get many top dogs in a lifetime, and you have to be ready just in case you're lucky and one comes along. That takes some doing." He stood up, and though I could hear the creak of a knee bone, he did it briskly, gracefully. "Look there. At that picture there."

On the far wall there was a big photograph. It was set off by space, as though it had special importance. It was a dog—a springer. The dog was standing in a field of cut wheat and looking at the camera with impatience—as if he wanted this dull picture taking over and to get on with the real purposes of life.

"Read what it says under it," Mr. Rodgers said.

I crossed the room and read the silver plaque. "Field Trial Champion Monte of Clarendon," it said. That was the name of Mr. Rodgers' place—Clarendon. Then there were two dates: "June 7, 1919—August 15, 1931."

"Sit down, boy, sit down," Mr. Rodgers said. "Monte was the best. He was a field-trial champion and a first-rate shooting dog as well, and the two don't often go together. And he was more. He stood out anywhere, any place, in anything that fits a dog. The day he died was a bitter day. I've been after his equal ever since, and never had it. Probably I never will—time's running out. Well ——"

I knew I was being dismissed. "Thank you, sir. I—I hope you get another dog like Monte."

"That's kind of you." He went with me to the door. I started down the path and he stopped me. "One thing more, Dick." It was the first time he'd used my name, and it made me proud. "This is summer, so there's no school. If you come up here Thursday about two, I'll be working a couple of dogs. You can give me a hand."

"Sir," I said, "I'll ——"

"Thursday at two exactly," he said, and I knew he didn't mean one minute before or one minute after. The door slammed closed.

When I went home I couldn't help but boast. "I was with Mr. Rodgers," I said. They'd heard about him, of course. "In his house. I had a bottle of pop with him."

"Were you bothering him?" my father said. "Making a nuisance of yourself?"

I shook my head. "He asked me to come back. He's going to let me help with the dogs. It was his idea."

I learned more about Mr. Rodgers before Thursday. His wife had died a long time ago, when a son was born. Then, when the son was twenty or thereabouts, he'd been killed in a hunting accident. It was said that Mr. Rodgers hadn't hunted for a year after that. Then he'd started hunting once more, harder than ever.

I was there before two, but I stayed out of sight until the hour. Then I went to the kennel, and exactly at two a door opened and closed and I heard his boots click against the steps.

"You're prompt," he said, and gave me a nod that made me feel good all over. "We'll take Cash and Ben today; they've got the makings." He smiled very slightly. "But nothing like Monte."

"Yes, sir," I said, with my eyes on the fine 20-gauge shotgun he carried over his shoulder, the action broken. The excitement was rising up in me like a storm.

He let the two dogs out; the others—the ones left inside—cried out their disappointment and sorrow. "There's a dozen pigeons planted in the lower field," he said, "but we'll let these young'uns run a little of the edge off before we go there."

That afternoon I got an inkling of what a good spaniel should do. The dogs quartered the field back and forth, fast yet thorough, and it was a sight that set the hairs along your arm to tingling. He controlled them with the whistle, turning them, bringing them back in or pressing them farther on. When a pigeon was flushed and the shot was fired, they sat like statues—save for a small, uncontrollable trembling—until he sent them in to the retrieve. And they retrieved with manners, coming back at a brisk trot with head high, and sitting before him until he reached out and took the game.

Two hours passed like minutes. Then, the gesture sudden, Mr. Rodgers held the shotgun out. "There's three birds left out there. Your turn. Take it. Here's shells. I'll get the birds up for you."

My hands shook under the burden of the gun, and that wasn't from its weight. I'd handled BB guns and .22's and that was the size of it; I was the complete ignoramus. I valued his opinion more than anything, and now I was about to shrivel in his eyes.

He sent the dogs on, and I strained my mind to remember how he'd handled the gun, and all that I'd ever heard about shotgun shooting—how you had to lead, smoothly and unhurriedly, and not stop the travel of the gun when you fired. How ——

A pigeon was up, twenty yards ahead. I fired. I must have missed it a mile. It flew on and disappeared into a wood.

"Don't let that one trouble you," he said.

It happened twice again—two birds up, in perfect range, and two birds missed. I had seen the last one plain along the ribbed barrel and had made a real try at leading it. I gave the beautiful little shotgun back, feeling that I had contaminated it.

But Mr. Rodgers smiled. "Never mind," he said. "This business takes a good deal of learning. Now we'll rest a while. The spirit's willing, but ——"

He talked then, while I listened. The talk was of another age, when the country had been alive with game, and of men he had hunted with and dogs he had shot over. And most of all, of Monte, the champion, the perfect companion in or out of the field. While he talked I could all but see that dog, and the electricity ran along the hairs of my arm again.

"So you spend the rest of your life looking for his equal. The next pup—maybe that'll be the one. But, of course, he isn't. Well, it gives you something to think about, to hope for." He stood up. "We'll go in now," he said.

I stayed till the dogs were in the kennel. I started to thank him for the afternoon. He cut me off. "Glad to have you," he said. "And I'd like you to come again. I mean that—and drop by whenever you want to. You don't have to hide."

Going home, I knew that I would go back, because I couldn't help it—because just looking at the dogs and letting them nuzzle my fingers was better than all the tonics in the world.

I walked slowly. A farm dog ran out and greeted me; I petted him, then watched him go without regret. Once I'd have given an arm for that dog, almost any dog. No more.

The dark cloud of depression settled round me. What chance had I to get a dog like one of Mr. Rodgers'? What possible right could I have to such a dog? The answers were obvious.

But I kept going back, just as I'd known I'd do. It was always a painful thing, but always a rewarding thing too. It was, you might say, like going into a new world. You did not belong here, and the chances were you never would. But you felt it deep and thick in your blood all the same.

I helped him with the dogs, and he gave me pointers as we went along. He showed me what discipline was, and how far you must go and where you must stop. If you did not go far enough, you'd have a dog you never could be certain of, and if you went too far, you'd break his spirit, which was still worse. He taught me about shooting, too, and I got to where I could make a clean kill of a flushed pigeon more or less regularly. And I saw, with him, a lot of country. He could walk a long way for a man his age, and if a dog was working right he hated to stop.

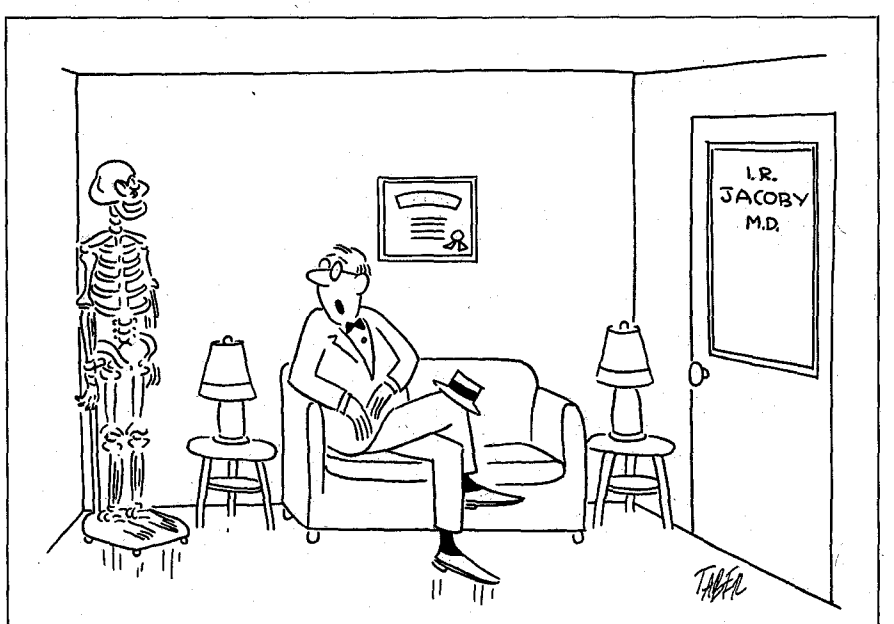
And as good as any of it was his remembering talk. Sometimes it would cover a generation or more, and it was full of names—of people, of places, of dogs—and yet it was always clear. At the end, he'd make small fun of himself. "A garrulous old man with one foot in the grave, that's me," he'd say.

He looked at me, and I was aware of all of him—the worn shooting clothes, the beautifully engraved shotgun broken across his arm. He was the only person I'd ever known, I thought, who always looked and acted—well, looked and acted right. That was the only description I could find in my find.

"Nowadays," he said, "most people seem ashamed of even using the good old words. Duty, honor, obligation—words like that." Then he laughed. "But I'm prejudiced. I'm out of date. I shouldn't be boring you with this talk. But you might be interested in hearing about a thing Monte did one day, up in the Feather Valley country."

When the talk was of dogs, Monte always came into it. Monte the champion, the nonpareil. Monte was a ghost, out of the past, but always present. And Monte was real to me; as real as if he'd been with us, trotting at heel.

Then I came to understand a certain thing. The knowledge of it struck me suddenly. This talk of Monte was more than talk of Monte. It was a big, wide thing, and all of Mr. Rodgers' old days were in it. It was the past, with its fun and pain, its successes (Continued on Page 50)



"How long have you been waiting?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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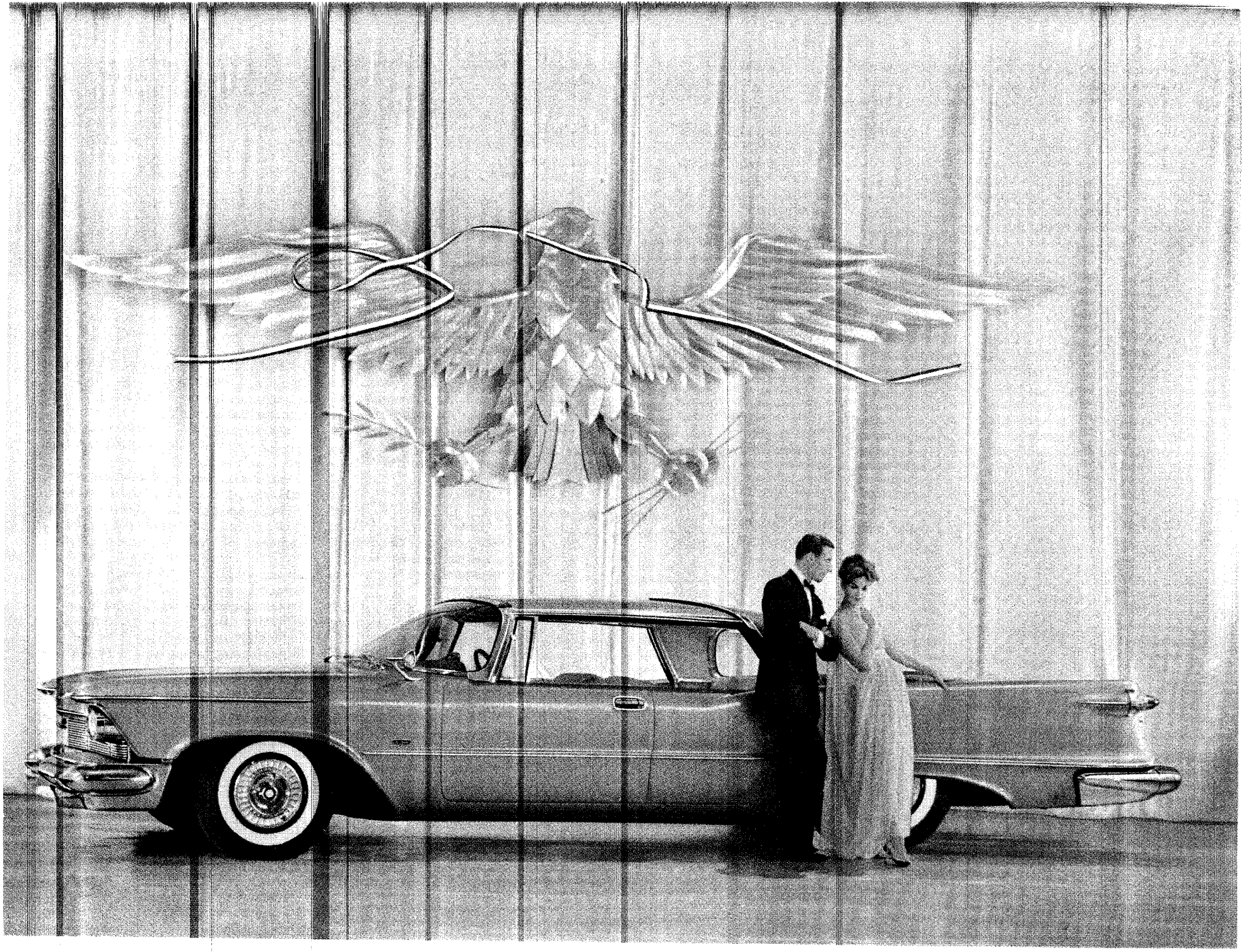

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(*Continued from Page 48*) and defeats, its glories and its bitterness. And all of that had been distilled, down to the last drops, and the splendid residue was Monte.

Mr. Rodgers ended up, ". . . it was the finest retrieve I've ever seen. I'd give an eye to see it again." I'd heard the tale before, but still I felt the excitement run along the hairs of my forearm.

One day we went out into the big field and Mr. Rodgers took only one dog, where usually he took two or three—a young, liver and white named Caravan of Clarendon, or Carry for short. He was big for a springer, with a splendid head and dark eyes that looked at you with intelligence and urgency. From the start, this dog had been a favorite of mine. But I had never said anything to Mr. Rodgers about liking one dog over another. I'd been very careful about that.

This day Mr. Rodgers seemed to take an unusually long time to get going, what with looking the ground over and commenting on the quality of bird scent that came with protracted heat.

"You know," he said, "maybe a small miracle's come to pass."

"What, sir?"

"A small miracle, I said. Carry, here—well, I've had him out when you weren't around. And he's more like Monte than any dog I've had or dealt with since."

He spoke coolly enough, his voice flat, as if he'd been discussing the quality of one of his cigars. But what he said changed the whole day, the whole scene, and made everything larger than life. Perhaps my especially liking Carry was no accident—maybe even I had an instinct for dogs. Maybe ——

But Mr. Rodgers was talking on: "Watch him, Dick. Closely. Watch for the qualities, the finenesses in what he does. He's got a long way to go yet—he's young. But it could be the stuff is there, down in the bone, and it can come out, Monte's stuff. I tell you, Dick, I never expected to see the day when —— But never mind. I'll cast him off now."

I watched, all eyes and eagerness, expecting anything and everything. I was to see Monte miraculously come back to life. And it was a long time, so strong was the spell and so heavy the belief, before my disappointment set in—slow, reluctant, but to me as sure as the turn of the tide. Carry was a fine dog. He quartered well and thoroughly; he handled to the whistle; he flushed and retrieved with spirit. He was as good a dog as a halfway sensible man could ask. But—but there was no miracle. I felt the dismay as much for Carry as for myself. Only now I realized how much I had loved this dog and favored him.

Finally Mr. Rodgers whistled him in and stroked his head. "There you are," he said. "You've seen it. The best, like Monte. Oh, there are roughnesses. But—well, how did you like it?"

"Great," I said, and I put all I had into the word, trying to make it sound as if it was just what I meant. "He's a great dog, sir. Of course, I haven't seen so many."

I looked at him, and at the dog, Carry, and a small hope came back to me. I was the one who must be wrong. He was the authority, and I the rankest beginner. Then I wondered if Mr. Rodgers was testing me again and hoped that I would say what I felt. But I could not and be loyal to Carry. Maybe Mr. Rodgers would be disgusted with me and throw me out if I agreed with him. But that was what I had to do.

Mr. Rodgers straightened. The white under the tan was paler now, as if he suddenly had become very tired. "It's like being young again," he said then. "Like taking off forty years and throwing them away, like so much sand from your shoes."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"And that's a damn-fool thing to say, isn't it, Dick?" he said.

"No," I said. "You get a dog like Carry, and ——"

"Thanks, Dick," he said. "I like your manners."

I went out with him and Carry three times more before that day when I went up to the house and he wasn't there. Each of those times I told myself that Carry was all Mr. Rodgers said. And each of those times I couldn't make myself believe it, try as I did.

For some reason, it was almost a week before I was able to go back again, but I had phoned Mr. Rodgers that I'd be there in the afternoon. The weather was overcast and close, a sweating time. There had been thunder and lightning in the morning, and there was still an occasional growling in the west. It had rained, off and on, but the rain hadn't freshened anything.

I went as usual to the kennel. The dogs raised their heads and lolled their wet tongues at me, and then lay back; there was small energy in them. Carry, I noticed, wasn't in his run. Then I heard a noise back of me and turned; it was Mr. Rodgers' man.

When he spoke, the words rushed out. "He isn't home," the man said. "He went out with that dog, Carry. That was four-five hours ago. He should be back. He ——"

"Which way did he go?"

The man pointed. "Down toward the big field. I don't know where he went from there." He looked at me as if he were incapable of action or decision.

"I'll go," I said, and left him at a quick trot.

The field was empty, and from the field Mr. Rodgers could have followed any line. There was rough country all about, and I had no lead. But there was the chance I could find his track, and I remembered that he had talked to me about trailing, and what you looked for—a freshly crumpled weed, a broken branch with an ooze of sap at the tip, a paper-deep depression in hard ground a boot heel might have made.

But I found no trail—or, that is, I found the remnants of a thousand trails, and there was no separating one from the other. To three sides of the great field there were woods, dense and ancient, and within the woods there were canyons and gullies of every size. If a man should fall unconscious in these woods—from a heart attack, say—a sizable search party might not find him in a day. And I was alone, and there'd only be two or three hours of daylight left.

But the dog was with him—that was the chance. The dog he compared to the fabulous Monte. The dog I loved and hoped for, no matter what.

I went straight to the nearest wood. I'd been through that with him more than once. There were grouse there, seen at long intervals, and pheasants would use it for refuge from the heat of the day, roosting like chickens in the trees. We had not hunted them, of course, for it was out of season. Come fall, he'd said, we'd test our luck. It was a prospect to make you wake up in the night, every nerve in your body tingling, and saying "Go!" to time, wishing the months would pass like minutes despite that it also would bring school.

But this was all nothing now. He had to be found. I entered the woods, and the hot duskiness of it fell around me, and I called to him: "Mr. Rodgers! Where are you, Mr. Rodgers?" Then to the dog:

Easy ways to win praise with

1. **Perfect pair for hearty fare!** Piping-hot soup served with *heaps* of fresher, flakier "Krispy-er" new Krispy Saltines. *Soup*erb!

2. **For a flavor fiesta . . .** team up steaming bowls of chili with new "Krispy" flavor to make a simple meal taste simply ideal!

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"Carry! Here, boy! Come here, Carry!" And I blew the whistle Mr. Rodgers had given me with which to work the dogs.

There was no answer. The only sound was of wind in the top branches of the tall trees, and the medley of tiny noises that the stillest wood makes.

I went on for a long time, out of this wood and into the next, and the next still. The dark was coming down now, like a slowly enfolding blanket, and I had no light. I called, loud as I could, and hoarseness ripened in my voice. Then there was but one more wood—the last. That was where I found him—more by good fortune than by good management.

He was lying on the ground, propped against a fallen tree. His gun was against the tree, too, ready to his hand, and at his feet lay Carry, motionless, only the bright eyes moving. I was suddenly fearful that he was dead or, at the best, injured and unconscious. Then Carry started to rise. Mr. Rodgers' voice spoke out, "Down, boy," he said. "Stay." The dog was motionless again. The voice was smaller and frailer than I had ever heard it. But it had not lost the note of command. That had nothing to do with volume or resonance. It was a quality all its own, and you were born with it or you weren't. If you had it, you would keep it to the last whisper.

"Are you all right, sir?" I said. "Are you hurt?"

He smiled. It was the old smile, on the surface. But it was something else, deeper down. It was strained and thin. When I saw his face clearly, it was very old—a dozen years older than when I'd last seen it, a week before.

"Not hurt," he said. "A little tired. I'll be able to use a helping hand." The smile flickered, came on again. "That'll be a new experience. I'm not used to helping hands."

"I called," I said. "But I guess you couldn't hear me."

"I heard you," he said, "but I was playing possum. Just to see what kind of a hunter you might be. I made Carry stay, too—he was hell on wheels to go for help, the way Monte would have been. A first-class dog knows things, more than you think. Well ——" He sat up, and I could almost feel the effort it took. It was like watching a man lift a weight greater than he had any license to try.

That was when I knew that he'd never go hunting again, never again work the dogs. It had happened. Time had caught him and would hold him now, and it was a knowledge to make you frightened and half sick.

> The biggest difference between the younger and older generation is who's going to drive the family car.
>
> RONALD VOIGT

"Mr. Rodgers ——"

"Never mind," he said. "Give me a lift. There." He was on his feet.

"We'll take it easy," I said. "It's mighty dark."

"Dark?" he said. "What's dark to trouble a man? And I'm not ready to go yet. In a minute, but not yet."

He paused, and then he began to talk in that soft, clear voice of his. He talked about Monte, and if it was repetitious it did not seem so to me; it was all fresh and new. Then the talk moved on to Carry, and how the ghost of Monte was in him—small yet, but ready to grow and dominate, if the right man gave him the right chance. And I wished, as before, that I could believe all he said—word for word, and not one word doubted.

It was a small thing, what happened then, but it was everything.

Mr. Rodgers said softly, "You understand all this, Carry?"

The dog rose. He thrust his great head forward and his muzzle touched Mr. Rodgers' arm. Even in the dark I could see the intelligence and concern in the dog's brilliant eyes.

Then I did believe, and it was not for the wishing. It was because Mr. Rodgers had been telling the plain truth, and I had been too doubting of myself to see that until now. The feel of this belief was more than an excitement. It was also a justification of my instinctive love for the dog.

He had the makings, Carry did, just as Monte had had, and the rest was up to a man. Given the makings, the two of them—man and dog—could create the wonder. It was like everything in life, as Mr. Rodgers had told me—it took a doing and a big one. You had to have luck—no one could do without luck. But, granted that, you had to have the resolution and the heart and mind to make the most of it.

Mr. Rodgers said, "But now I'll sell him. I'm not up to the job. I thought I was, but I was fooling myself. Yes, I'll sell him."

The excitement and the thrill were gone. There was ice in its place, and the strange sense of the ground I stood on falling away. A dog like Carry would bring a thousand dollars.

It was very dark now in the wood. I could barely make out his face. He said, "How much money have you got on you, Dick?"

I knew, to the nickel. It was all I had. I'd earned a fair amount this summer, but it had gone for necessities. "Ten-twenty," I said. "Ten dollars and twenty cents."

"Quite a sum," he said. "Well, I never like to break a man. So I'm charging you five-ten for Carry. Cash on the barrelhead. No credit. Give me five-ten."

"But ——" I said.

"All right, you're going to say I'm robbing you. So I'll throw in this shotgun. Dog and gun, as a lot, for five dollars and ten cents. That's fair. I won't come down a nickel. Take it or leave it."

It wasn't dark in the wood any more. It was brighter than day. And the air was something you floated on rather than moved through.

"Mr. Rodgers ——" I said. "Mr. Rodgers ——"

He cut me off. "Be quiet, be quiet; you're garrulous as an old man. Like me. And do what's proper for him, understand? Otherwise I'll show up to haunt you. I think I have the makings of a first-class ghost myself." He laughed, and the sound was surprisingly loud and strong. "By heaven, I've had a fine life!" he said. "And you know, I'm enjoying myself still. By heaven, I'm a lucky one!"

And suddenly I was envious of him. I was probably sixty years his junior, and I had every chance to outlive him by that much. But I was envious of him still, and the envy was part and parcel of affection and admiration, and I knew I'd never lose it.

"All right," he said. "Pick up your gun and call your dog. Come on. Don't stand there with your mouth open."

I picked up the gun from the log, and the feel of it was like a caress when you are very ill. I spoke to Carry and we started for the house. I had my free arm at Mr. Rodgers' back. But he made as little use of it as he could. THE END

New "Krispy" Flavor!

The Saltine of 1000-and-1 uses from the Thousand Window Bakeries of *Sunshine Biscuits*, INC.

3. **"Krispy" Beef Bliss.** Spoon creamed chipped beef over a layer of flakiest-ever Krispy Saltines for a *newly* delicious dish!

4. **"Krispy" Frank Fancies.** Crown "Krispy-er" new Krispy Saltines with grilled cheese and tiny grilled frankfurters. Snack-sational!

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Island of Fear (Continued from Page 29)

The captain flicked an eye at him. Kyle started. The eye seemed genuinely agitated. "There is nothing behind it. It is a very old place and everything is long since gone."

"I want to see the wall," Kyle said quietly.

They'd put him off, finally, the little caïque pointing its grizzled snout to sea, its engine turning over just enough to keep it under way, its muted throbbing the only sound. They'd rowed him over in a dinghy, and as he approached he'd noticed the strangely quiet single street of the village, the lone inn, the few dories with patched lateen sails, and on the low, worn-down hills the herds of drifting goats.

Almost, he might have believed the captain; that here was an old tired island, forgotten, out of the mainstream of the brilliant civilization that had flowered in this sea—almost, until he remembered that wall. Walls are built to protect, to keep out or keep in. He meant to see what.

After he'd settled in the primitive little inn, he'd immediately set out for the wall, surveying it from the low knoll, surprised again to note how much of this small island it encompassed.

He'd walked all around it, hoping to find a gate or a break in the smooth, unscalable wall that towered up. There had been none. The grounds within sprawled on a sort of peninsula that jutted out to where rock, barnacled, fanged, resisted the restless surf.

And coming back along the great wall, utterly baffled, he'd heard the faint musical sound of water dropping within, and, peering carefully at the wall, had seen the small aperture, no bigger than a walnut, just above his head.

And looked through the aperture, and so stood, dazed at so much beauty, staring at the woman and child, unable to tear away, knowing that here, at last, was the absolute perfection he'd sought throughout the world.

How was it that the catalogues failed to list this master work? These things were impossibly hard to keep quiet. And yet, not a whisper, not a rumor had drifted from this island to the others of what lay within those walls. Here on this remote pinprick of land, so insignificant as to go unnamed, here behind a huge wall which was itself a work of genius, here was this magic mother and child glowing all unseen.

He stared, throat dry, heart pumping with the fierce exultation of the avid connoisseur who has found something truly great—and unknown. He must have it—he would have it. It wasn't listed; possibly—just possibly—its true worth was unknown. Perhaps the owner of this estate had inherited it, and it remained there, in the center of the gently falling water, unnoticed, unappreciated.

He reluctantly turned away from the chink in the wall and walked slowly back toward the village, scuffling the deep, pale immemorial dust. Greece. Cradle of western culture. He thought again of the exquisite perfection of the mother and child back there. The sculptor of that little group deserved to walk on Olympus. Who was it?

Back in the village, he paused before the inn to take some of the dust off his shoes, thinking again how oddly incurious, for Greeks, these few villagers were.

"Permit me?"

A boy, eyes snapping, popped out of the inn with a rag in one hand and some primitive shoe blacking in the other, and began cleaning Kyle's shoes.

Kyle sat down on a bench and examined the boy. He was about fifteen, wiry and strong, but small for his age. He might have, in an earlier era, been a model for one of Praxiteles' masterpieces: the same perfectly molded head, the tight curls, two ringlets falling over the brows, like Pan's snubbed horns, the classic Grecian profile. But no, a ridged scar ran from the boy's nose to the corner of the upper lip, lifting it ever so slightly, revealing a glimmer of white teeth.

No, Praxiteles would never have used him for a model—unless, of course, he had a slightly flawed Pan in mind.

"Who owns the large estate beyond the village?" he asked in his excellent Greek. The boy looked up quickly and it was as if a shutter came down over his dark eyes. He shook his head.

"You must know it," Kyle persisted. "It covers the whole south end of this island. A big wall, very high, all the way to the water."

The boy shook his head stubbornly. "It has always been there."

Kyle smiled at him. "Always is a long time," he said. "Perhaps your father might know?"

"I am alone," the boy said with dignity.

"I'm sorry to hear that." Kyle studied the small, expert movement of the boy. "You really don't know the name of the persons who live there?"

The boy muttered a single word.

"Gordon?" Kyle leaned forward. "Did you say 'The Gordons'? Is it an English family that owns that property?" He felt the hope dying within. If an English family owned it, the chances were slim indeed of obtaining that wonderful stone pair.

"They are not English," the boy said.

"I'd like very much to see them."

"There is no way."

"I know there's no way from the island," Kyle said, "but I suppose they must have a dock or some facilities for landing from the sea."

The boy shook his head, keeping his eyes down. Some of the villagers had stopped, and now were clustered about him, watching and listening quietly. Kyle knew his Greeks, a happy boisterous people, intolerably curious sometimes; full of advice, quick to give it. These people merely stood, unsmiling, watching.

The boy finished and Kyle flipped him a fifty-lepta coin. The boy caught it and smiled, a flawed masterpiece.

"That wall," Kyle said to the spectators, singling out one old man, "I am interested in meeting the people who own that property."

The old man muttered something and walked away.

Kyle mentally kicked himself for the psychological error. In Greece, money talks first. "I will pay fifty—one hundred drachmas," he said loudly, "to anyone who will take me in his boat around to the seaward side of the wall."

It was a lot of money, he knew, to a poor people eking out a precarious existence on this rocky island, with their goats and scanty gardens. Most of them wouldn't see that much cash in a year's hard work. A lot of money—but they looked at one another, then turned and without a backward glance they walked away from him. All of them.

Throughout the village he met the same mysterious refusal, as difficult to overcome as that enigmatic wall that embraced the end of the island. They refused even to mention the wall or what it contained, who built it, and when. It was as though it didn't exist for them.

At dusk he went back to the inn, ate *dolmadakis*—minced meat, rice, egg and spices—surprisingly delicious; drank *retsina*, the resinated, astringent wine of the peasant; and wondered about the lovely mother and child, standing there behind that great wall with the purple night clothing them. A vast surge of sadness, of longing for the statues swept over him.

What a rotten break! He'd run into local taboos before. Most of them were the results of petty feuds, grudges going back to antiquity. They were cherished by the peasants, held tight, jealously guarded. What else was there of importance in their small lives? But this was something entirely different.

He was standing on the outskirts of the darkened village, gazing unhappily out to sea, when he heard a soft scuffling. He turned quickly. A small boy was approaching. It was the shoeshine boy, eyes gleaming in the starshine, shivering slightly, though the night was balmy.

The boy touched his arm. His fingers felt icy. "I—I will take you in my boat," he whispered.

Kyle smiled, relief exploding within him. Of course, he should have thought of the boy. A young fellow, alone, without family, could use a hundred drachmas, whatever the taboo.

"Thank you," he said warmly. "When can we leave?"

"Before the ebb tide—an hour before sunrise," the boy said. "Only"—his teeth were chattering—"I will take you, but I will not come any closer than the outer rocks between the walls. From there, you must wait until the ebb tide and walk—and walk ——" He gasped, as though choking.

"What are you afraid of?" Kyle said. "I'll take all the responsibility for trespassing, although I don't think ——"

The boy clutched his arm. "The others—tonight, when you go back to the inn, you will not tell the others that I am rowing you there?"

"Not if you don't want me to."

"Please do not!" he gasped. "They would not like it if they knew—after, that I ——"

"I understand," Kyle said. "I won't tell anyone."

"An hour before sunrise," the boy whispered. "I will meet you at the wall where it goes into the water to the east."

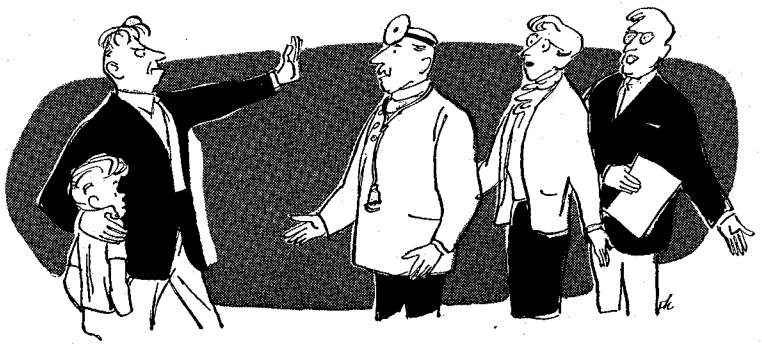
The stars were still glowing, but faintly, when Kyle met the boy, a dim figure sitting in a small rowboat that bobbed up and down, scraping against the kelp and barnacles that grew from the base of the monolithic wall. He realized suddenly that the boy must have rowed for hours to get the boat this far around the island. It had no sails.

He climbed in and they shoved off, the boy strangely silent. The sea was rough, a chill predawn wind blowing raggedly. The wall loomed up alongside, gigantic in the mist.

"Who built this wall?" he asked, once they were out onto the pitching water, heading slowly around the first of a series of jagged, barnacled rocks, thrusting wetly above the rapidly ebbing tide.

"The old ones," the boy said. His teeth were chattering, he kept his back steadfastly to the wall, glancing only seaward to measure his progress. "It has always been there."

Always. And yet, studying the long sweep of the wall beginning to emerge in the first light, Kyle knew that it was very old. Very old. It might well date back to the beginning of Greek civilization. And the statues—the mother and child. All of it an enigma no greater than the fact that they were unknown to the outside world.



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Crumley, who believed that physical ills cure themselves, shunned doctors. When school physicians reported that his six-year-old son needed surgery to remedy a serious speech defect, he refused to consent to it. The school informed the Child Welfare Bureau, which went to court against Crumley.

"This bureau by law is entitled to care for neglected children," its attorney reasoned. "A child whose father refuses to permit him to have a necessary and beneficial operation is obviously neglected. Therefore the court should declare the boy neglected and authorize the bureau to consent to the operation."

"Surely only the father, not some bureau, should have the right to decide whether his child should be subjected to an operation," Crumley replied. "And the parents' refusal to agree with the doctors doesn't mean the child is neglected. The court should tell the welfare bureau to mind its own business."

If you were the judge, would you let the surgeons proceed?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

No surgery, said the court. It decreed that a father's decision should not be overruled except where an operation is drastically needed to save a child's life.

Based upon a 1955 New York decision.

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As they drew slowly around until he was able to see the ends of the thick walls rising out of the swirling, sucking sea, he realized that most certainly he could not have been the first—not even one of the first hundred. This island was remote, not worth even being on a mail route, but surely, over the many, many years that wall had towered, it must have been visited by people as curious as he. Other collectors. And yet, not a rumor.

The boat rasped up against an enormous black rock, its tip, white with bird droppings, startlingly luminous in the half light. The boy shipped his oars.

"I will come back here at the next tide," he said, shaking as though with a fever. "Will you pay me now?"

"Of course." Kyle took out his billfold. "But aren't you at least going to take me farther in than this?"

"No," the boy said shrilly. "I cannot."

"How about the dock?" Kyle surveyed the considerable expanse of shallow, choppy surf between the rocks and the narrow sloping beach. "Why, there isn't a dock!"

There was nothing between the walls but sand, dotted with huge rocks, and inland, a tangled growth of underbrush with an occasional cypress rearing tall.

... ...

The Rebel

I live as ungraciously as I'm
able:
I cook on a stove and eat at
a table.

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

... ...

"I'll tell you what. I'll take the boat in and you wait here," Kyle said. "I won't be long. I just want to get a chance to meet whoever owns the place and arrange ——"

"No!" There was sharp panic in the boy's voice. "If you take the boat ——" He half rose, leaning forward to shove off from the rock. At that instant a swell raised the boat, then dropped it suddenly out from under the boy. Overbalanced, he swayed, arms waving wildly, then went over backwards, hitting his head on the rock. He slipped under the water like a stone.

Kyle made a quick lunge, and missing, immediately dived out of the rowboat after him, rasping his chest on the barnacled shelf of rock a few feet beneath the boat. He got a good handful of the boy's shirt, but it tore like paper. He grabbed again, got a firm grip on his hair and stroked for the surface. He held him easily, treading water, looking for the rowboat. It was gone, kicked away by his powerful dive, perhaps behind one of the other rocks. No time to waste looking for it now.

He swam to shore, pulling the boy easily. It was only a hundred yards or so to the smooth white beach, curving between the two arms of the wall that sloped out and down into the ocean. When he came out of the water the boy was coughing weakly, salt water dribbling from his nose.

Kyle carried him well above the tide mark and sat him down on the sand. The boy opened his eyes and peered at him, puzzled.

"You'll be all right," Kyle said. "I'd better get your boat before it drifts too far."

He walked back down to the surf line, kicked off his shoes and stroked off to where the boat rose and fell, nuzzling another of the large rocks that littered the space between the towering walls. He rowed the boat back, facing the sea and the swift-rising sun. The wind had dropped to a whisper.

He beached the boat and gathered up his shoes. The boy was leaning against a rock, looking inland over his shoulder in an attitude of rigid watchfulness.

"Feeling better now?" Kyle called cheerfully. It occurred to him that their little mishap was an excellent excuse for being here, on property belonging to someone who obviously valued his privacy highly.

The boy didn't move. He remained staring back into the tangle of trees, back to where the massive walls converged in the distance, stark, white, ancient.

Kyle touched him on the bare shoulder. He pulled his hand away, fists tightly clenched. He looked at the sand. Here were the marks where the boy had risen, here the dragging footsteps where he'd come to lean against this rock. And here he still stood, glancing over his shoulder toward the trees, lips barely parted, a look of faint surprise just starting on his face.

And there, coming out of the tangled trees, a delicate tracery of footsteps led toward this rock and behind. Footsteps, slender, high-arched, as though a woman, barefooted, scarcely touching the sand, had approached for just an instant. Looking at the strange footprints, Kyle understood completely what he should have guessed when first he'd peered through that chink in the wall, gasping at the unimaginable perfection of the woman and her child.

Kyle knew intimately all the ancient fables of early Greece. And now, looking at the footprints in the sand, one of the most terrible leaped into his mind: the Gorgons.

The Gorgons were three sisters, Medusa, Euryale and Stheno, with snakes writhing where their hair should have been. Three creatures so awful to look upon, the legend said, that whosoever dared gaze upon them instantly turned to stone.

Kyle stood on the warm sand, with the gull cries, the restless Aegean sea sounds all about him, and he knew, at last, who the old ones were who'd built the wall; why they'd built it to lead into the living waters—and whom—what—the walls were meant to contain.

Not an English family named the Gordons. A much more ancient family, named—the Gorgons. Perseus had slain Medusa, but her two hideous sisters, Euryale and Stheno, were immortal.

Immortal. Oh, God! It was impossible! A myth! And yet ——

His connoisseur's eyes, even through the sweat of fear, noted the utter perfection of the small statue that leaned against the rock, head turned slightly, an expression of surprise on the face as it peered over one shoulder in the direction of the trees. The two tight ringlets, like snubbed horns above the brow, the perfect molding of the head, the classic Grecian profile. Salt water still flecked the smoothly gleaming shoulders, still dripped from the torn shirt that flapped about the stone waist.

Pan in chalcedony. But Pan had a flaw. From the nose to the corner of the upper lip ran a ridge, an onyx scar that lifted the edge of the onyx lip slightly, so that, faintly, a glimmer of onyx teeth showed. A flawed masterpiece.

He heard the rustle behind him, as of robes, smelled an indescribable scent, heard a sound that could only have been a multiple hissing—and though he knew he mustn't, he turned slowly. And looked.

THE END

Reminder

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We Wives Can Play the Market, Too

(Continued from Page 39)

club were needed—it has added to the mutual interests of our marriages. Husbands have been amazed, then delighted to discover that their wives have learned to discuss investment matters as business equals.

Our housewives' club in Des Moines was born, in fact, out of a minor huff in the Morgenthaler ménage that came to an issue in 1955. An aunt of mine, an extraordinarily competent secretary, played the market avidly all her life, made and lost two small fortunes, and retired at sixty on the third. As a girl I paid little heed to her stock talk, but as a married woman I had it thrust upon me. On her annual Christmas visits, she and my husband talked investments until late at night, every night. The children—we have four—and I were quite out of the conversation even at mealtime. I decided I'd better get in on the act.

I began by learning how an investment club works. David had been an investor since his first job after the war—we were married in 1945—and an investment clubber since we moved to Des Moines in 1950. The essentials, I found, were not too complicated. Each person put in a set amount that fitted his purse—say ten dollars each month. Regardless of resources, everybody put in the same amount. Profits and dividends were not removed, but were reinvested. Club funds were put into common stocks, preferably of "growth companies" (I learned later that defining such a company was a science in itself).

There is, I discovered, a long history of investment-club experience. A Texas bank president who has belonged to them since 1898, recalls that they were in existence, in about their present form, long before that. The Mutual Investment Club, which became the nucleus of a national association with a present roster of 2500 local units, was founded in Detroit in 1940. It began with six young men, and now has twelve members. Each has paid in ten dollars a month, except for three war years when its members were in the services, for a seventeen-year total of $32,000. Though more than two thirds of that amount has been withdrawn—so one member could buy into a manufacturing firm and another could buy a restaurant—the club owns stocks today valued at more than three times the amount paid in—$103,000. It is typical of the experience of well-managed older clubs. As the years pass, the compounding of profits, dividends and market wisdom comes more heavily into play. My husband's club, a twenty-five-dollar-a-month affair for businessmen, more than doubled its paid-in value in seven years.

There are clubs, I found, for almost everybody. There's a five-dollar-a-month group in New York, and a $1000-a-month unit in Texas. There are clubs for policemen, factory workers, stenographers, carpenters, merchants, reporters and tool engineers. High-school-social-studies classes have formed large clubs, each member chipping in a few pennies, to buy a share of something and see what happens. This has led to the formation of teen-age clubs.

Market experts have estimated that there are at least 10,000 adult clubs. They are found in every state and in Canada, and have a fantastic variety of names—the Go-Go Club, Hi Fli, The Stockettes, B-Wons, Squires, Perpetual Profits. There are the Neofytes, the Anticipators, the Eager Beavers, the Little Trickle I.C. and the Up the Flue Investment Club. There was a Poor Man's Club in Dearborn, Michigan, but it grew self-conscious and changed its name to Progressive I.C.

There were clubs for every conceivable occupation except, so far as I was able to discover, housewifery. Well, I thought, here comes Lindsay. Since David had learned to enjoy a wide variety of painting and sculpture, I would learn about stocks.

Armed with some of the foregoing information, several sets of bylaws borrowed from other clubs and a list beginning with the wives of my husband's group, I took to the phone. Would they like to belong to a club just for us gals—housewives?

They would! Seventeen attended the first meeting of the Women's Investment Group—whence came our nickname "Wigs"—of Des Moines, which was held in our living room. Thirty-three came to our third meeting. When the curious had dropped out and only the interested remained, we were thirty. Two of our group are not housewives, but for obvious reasons have been great assets—they are businesswomen. To save the wear and tear of hostessing after a few meetings in our homes, we budgeted five dollars a month for a room at a motel, where we take our own cookies and have coffee sent in. It gets us away from our children—among us we have sixty-three—and helps our concentration.

The all-time, all-important question at investment-club meetings is, of course: What stocks shall we buy? Our club makes its final choices by a combination of free-ranging investigation and the more selective judgment of our "steering committee" of experienced members. "Growth stocks" are what we're after, and this might be a good place to explain what we mean by the term.

We define a growth company as one which has increased its sales and earnings at least 10 per cent a year for five years, which is plowing back half or more of its earnings into expansion, and which seems likely to continue doing these things for at least five more years. Such a company is expanding faster than the economy as a whole. When its stock is available for less than ten to twelve times its last annual earnings per share, we consider it likely to increase in value and rate it as a "buy." This relationship between cost and earning is, in market lingo, the "price-earnings ratio." We consider it one of the most important things to know about a stock. Price per share and dividend yield are the first things on our list.

In the Wigs, two members report at each meeting on stocks of their own choosing. If they don't have favorites of their own, they may turn for advice to the steering committee. Part of its job is to keep tab on industries that seem undervalued by the stock-buying public and therefore underpriced. It compiles information on several companies in each field of its interest, so comparisons can be made. For instance, when the Wigs became interested in electronics, a steering-committee member wrote to fourteen companies in the electronics field.

Our stock reports are quite complete, probing into a firm's records for years back, trying to predict its course for years ahead. Our report forms have twenty-six headings, some calling for five or six items of information. For example, I have before me a form one of our members filled out on the May Company, a retail firm with stores in Los Angeles, Denver, St. Louis, Cleveland, Akron, Youngstown and Baltimore. Items report on total assets—cash, inventories, accounts receivable—and liabilities. Ratios between assets and liabilities are worked out. The book value of the common stock is reported, and the funded debt, along with the various classes of stocks outstanding, with amounts, and an analysis of the surplus. Sales, taxes and dividends are itemized for the current and three preceding years, earnings are reported for five years back. The number of consecutive years in which dividends have been paid is noted, price-earnings ratios are computed and earning comparisons made with three other retail firms—Marshall Field, Woolworth, J. C. Penney.

"Buy" meetings at the Wigs are always wild. At our last such gathering we had $1209, in dues, dividends and proceeds from stock sales, with which to buy new stocks. After passing a motion that available funds be invested, nominations for stocks are in order—and the fun begins. Only companies which have been reported in meetings during the preceding ninety days are eligible. Those who have reported often become aggressively partisan about "their" stocks. The group takes sides, further facts are demanded, much is learned. Finally—sometimes long after midnight—a choice is made by majority vote. Next day the treasurer—who, by the way, is bonded—sends our money to the broker with our instructions, and we become a tiny partner in another business venture.

On the whole, we have not done badly. As of the last month in 1957 we had paid in $9500 in dues, and our stocks had a current market value of $10,028. My one-thirtieth share, for which I paid a total of $330 in monthly dues, then had a paper value of about $343.

To turn in such a record is more of a trick than the uninitiated may guess. It has been said that "anyone can make money in a rising market," but this, alas, is not so. The market I've come to know in the past two or three years has been a selective one even while on the rise. Certain purchases could have put us deeply into the red. And on the down side, some stocks have held quite firm. You don't buy the market average, you buy an individual stock, and this calls for some skull work.

Our record, we think, clearly demonstrates that women can grasp business principles as handily as men. Twice we escaped the roller coaster on an aluminum stock, buying in once at $103, and again at $115, and selling at $144 the first time and $135 the second, just before a frightening downhill plunge. The same with a brass-and-copper stock. Prices of these items would rise, our stock would go up; they'd fall, and down would go the stock—but we no longer held it. Husbands have often asked to borrow our crystal ball. We haven't any. We just study the stocks.

Investment firms, we found, provide many helps for those who want to look into these matters. The New York Stock Exchange has put out a short film which helped us a great deal, as beginners, in clarifying things. We learned why stock is issued, how the money is used, why it has been important to our country that ownership be made widely available, how the stock market handles an order, how to read the ticker tape. Anyone could guess that "GM" on the tape meant General Motors and "GE" meant General Electric. But things like "WX" for Westinghouse, "CN" for New York Central and "X" for U.S. Steel, you just had to know. We don't spend much time with the tape, but sometimes it was fun to watch when we went to the broker's office.

Selecting a broker, in a town where there are branches of several investment firms, offered no great difficulty. What you really select, we learned, is one of several "account executives" in the broker's office who places your orders. In our case, I had heard of a woman account executive, and felt it would encourage our group to see that a woman could not only understand corporate operations but could earn a living explaining them.

The broker himself is a person who buys and sells as agent on the floor of one of the great exchanges. The "floor members" of brokerage firms own seats on the world's great exchanges, buying and selling as their firms' agents. Account executives are representatives of the firm who forward orders to the floor members. There is no direct charge for their services. Brokerage fees are calculated on a sliding scale for various prices and quantities of stock, and amount to a small percentage of each transaction. Any purchase of less than 100 shares is called an "odd lot," and, of course, most of our buys fall in this class. The "odd-lot differential" runs the price up an eighth of a point on stocks costing under forty dollars, a quarter point on stocks over that figure.

Even the most studious account executive can't know everything about every stock, and one must dig on one's own. Moody's reports, available in brokers' offices and in some public libraries, give detailed information on hundreds of companies. Standard and Poor's loose-leaf sheets contain most of the figures called for on our report forms. A post card to the home office of a stock under consideration, asking for an annual report, usually brings a generous response,

"I'm afraid this isn't much of a holiday for you, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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sometimes even including samples of products.

Stocks are held in the group name. A partnership income-tax return is made by the group treasurer. Capital gains and dividends are included as yearly income and paid for on tax returns of individual members. Expenses are deducted from group income. Because the book work is a big job, we have a treasurer and a treasurer-elect. The "T.E." learns from the treasurer as her assistant for one year. Then she's able to manage the job the following year and train the next T.E.

We've had some good luck with our stocks, and some bad. One of our first investments was in a metal-refining stock which promptly went down. Still confident of our judgment, we bought more to "level off at the lower price." It went down again. We bought again, it went down again, and we finally sold at about half what we'd originally paid.

One time I became interested in a natural-gas firm and studied it thoroughly. The facts seemed to me to indicate a rise from the stock's then price of 40 to around 67 within a year, and I so predicted. When the stock performed exactly according to my script, I felt as though I'd received an "A" in an important exam.

I suppose even the most conservative investors have the desire to take a real flyer sometime. Our long shot is a certain asbestos stock. It has provided us more sport than any other. At one meeting it was revealed that the mineral deposit on which the firm's hopes were built was rich indeed, but lay under a large lake. The member reporting the stock answered that they were going to drain the lake, but she still has to put up with needling questions about lake bottoms. We call it the Frog Man Asbestos Company, and wouldn't part with it for anything—except, perhaps, a profit. We went into the stock with eyes open. Our broker refused to handle such "penny stocks" because they're too risky. We knew there were no dividends and not even a product. But we had word that a large company had made commitments to mine the holdings. If it does what we hope it might, the stock may bring us a handsome return. If not, we'll have worked some of the flyer bug out of our systems.

It rather surprises me that we, as women, have not invested in companies we might be expected to have some feeling for—dairies, retail stores, appliances, cars, cosmetics, jewelry and the like. Instead we've bought steel, manufacturing, oil, machinery, aircraft, aluminum and, of course, waterlogged asbestos. But we've made out.

An item about our club in our local paper brought me a lot of mail and invitations to speak about investments—certainly an odd thing for a girl who until recently had difficulty even in balancing a checkbook. But some of the questions people ask about the place of stocks in the family and the national economies seem to me important. David and I have worked our way to some conclusions.

In our family, stocks are not considered substitutes for other forms of saving. David carries life insurance, we have a savings account, we prefer to own our home—or, at least, its mortgage. Our stocks occupy about the same place in our over-all planning as a vitamin does in a loaf of bread—important, but not of great bulk. They give us a sense of participation in the nation's business that David considers essential. Since they are made possible largely by my own willingness to forgo some of the frills, it's lucky for family harmony that I agree. Even when David was just out of the Army and earning a young engineer's salary, we put fifty dollars of it into stock of the company which employed him, and this called for some dextrous skimping. "I like to own part of the outfit I work for," David says. The policy has worked out well for the family.

It seems to me that most of the trouble people have with the stock market, when they do have it, is a result of losing perspective. They become market-obsessed and out of touch with other values. I'm happy to report that this has not happened to us; nor, I think, is it likely to. David, who has recently become the president of a new corporation in Columbus, Ohio, has never lost touch with art, philosophy and literature as well as business, and I hustle to keep up with him. I was active in the community service program of the art museum in Des Moines, and in our very successful community theater. We kept up our tennis until we switched to golf, and we make room in the time and money budget for a little travel. One year we visited New York, another year California, taking the youngsters along. Last year we took a brief look at England. We're anything but a market-obsessed household.

The same may be said of other Wig families. Running down a list of the fifteen I know best, I find—besides thirty-three children to care for—a philatelist, an interior decorator, a national officer of a professional society, a county golf champion, a department-store buyer, a church-choir soloist, a P.T.A. officer, a Republican committeewoman, a life guard, an officer of a church organization, a manager of a reducing salon and a bridge instructor.

Running my investment-club dues from $340 up to $360 in two years is certainly not a fabulous killing, and it may be asked what we expect of our stock investments. The answer, for our family, is that we're not out to get rich quick, but to plan a long-term financial policy. Investment clubs range between the extremes, some stuffily conservative, some wild for the plunge. The Wigs, except for our single flyer, have followed a middle road. If a company has expanding sales, is well managed, and pays 4 to 5 per cent or more of current stock value, we're satisfied.

"Stock investments may prosper in boom times," some have said, "but won't a prolonged decline bring a day of reckoning?" David, who has given this question a lot of thought, is impatient with people who get sore at the stock market every time it does anything but go up. He quotes the elder Morgan, who, when asked what the market was going to do, replied, "The market, sir, will fluctuate." No reasonable businessman, David says, expects to stand outside the total economy, unaffected by its cycles. When you buy a stock, he points out, you take a partnership in a venture and share its fortunes. Financial skill is shown by limiting the damage of economic tempests, rather than by imagining one can avoid them altogether.

There's plenty of help for investment clubbers these days. Heads of the New York and American stock exchanges have given the movement favorable nods, and account executives are receptive. Certain associations furnish model by-laws, statement forms for club treasurers, forms for preparing tax returns, company-evaluation sheets, model agreements with brokers and outlines of meeting procedures.

In general, lone-wolf-speculator temperaments are not attracted by club activity. The speculator must be able to act quickly on daily, even hourly information. Club buying at monthly meetings forces one upon the longer, more fundamental trends. The club is set up on a ten-year basis. We think this is sounder. Recent sharp declines in the market have not altered our view that investment opportunity lies with well-managed companies that do something important to the economy of our country.

I can't escape a feeling that the value of what the investment clubs have been doing goes beyond anything we've been able to show on the cash balance sheet, however impressive that, in some cases, has been. We housewives, for instance, have learned to look at family finance from a long-term rather than the monthly-budget point of view. We've studied more than fifty companies intensively, and we've learned a little about what makes industry tick.

Finally, visits with other couples these days are less likely to deteriorate into the men at one end of the room, talking business, the women at the other, talking children. I say, if business is to be talked—and why not?—let's all talk it. For the past three years, and from here in, my aunt's holiday conversations are three-way affairs. THE END

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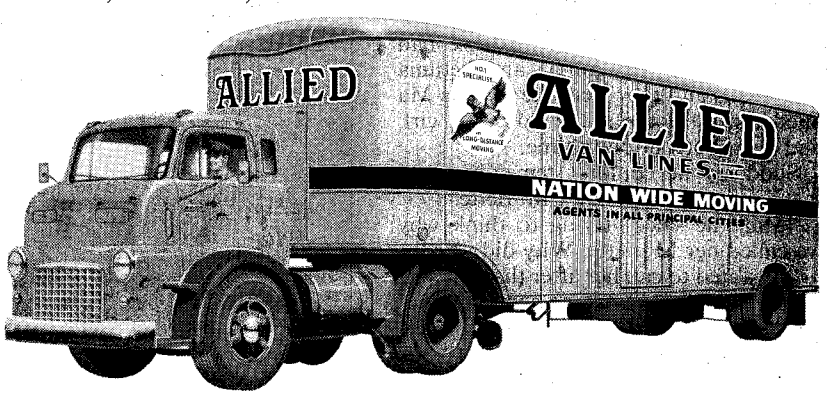

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The Darling Buds of May

(Continued from Page 35)

Pop took from his pocket a third packet of potato crisps and handed it over to Ma, taking his ice cream back.

Soon, in perfect sunlight, between orchards that lifted gentle pink branches in the lightest breath of wind, the truck was passing strawberry fields.

"Got the straw on," Pop said. "Won't be above anuvver week or two now."

In June it would be strawberries for picking, followed by cherries before the month was ended, and then more cherries through all the month of July. Sometimes, in good summers, apples began before August did, and with them early plums and pears. In August and again in September it was apples. In September also it was hops and in October potatoes.

"See that, kids?" Pop slowed down the truck, idling past the long rows of fresh yellow straw. "Anybody don't want to go strawberry picking?"

In the answering burst of voices Pop thought, for the second time, that he couldn't hear the voice of Mariette.

"What's up with Mariette, Ma?"

"Mariette? Why?"

"Ain't heard her laughing much today."

"I expect she's thinking," Ma said.

"Thinking? What's she got to think about?"

"She's going to have a baby."

"Oh?" Pop said. "Well, that don't matter. Perfick. Jolly good."

Ma did not seem unduly worried either.

"Who is it?" Pop said.

"She can't make up her mind."

Ma sat happily munching crisps, staring at cherry orchards as they sailed past.

"Have to make up her mind sometime, won't she?" Pop said.

"Why?"

"Oh, I just thought," Pop said.

"She thinks it's either that Charles boy who worked at the farm," Ma said, "or else that chap who works on the railway line. Harry somebody."

"I know him," Pop said. "He's married."

"The other one's overseas now," Ma said. "Tripoli or somewhere."

"Well, he'll get leave."

"Not for a year, he won't," Ma said. "And perhaps not then if he hears."

"Ah! Well, we'll think of something," Pop said. "Like some more crisps? How about some chocolate? Let's stop and have a beer. Got a crate in the back."

"Not now," Ma said. "Wait till we get home now. We'll have a stout then and I'll warm the fish-and-chips up."

Pop drove happily, both hands free now, staring with pleasure at the cherries, the apples and the strawberry fields, all so lovely under the May sunlight, and thinking with pleasure, too, of his six children and the splendid, handsome names he and Ma had given them. Jolly good names, perfick, every one of them, he thought. There was a reason for them all.

Montgomery, the only boy, had been named after the general. Primrose had come in the spring. Zinnia and Petunia were twins and they were the flowers Ma liked most. Victoria, the youngest girl, had been born in plum time.

Suddenly he couldn't remember why they had called the eldest Mariette.

"Ma," he said, "trying to think why we called her Mariette. Why did we?"

"I wanted to call her after that queen," Ma said. "I always felt so sorry for that queen."

"What queen?"

"The French one. Marie Antoinette. But you said it was too long. You'd never say it, you said."

"Oh, I remember," Pop said. "I remember now. We put the two together."

Ten minutes later they were home. With pride and satisfaction, Pop gazed on home as it suddenly appeared beyond its scrubby fringe of woodland, half filled with bluebells, half with scratching red-brown hens.

"Home looks nice," he said. "Allus does, though, don't it? Perfick."

"Lovely," Ma said.

"We're all right," Pop said. "Got nothing to worry about, Ma, have we?"

"Not that I can think of," Ma said.

Pop drew the truck to a standstill in a dusty yard of nettles, old oil drums, corrugated pigsties and piles of rusty iron in which a line of white ducks, three goats and a second batch of red-brown hens set up a concerted, trembling fuss of heads and wings, as if delighted.

Letting down the back board and holding up both arms, Pop took the youngest children one by one, jumping them down to the yard, laughing and kissing them as they came.

Presently only Mariette remained on the truck, wearing jodhpurs and a pale lemon shirt, standing erect, black-haired, soft-eyed, olive-skinned and so well made in a slender and delicate way that he could not believe that Ma, at seventeen, too, had looked exactly like her.

"It's all right. I can get down myself, Pop."

Pop held up his arms, looking at her tenderly. "Ah, come on. Ma's told me."

"Let me get down myself, Pop."

He stood watching her. Her eyes roamed past him, flashing and dark as her mother's, searching the yard.

It suddenly crossed his mind that she was afraid of something, not happy, and he half opened his mouth to comment on this unlikely, disturbing, unheard-of fact when she suddenly shook her black head and startled him by saying, "Pop, there's a man in the yard. There's a man over there by the horse box. Watching us."

Pop walked across the yard toward the horse box. He owned two horses, one a young black mare for Mariette, the other a piebald pony for the other kids. Mariette, who was crazy about horses, rode in point-to-points, sometimes went hunting and even jumped at shows. She was wonderful about horses. She looked amazing on a horse. Perfick, he thought.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo," he said. "Good morning. Afternoon, rather. Looking for me?"

The man—young, spectacled, pale-faced, trilby-hatted, with a small brown toothbrush mustache—carried a black brief case under his arm.

"Mr. Sidney Larkin?"

"Larkin, that's me," Pop said. He laughed in ringing fashion. "Larkin by name. Larkin by nature. What can I do for you? Nice wevver."

"I'm from the office of the Inspector of Taxes."

Pop stood blank and innocent, staggered by the very existence of such a person.

"You must have come to the wrong house," Pop said.

"You are Mr. Sidney Larkin?" The young man snapped open the brief case, took out a paper and glanced at it.

"That's me. That's me all right," Pop said.

"According to our records," the young man said, "you have made no return of income for the past year."

"Return?" Pop said. "What return? Why? Nobody asked me."

"You should have had a form," the young man said. He took a yellow-buff sheet of paper from the brief case and held it up. "One like this."

"Form?" Pop said. "Form?"

Ma was crossing the yard with a box of groceries under one arm and a bag of fruit in the other. Three big ripe pineapples stuck cactuslike heads from the top of the huge paper bag. The twins loved pineapple. Especially fresh.

"Ma, did we have a form like this?" Pop called. "Never had no form, did we?"

"Never seen one. Sure we never."

"Come over here, Ma, a minute. This gentleman's from the Inspector of summat or other."

"I got dinner to get," Ma said, and strode blandly on with groceries and pineapples, huge as a buffalo. "You want your dinner, don't you?"

Pop turned with an air of balmy indifference to the young man, who was staring incredulously at the receding figure of Ma as if she were part of the menagerie of hens, goats, ducks and horses.

"No, never had no form. Ma says so. Ma's the one who does the paper work."

The young man opened his mouth to speak, and for a moment it was as if a strangled, startled gurgle came out. His voice choked itself back, however, and in reality the sound came from a drove of fifteen young turkeys winding down from the strip of woodland.

"Won't hurt you," Pop said. "How about a nice hen bird for Christmas? Put your name on it now."

"This form has to be returned to the inspector," the young man said. "There is a statutory obligation ——"

"Can't return it if I ain't got it," Pop said. "Now can I?"

"Here's another."

As he recoiled from the buff-yellow sheet of paper Pop saw Mariette walking across the yard, slender, long-striding, on her way to the wooden, brush-roofed stable where both pony and horse were kept.

"I got no time for forms," Pop said. "I got pigs to feed. Turkeys to feed. Hens to feed. Kids to feed. I ain't had no dinner. Nobody ain't had no dinner."

Suddenly the young man was not listening. With amazement, he was following the progress of Mariette's dark, yellow-shirted figure across the yard.

"My eldest daughter," Pop said. "Crazy on horses. Mad on riding. You do any riding, Mr.—Mr. —— I never caught your name."

"Charlton."

"Like to meet her, Mr. Charlton?" Pop said. The young man was still staring, mouth partly open. Between his fingers the tax form fluttered in the breezy sunlit air.

"Mariette, come over here a jiff. Young man here's crazy on horses, like you. Wants to meet you. Comes from the Ministry of Revenue or summat."

In astonished silence the young man stared at the new celestial body, the yellow shirt, as it floated across the background of rusty iron, pigsties, abandoned oil drums, goat-chewed hawthorn bushes and dusty earth.

"Mr. Charlton, this is my eldest. Mariette. The one who's mad on horses. Rides everywhere. You've very like seen her picture in the papers."

"Hullo," Mariette said. "I spotted you first."

"That's right; she saw you," Pop said. "Who's that nice young feller in the yard?" she said."

"So you," Mariette said, "like riding too?"

The eyes of the young man groped at the sunlight as if still unable correctly to focus the celestial body smiling at him from three feet away.

"I say every kid should have a horse," Pop said. "Nothing like a horse."

Suddenly the young man woke from mesmerism, making a startling statement.

"I saw you riding over at Barfield," he said. "In the third race. At Easter. You came second."

"I hope you won a bob or two on her," Pop said.

Again he laughed in ringing fashion, bringing from beyond the stable an echo of goose voices as three swaggering gray-white birds emerged from a barricade of nettles, to be followed presently by the half-sleepy, dainty figures of a dozen guinea fowl.

"Pity we didn't know you was coming," Pop said. "We're killing a goose tomorrow. Always kill a goose or a turkey or a few chicken at the weekend. Or else guinea fowl. Like guinea fowl?"

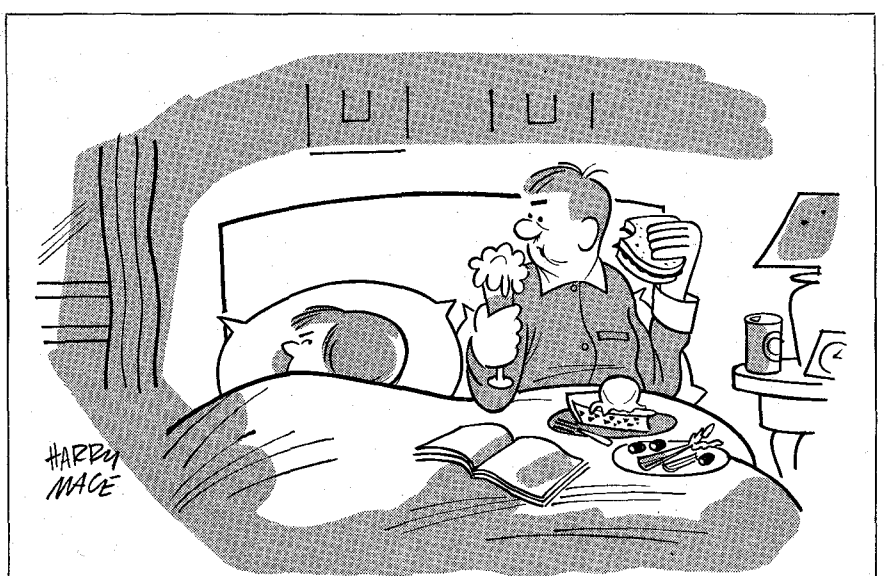
If the young man had any kind of answer ready, it was snatched from him by the voice of Ma, calling suddenly from the house: "Dinner's nearly ready. Anybody coming in or am I slaving for nothing?"

"We're coming, Ma!" Pop turned with eager, tempting relish to the young man, still speechless, still struggling with his efforts to focus correctly the dark-haired girl. "Well, we got to go, Mr. Charlton. Sorry. Ma won't have no waiting."

"Now, Mr. Larkin, about this form ——"

"Did you see me at Newchurch?" Mariette

(Continued on Page 58)



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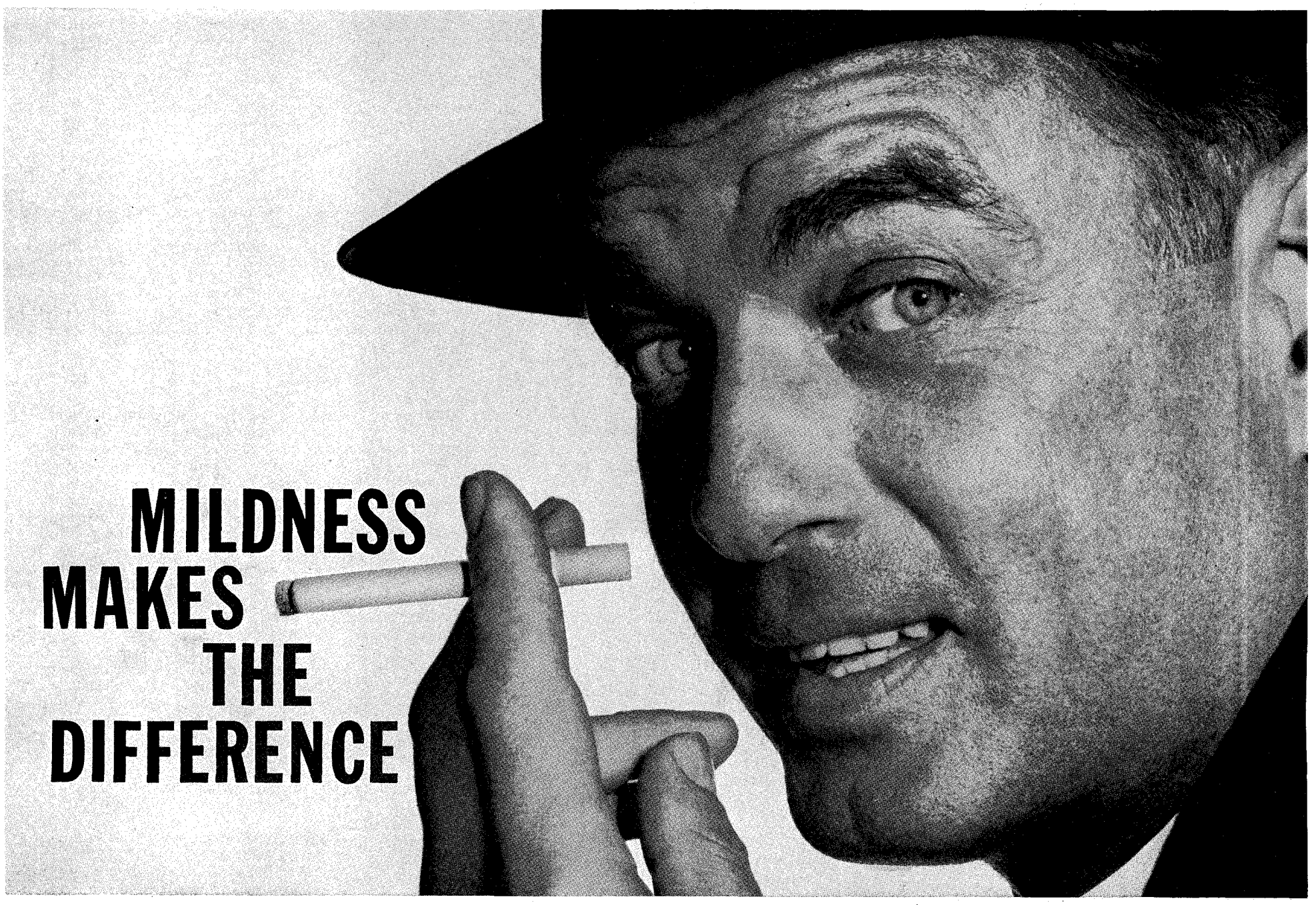

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(*Continued from Page 56*)

said. "I rode there too."

"As a matter of fact, I did—I did, yes —— But, Mr. Larkin, about this form ——"

"What form?" Mariette said.

"Oh, some form—some form," Pop said. . . . "I tell you what, Mr. Charlton, you come in and have a bite o' dinner with us. No, no trouble. Tons o' grub ——"

"I've eaten, thank you. I've eaten."

"Well, cuppa tea then. Cuppa coffee. Bottle o' beer. Bottle o' stout. Drop o' cider."

The entire body of the young man seemed to swirl helplessly, as if half intoxicated, out of balance, on its axis.

"Oh, yes, do," Mariette said, and by the time he had recovered he found himself being led by Pop Larkin toward the house, from which Ma was already calling a second time: "If nobody don't come in three minutes I'll give it to the cats!"

"Know anybody who wants a pure white kitten?" Pop said. "Don't want a pure white kitten, do you?"

"So you were at Newchurch too," Mariette said. "I wish I'd known."

A moment later Pop threw up his hands in a gesture of near ecstasy at the overpowering beauty, which suddenly seemed to strike him all afresh, of the May afternoon.

"Beautiful, ain't it?" he said. "Perfick. I got a beautiful place here. Don't you think I got a beautiful place here, Mr. Charlton?"

In the kitchen a radio was loudly playing jazz. In the living room next door, where the curtains were half drawn, a television set was on, giving to the nine faces crowded about the table a gray-purple, flickering glow.

"Have just what you fancy, Mr. Charlton," Pop said. "If you don't see it here, ask for it. Bottle o' beer? Glass o' sherry? . . . Pass the vinegar, Ma."

Soon the young man, arms crooked at the crowded table, was nursing a cup of tea.

"Perhaps Mr. Charlton would like a couple o' sardines with his tea?" Pop said. . . . "Montgomery, fetch the sardines."

Mr. Charlton, bemused by the name of Montgomery, protested faintly that he did not like sardines.

"Mr. Charlton saw Mariette riding at Barfield," Pop said.

"And at Newchurch," Mariette said.

"Funny we didn't see you there," Ma said; "we was all there."

"Mr. Charlton," Pop said, "loves horses."

"Turn up the contrast," Ma said; "it's getting dark."

In the television's purplish light the young man watched the faces about the table as they engulfed fish and chips, ice cream, tomato catchup and jam, becoming more and more like pallid, eyeless ghouls. Pop had placed him between Ma and Mariette, and presently he detected under the great breathing bank of Ma's bosom, now mauve-salmon in the flickering light, the shape of two white kittens somehow nestling on the bulging precipice of her lap. Occasionally the kittens miaowed prettily and Ma fed them scraps of fish and pieces of biscuit.

Above the noise of jazz, television voices, kittens, geese hawking at the kitchen door and the chattering voices of the family, he found it hard to make himself heard.

"Mr. Larkin, about this form. If you've got any difficulties, I could help you fill it in."

"All right," Pop said, "you fill it in."

"It's still too dark," Ma said. "Turn it up a bit. It never stays where you put it nowadays."

"I'll give the thing one more week to behave itself," Pop said. "And if it don't, then I'll turn it in for another."

Mr. Charlton spread the yellow-buff form on the table in front of him and then took out his fountain pen and unscrewed the cap.

"Ma, is there any more ice cream?" Primrose said.

"In the fridge," Ma said. "Big block o' strawberry mousse. Get that."

"Full name: Sidney Charles Larkin," Mr. Charlton said, and wrote it down. "Occupation? Dealer?"

"Don't you call him 'dealer,'" Ma said. "I'll give you 'dealer.' He owns land."

"Well, landowner."

"Farmer," Pop said.

"Well, farmer," Mr. Charlton said. "I'm very sorry. Farmer."

"Mariette, cut the pineapple," Ma said. . . . "Montgomery, go into the kitchen and fetch that pint jug of cream."

While Mr. Charlton filled in the form, Mariette stood up, reached for the bread knife and started to cut the pineapples, putting thick, juicy slices on plates over which Ma poured heavy yellow cream.

"Real Jersey," Ma said. "From our cow."

Every time Mariette reached over for another plate she brushed the sleeve of Mr. Charlton, who either made sketchy blobs on the tax form or could not write at all.

"How many children?" Mr. Charlton said. "Six? Is that right? No more?"

"Well, not yet, old man. Plenty o' time, though. Give us a chance," Pop said, and again laughed in ringing fashion.

"Gone again," Ma said. "You can't see a blessed thing. . . . Montgomery, Primrose, switch it off and change it for the set in our bedroom."

In the half darkness that now smothered the room Mr. Charlton felt something smooth, sinuous and slender brush against his right calf. For one shimmering, unnerving moment he sat convinced that it was Mariette's leg entwining itself about his own. As it curled toward his thigh, he felt his throat begin choking, but suddenly he looked down and discovered that already the geese were under the table, where Ma was feeding them with scraps of fish, half-cold chips and crumbled buns.

Unnerved, he found it difficult to frame his next important question. "Of course, this is confidential in every way," he said, "but at what would you estimate your income?"

"Estimate, estimate?" Pop said. "Income—what income?"

Montgomery and Primrose, who had carried one television set away, now brought in another.

"Steady there, steady!" Ma said. "Watch where you're looking. Mind the cocktail cabinet."

"Hear that, Ma?" Pop said. "Income!"

Ma, as she had done in the truck, started laughing like a jelly.

"Outcome more likely," she said. "Outcome, I should say."

"Six kids to feed and clothe," Pop said. "This place to run. Fodder to buy. Wheat as dear as gold dust. Pig food enough to frighten you to death. Living all the time going up and up. Vet's fees. Fowl pest. Foot-and-mouth. Swine fever. Birds all the time dying. Income, old man? Income? I should like some, old man."

Before Mr. Charlton could answer this, the second television set threw across the room its pallid, unreal glow, now in a curious nightmare green. The twins, Zinnia and Petunia, at the same moment demanded more pineapple. The geese made shoveling noises under the table, and Mariette, rising to cut fresh slices, suddenly turned to Mr. Charlton with modest, almost whispered apology.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Charlton. I didn't offer you any pineapple. Would you like some?"

"No, thanks. I'm not allowed it. I find it too acid."

"What a shame. Won't you change your mind? They're nice ripe ones."

"Ought to be," Ma said. "Cost enough."

"I'm afraid I'm simply not allowed it," Mr. Charlton said. "I have to go very carefully. I have to manage mostly on eggs and that sort of thing."

"Eggs?" Pop said. "Eggs? Why didn't you say so? . . . Got plenty of eggs, Ma, haven't we? Give Mr. Charlton a boiled egg or two wiv his tea."

"How would you like that?" Ma said. "A couple o' boiled eggs, Mr. Charlton? What do you say?"

To the delight of Ma, Mr. Charlton confessed that that was what he really wanted.

"I'll do them," Mariette said. "Three minutes? Four? How long?"

"Very light," Mr. Charlton said. "Three."

"Nice big 'uns! Brown!" Pop called to Mariette as she went into the kitchen, where the geese presently followed her, brushing past Mr. Charlton's legs again as they passed, once more to give him that shimmering, shocking moment of unnerving ecstasy.

"About this income," Mr. Charlton said. "Can you give me an estimate? Just an estimate."

"Estimate it'll be an' all, old man," Pop said. "Lucky if we clear a fiver a week, ain't we, Ma?"

"Fiver? I'd like to see one," Ma said.

"We want boiled eggs too!" the twins said, as in one voice. "Can we have boiled eggs?"

"Give over. Can't you see I'm cutting the pineapple?" Ma said.

Everybody except Mr. Charlton had large second helpings of pineapple, with more cream. When Ma had finished ladling out the cream, she poured the remainder of it into a tablespoon and then licked the spoon with her big red tongue. After two or three spoonfuls she cleaned the spoon with her finger and fed one of the white kittens with cream.

On the television screen a posse of cowboys fired thirty revolvers into a mountainside, and Mr. Charlton said, "I'm afraid we have to know what your income is, Mr. Larkin. Supposing ——"

"All right," Pop said, "that's a fair question, old man. Fair for me, fair for another. How much do you get?"

"Oh, well, me, not all that much. Civil servant, you know."

"Nice safe job, though."

"Nice safe job, yes. I suppose so."

"Nothing like a nice safe job," Pop said. "As long as you're happy. Do you reckon you're happy?"

Mr. Charlton, who did not look at all happy, said quickly, "Supposing I put down a provisional five hundred?"

"Hundred weeks in a year now, Ma," Pop said, laughing again. "Well, put it down, old man—put it down. No harm in putting it down."

"Now names of children," Mr. Charlton said.

While Pop was reciting, with customary pride, the full names of the children, beginning with the youngest, Zinnia Florence and Petunia Mary, the twins, Mariette came back with two large brown boiled eggs in violet plastic egg cups to hear Pop say, "Nightingales in them woods up there behind the house, Mr. Charlton. Singing all day."

"Do nightingales sing all day?" Mr. Charlton said. "I wasn't aware."

"All day, all night," Pop said. "Like everything else in the mating season, they go hell for leather."

The plate holding the two eggs was embroidered with slices of the thinnest white bread and butter. Mariette had cut them herself. And now Mr. Charlton looked at them, as he looked at the eggs, with reluctance and trepidation, as if not wanting to tamper with their fresh unbroken neatness.

"I've been looking at you," Ma said. "I don't think you get enough to eat by half."

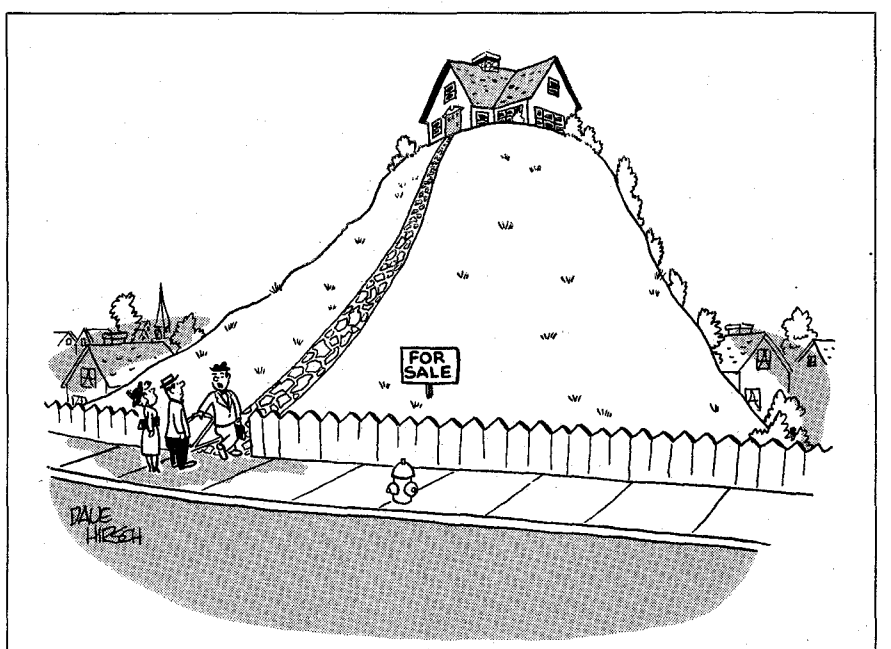
"I live in lodgings," Mr. Charlton said. "It's not always ——"

"We want to have some of your egg!" the twins said. "Give us some of your egg!"

"Now you've started summat," Pop said.

"It's gone dark again," Ma said. "Turn up the contrast. . . . And, Montgomery, fetch me my stout. There's a good boy."

Soon, while Ma drank stout and Pop spoke passionately again of nightingales, bluebells that clothed the copses "fick as carpets, ficker in fact," and how soon it would be the great time of the year, the time he loved most, the time of strawberry fields and cherries everywhere, Mr.



"It's a wonderful location on those mornings when you feel you can't get started."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Charlton found himself with a twin on each knee, dipping white fingers of bread and butter into delicious craters of warm golden egg yolk.

"I hope the eggs are done right?" Mariette said.

"Perfect."

"Perfick they will be an' all if she does 'em, you can bet you," Pop said. "Perfick!"

Mr. Charlton had given up, for the time being, all thought of the buff-yellow form. A goose brushed his legs again. Outside, somewhere in the yard, a dog barked and the drove of turkeys seemed to respond in bubbling chorus. Far beyond them, in broken, throaty tones, a cuckoo called, almost in its June voice, and when it was silent the entire afternoon simmered in a single marvelous moment of quietness, breathlessly.

"If you don't mind me saying so," Ma said, "a few days in the country'd do you a world of good."

"What are we having Sunday, Ma?" Pop said. "Turkey?"

"What you like. Just what you fancy."

"Roast pork," Montgomery said. "I like roast pork. With them brown onions."

"Or goose," Pop said. "How about goose? We ain't had goose since Easter."

In enthusiastic tones Pop went on to ask Mr. Charlton whether he preferred goose, turkey or roast pork, but Mr. Charlton, bewildered, trying to clean his misty spectacles and at the same time cut into thin fingers the last of his bread and butter, confessed he hardly knew.

"Well, I tell you what," Ma said, "we'll have goose and roast pork. Then I can do apple sauce for the two."

"Perfick," Pop said. "Perfick. . . . Primrose, pass me the tomato catchup. I've got a bit of iced bun to finish up."

"Dinner on Sunday then," Ma said. "About two o'clock."

Mr. Charlton, who was unable to decide from this whether he had been invited to dinner or not, felt fate softly brush his legs again in the shape of a goose neck. At the same time he saw Mariette smile at him with glowing eyes, almost as if she had in fact brushed his legs with her own, and he felt his limbs again begin melting.

Across the fields a cuckoo called again, and Pop echoed it with a belch that seemed to surprise him not only by its length and richness but by the fact that it was a belch at all.

"Manners," he said. "Pardon," and beat his chest in stern, suppressive apology. "Wind all of a sudden."

"What's on now?" Ma said.

On the television screen all shooting had died and two men on horses, one a piebald, were riding away up a valley, waving farewell hands.

"Nobody's birthday Sunday, is it?" Pop said.

"Nobody's birthday before August," Ma said.

"Then it's mine," Mariette said. "I'll be eighteen."

"Pity it ain't nobody's birthday," Pop said. "We might have had a few fireworks."

Suddenly all the geese were gone from the kitchen and Ma, marveling at this fact, started laughing like a jelly again, and said, "They did that once before. They heard us talking!"

"I tell you what," Pop said, "if you've had enough, Mr. Charlton, why don't you get Mariette to take you as far as the wood and hear them nightingales? I don't think you believe they sing all day, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I ——"

"Shall we ride or walk?" Mariette said. "I don't mind the pony if you want to ride."

"I think I'd rather walk."

"In that case I'll run and change into a dress," she said. "It's getting a bit warm for jodhpurs."

While Mariette had gone upstairs the twins abandoned Mr. Charlton's eggless plate and fetched jam jars from the kitchen.

"Going to the stall," they said. "Think we'll put honeysuckle on today instead of bluebells."

As they ran off, Pop said, "That's the flower stall they keep at the corner of the road down there. Wild flowers. Tuppence a bunch for motorists. Everybody works here, y'know."

"I think I passed it," Mr. Charlton said, "as I walked up from the bus."

"That's the one," Pop said. "Everybody's got to work here so's we can scratch a living. . . . Montgomery, you'd better get off to your goats and start milking 'em."

Presently Ma, concerned at Mr. Charlton's air of retreat, uncertainty and fatigue, spread hands like lardy legs of pork across her salmon jumper and said with earnest kindness, "Taking your holiday soon, Mr. Charlton? Where do you usually go?"

"I hadn't ——"

"You should come strawberry picking with us," Ma said. "Do you the world of good. Else cherry picking. Best holiday in the world if the weather's nice."

"Perfick," Pop said. "Don't cost nothing either. . . . Here's Mariette. Perfick, I tell you."

Mr. Charlton rose from the table to find himself stunned by a new astral body, now in a lime-green dress with a broad black belt, a flouncing skirt, loose neck and short scalloped sleeves. Her beautiful eyes were smiling at him splendidly.

"Is that your Shantung?" Ma said. "You'll be warm enough in that, dear, will you?"

"Oh, it's hot," Mariette said. "It's nice to feel the breeze blowing round my legs again. . . . You ready, Mr. Charlton?"

Mr. Charlton, the buff-yellow form forgotten, turned and followed Mariette, who actually stretched out a friendly hand. As they crossed a yard noisy with hawking geese, mumbling turkeys and braying goats being led to milking by Montgomery, Pop called, "Remember about Sunday, Mr. Charlton, won't you? Don't forget about Sunday."

"You really mean it?" Mr. Charlton halted and turned back, amazed. "Are you quite sure?"

"Sure?" Pop said. "Blimey, old man, I'm going to kill the geese any minute now."

"Thank you. Thank you very much."

"One goose or two, Ma?" Pop called. "Two geese be enough? Or shall we have three?"

Mr. Charlton, still stunned and amazed, turned to face the waiting figure of Mariette, and saw it miraculously framed, against piles of junk, rampant nettles and, in the near distance, deep strips of bluebells fenced away, in the strip of woodland, from flocks of brown marauding hens. Her legs, in pale beige silk stockings, were surprisingly shapely and slender. Her bosom was outlined with grace by the soft lime Shantung.

He could not believe in this figure. Nor, five minutes later, could he believe that the yard of nettles and junk, Pop's beautiful, incredible paradise, lay only a hundred yards away, screened by thickets of hornbeam and hazel, oaks in olive flower and May trees carrying blossoms as rich and (*Continued on Page 62*)

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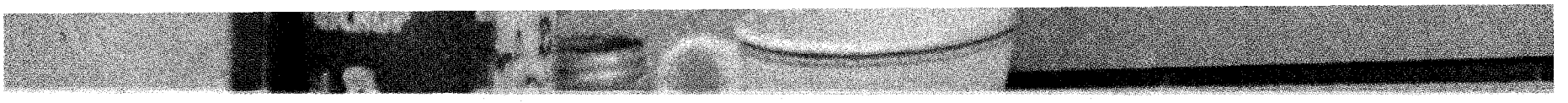

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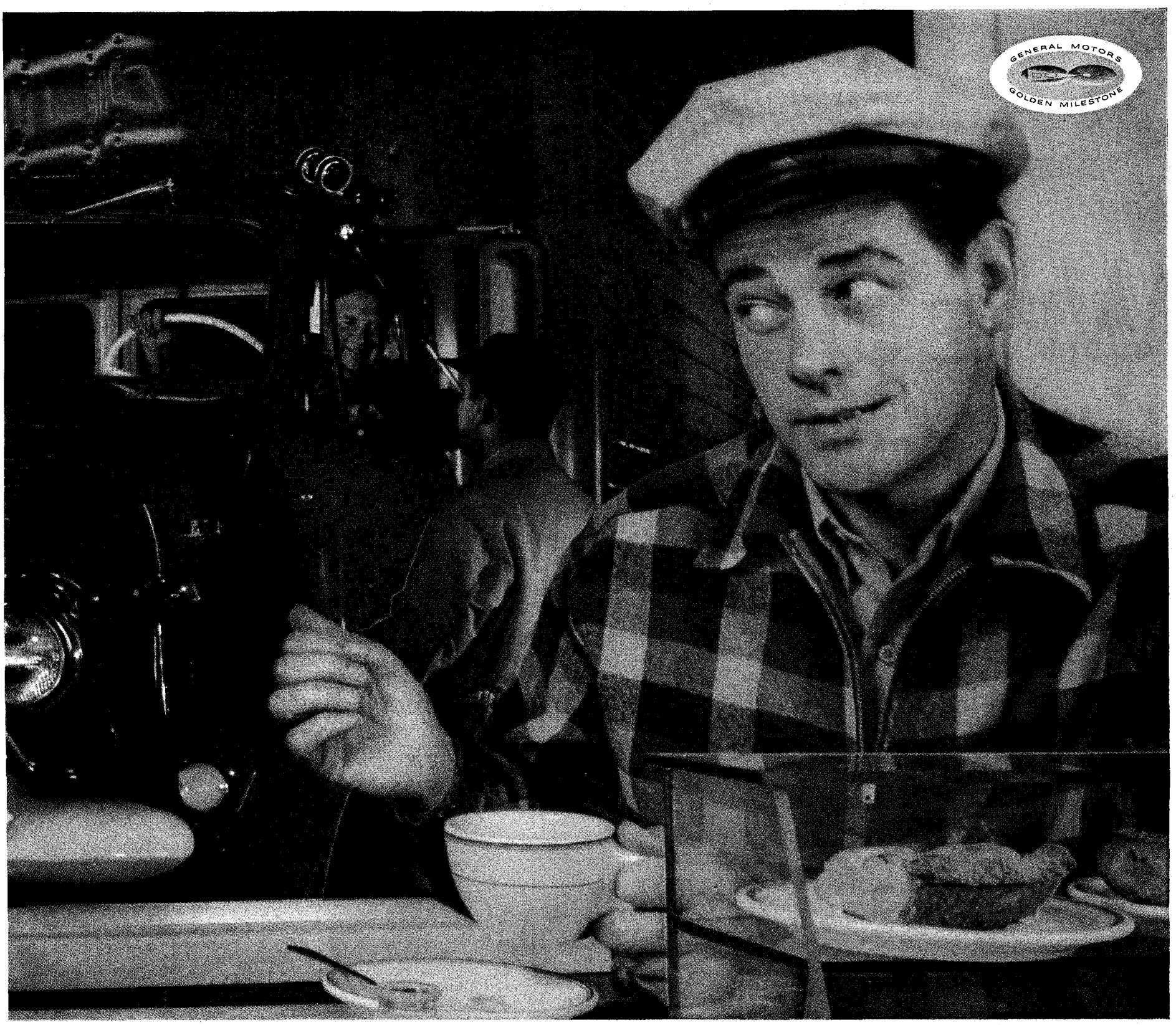

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(*Continued from Page 59*) thick as the Jersey cream Ma had poured so lavishly.

"You didn't really believe about the nightingales, did you?"

"No."

"Listen," she said. "You will."

Walking along the woodland path, Mr. Charlton could hear only a single untangled chorus of evening bird song, unseparated into species, confusing as the tuning of orchestra strings.

"Let's stand here by the gate and listen," Mariette said. "Let's stand and listen here."

Mr. Charlton, transfixed, utterly bemused, stood by the gate and listened. Patches of evening sunlight, broken gold, sprinkled down through oak branches, like delicate quivering translations in light of the bird notes themselves.

"No, not that one," Mariette said. "That's a blackbird. . . . Not the one over there either. That's a wren. . . . Now, that one. The one in the chestnut up there. The one with the long notes and then the long pause. Can you hear it now? That's a nightingale."

Mr. Charlton listened, hardly breathing, and heard for the first time in his life, in a conscious moment, the voice of a nightingale singing against a May evening sky.

Enthralled, still hardly believing it, he turned to see the deep sparkling eyes holding him in utter captivation and heard her say again, "You really didn't believe it, did you?"

"I must say I didn't."

"I tell you something else you didn't believe either."

"What was that?"

"You didn't believe about me, did you?" she said. "You didn't believe I was the same girl you saw riding at Easter, did you?"

"No," he said. "How did you know?"

"I guessed," she said. "I could see it in your eyes. I was watching you."

She lifted her hands and held them suddenly against his cheeks without either boldness or hesitation, but with a lightness of touch that woke in Mr. Charlton's legs exactly the same melting, unnerving sensation as when the geese had brushed against him under the table. A moment later he saw her lips upraised.

"Who did you think I was?"

Mr. Charlton made a startling, embarrassed confession. "I thought—well, I was actually told you were someone else, in point of fact—that you were a niece of Lady Planson-Forbes—you know, at Carrington Hall."

Mariette began laughing, in ringing tones, very much like her father. "Now you've just found I wasn't."

"Well, yes."

"You feel it makes any difference?"

"Well, in point of fact ——"

"I'm just the same, aren't I?" She smiled, and he found his eyes level with her bare olive shoulder. "I'm just me. The same girl. Just me. Just the same."

Again she touched his face with her hands and Mr. Charlton took hurried refuge in a sudden recollection of the buff-yellow form.

"By the way, I mustn't forget to get your father to sign that form before I go."

"You'll have to sign it for him," she said, "or Ma will. He can't write his name."

She laughed again, and Mr. Charlton, his limbs melting once more as she lifted his hand to her bare warm shoulder, heard consciously, but dizzily, for the second time in his life, a passionate burst of song from the nightingales.

At the same moment, back in the house, Pop returned to the kitchen after wringing the necks of three fat geese and poured himself a much-needed glass of beer.

"A few days like this, Ma," he said, "'ll put a bit o' paint on the strawberries."

Ma was raking the kitchen fire, putting onto it empty ice-cream cartons, scraps of fish and chips, eggshells, pineapple tops and Mr. Charlton's buff-yellow paper.

"I don't know as I shan't get a few bottles o' port wine in for Sunday," Pop said, "so we can celebrate."

"Celebrate what?"

"Well," Pop said, "what about Mariette?"

Ma laughed again, jumper shaking like a salmon jelly.

"The only thing is," Pop said, "I hope he won't want to take her away from here." He carried his beer to the kitchen door and from there contemplated, almost with reverence, the paradisiacal scene beyond. "Ma, you know we got a beautiful place here. Paradise. I don't know what we'd do if she were took away from here."

Standing in the evening sunlight, gazing across the pile of junk, the nettles, the rusting hovels and the scratching, dusty hens, Pop sighed loudly and with such content that the sound seemed to travel with perfect definition across the surrounding fields of buttercups and may, gathering its echo at last from the mingled sounds of the remaining geese, the voices of cuckoos calling as they flew across the meadows and the small, passionate, invisible nightingales.

"Perfick," Pop said. "You couldn't wish for nothing more perfick nowhere."

THE END

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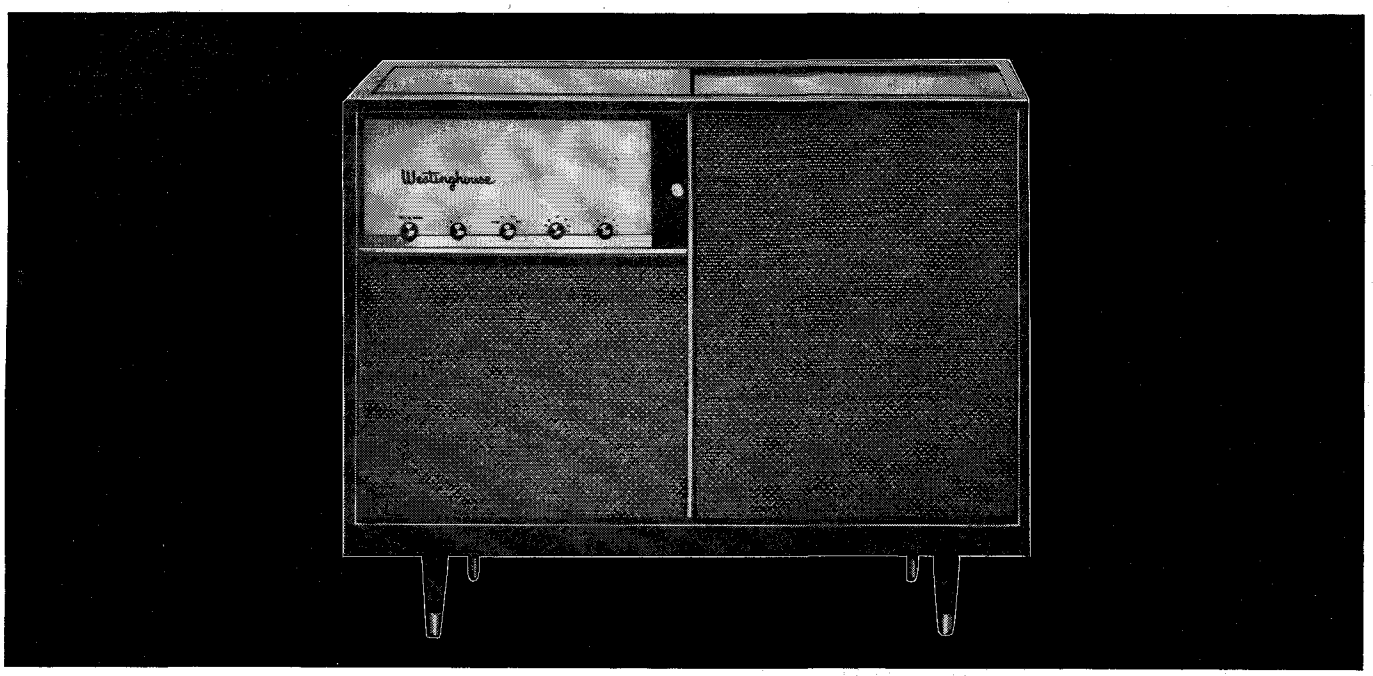

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The Changing Midwest (Continued from Page 27)

street from the railroad station. "Buick's had a bad year."

Flint, the second city of Michigan, fifty miles northwest of Detroit, was in the beginning a fur post in the midst of an oak and white-pine forest. Other Michigan logging towns declined after the pine was gone, but Flint did not. It was building farm carts and wagons, and by 1905 it was already known as "the vehicle city." A Detroit plumbing-supply man, David Buick, designed an automobile; Flint carriage makers, hedging the future, bought him out. In time the Buick Motor Company became the keystone of General Motors, and General Motors became, a few years ago, the first corporation in history to earn a billion dollars in a single year. Today GM's executive offices are in Detroit, but the heart of GM's manufacturing is in Flint.

Since World War II, Flint has been one of the Midwest's fastest-growing, middle-sized cities—156,000 people in 1945, now 198,300. Its growth has been directly traceable to the postwar expansion of the auto industry. In 1947, GM employed 42,582 people in Flint; in 1955, it had 82,186. In Flint, GM is all-pervasive. Streets and buildings are named for early auto magnates. The annual beauty contest at AC Spark Plug is an important local event. The town's leading hotel is the Durant; its bar is the Auto Lounge. The tallest building in town is the Mott Foundation Building, built by C. S. Mott, one of the largest stockholders in General Motors, the richest man in town and its chief philanthropist. The Mott Foundation operates an adult-education program. GM men sit on the town's public-school board. The city commission frequently splits along corporation-union lines.

GM executives contribute much time and money to civic enterprises—Red Cross, Red Feather, hospital drives, bond drives. "The community expects it of us," one said. Recently when the town launched a vast College and Cultural Development, GM contributed $3,000,000. This remarkable development will comprise a branch of the University of Michigan, junior college, high school, library, museums, athletic fields, theater, art center, planetarium and so on. It will cost at least $25,000,000; every cent of the money was raised by private subscription, and no subscription of less than $25,000 was accepted. Nearly all the donors made their money in GM, and the buildings bear the names of GM greats—the Alfred P. Sloan Panorama of Transportation, Charles Stewart Mott Science and Arts Building, Harlow H. Curtice Junior College Building.

Harlow Curtice, president of GM, still lives at Flint, as do other high GM officers. Curtice often plays poker Saturday afternoons at the City Club atop the Durant Hotel. Sometimes Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield, a Flint Chevrolet dealer, sits in. The club is limited to 100 members, mostly GM executives, and, as one member put it, "This damn club has more millionaires on the waiting list than any in the country." To this club came at least two presidential candidates seeking support. Flint always voted Republican until the depression; the CIO has kept it Democratic most of the time since, but the money of GM executives has poured into Republican campaign coffers.

GM executives are proud of a shirt-sleeve tradition. "Harlow Curtice answered a classified ad at AC and got a job as a bookkeeper on a stool." Their highest compliment is, "He's a man's man." Poker and golf are their favorite recreations. They like to say, "We could buy Texas and build a fence around it," and there is indeed in Flint something of the free-swinging, big-money atmosphere of Texas, but with a difference: Flint auto men spend less time having fun and more time at business than Texas oil men. They say, "In this business you're only married to one wife—your job." Profits and production are everything. Only rarely are abstract ideas discussed here. This is the business civilization incarnate.

It is the motor civilization incarnate too. Not only GM executives but workingmen and housewives are preoccupied with forthcoming auto models. Out on Dort Highway a whole new motorcar civilization has sprung up—shopping centers, shrimp drive-ins, root-beer drive-ins, a drive-in theater, a drive-in restaurant, motels occupied by permanent residents, filling stations and barber shops and pet hospitals and auto sales lots and cocktail lounges and trailer sales lots, traffic streaming by.

Flint people say Flint is adventurous, progressive and friendly, but last summer it seemed suspicious of outsiders, a little frightened. The 1957 Buick wasn't selling well, and something long forgotten by most Americans had returned to Flint: serious unemployment. One could see the face of the 1930's—the lowered gaze, the apologetic step, the heart-breaking hangdog look of the unemployed.

How was business in Flint last summer? Edward J. Penny, of the Chamber of Commerce, a bald, round-faced man, said, "Well, business is down a little because of General Motors—they've lost a little of their market to Chrysler," and he hurried on to talk about the new municipal center. Was retail business off? "Well, yes. It's bound to be. Retail sales in June were down ten point six per cent from a year ago." Were people scared? "No, generally speaking they are optimistic. Because GM has the capacity and ability, and what little they've lost of their market they'll get it back." He said irritably, "A few tail fins on the Chrysler, that did it. The public liked 'em. I don't."

Buick had started 1957 with 23,000 hourly wage workers. But sales fell off, and by mid-August Buick was down to 13,800 employees. After the change-over to the 1958 models in September, employment rose rapidly, leveling off above 21,000 hourly workers in December. When I visited Flint a second time, toward the end of 1957, a cab driver remarked, "The shops are working pretty good now—Buick's called back all their seniority people. But it was an awful slow summer and fall. And you still feel it." Last summer, Penny, of the Chamber of Commerce, had hoped that business would pick up sharply after the model change-over. But it hadn't. "Retail sales were still down nine point four per cent in October," he said. "The effects linger on after the men go back to work. They've got debts to pay off; it takes time to catch up. What money they have they're hanging onto—bank deposits are up."

The busiest place in town last summer was the Michigan State Employment Service office, a red brick building on Payne Street, where a line a half block long formed every morning—the unemployed. Inside, twenty long lines queued up in front of a long counter. As each man reached the counter a girl glanced at his identification card, asked whether he was working and where he had looked for work and, noting his answers in a ledger, stamped his name on a check, wrote in the amount due him, handed the check to a girl at a check-writing machine, and turned to the next man. It all took only a few seconds. Michigan, which understands the assembly line, can turn out unemployment-compensation checks as smoothly as automobiles.

Gustave A. Reis, the manager, said, "Last month we paid out over a million and a half dollars. It's pump priming—cushions the town's economy." The maximum payment was fifty-four dollars a week for twenty-six weeks. The average was about thirty-four dollars a week. In July there were 26,000 unemployed in Flint—nearly 18 per cent of the labor force. In July of 1955 there had been only 3600—2.4 per cent of the labor force. Recently a good many people had gone back to Arkansas or Missouri, but fewer than in former bad years—"they'd bought homes, established families. Then, a lot of them have several years' seniority at the plant and they know they will be called back as soon as the model change is over this fall."

So it turned out—the number of unemployed had risen to 28,000 in September, 19.5 per cent of the labor force, the highest in many years, when both Buick and Chevrolet had changed models, but in October, as production of the new models started, the number of unemployed declined to 8500. By November it was down to 4000, only 3 per cent of the labor force; the long line at the door of the employment service was gone.

NEXT WEEK

The Surprising Talents of ALEC GUINNESS

He Always Steals the Show

WHEN A MAN-EATER ESCAPES

Emergencies at the San Francisco Zoo

Gangway for the Atomic Garbage Man!

World's Most Dangerous Disposal Job

HOW DOCTORS ARE MADE

Inside Harvard Medical School

The Changing Midwest:

Indianapolis and Abilene

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

Fiction by

CZENZI ORMONDE — VIVIAN CONNELL

ALICE LENT COVERT — OLAF RUHEN

and CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

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The United Auto Workers union, today one of the biggest unions, if not the biggest, in America, was born at Flint twenty years ago in a wave of sit-down strikes which seemed to many a revolutionary movement. The CIO, a-borning, organized the auto plants in secret. The night shift at Fisher Body No. 1 sat down December 30, 1936. The strikes spread. Police stormed a plant gate. Strikers drove them off with a hail of milk bottles, nuts and bolts, hinges. Men were clubbed and shot. The strike ended February 11, 1937: GM recognized the union. It was possibly the most far-reaching labor victory in American history.

What is the union doing today? Out past the smoking plant where the sit-downs began is a small brick building, the Flint Labor Temple, and in a nicely furnished upstairs office sat Robert Carter, regional director of UAW. He is a quiet-spoken man of forty-one, his hair prematurely gray, his face pale and strained. He had gone "into the plants" as a young man, in 1942 was elected president of the AC Spark Plug local. In 1951 he became regional director and member of the twenty-five-man executive board of the UAW.

Unemployment, he said, was due not only to lagging sales of the '57 Buick but also to automation. "There's one machine which two people can operate that does the work once done by thirty-seven people. It's happened in the last three or four years. This is why we're going to fight for the shorter work week next year." The GM contract expires May 29, 1958. The UAW would not oppose automation in principle, but it would contend that because of automation, full employment could be maintained only with a shorter work week.

Last summer the union had persuaded the city to set up an unemployment committee. It had considered public works, defense contracts, a surplus-food program, and the problems of debt delinquency and an inadequate relief setup. Its members represented business, labor and the professions. Did this indicate that organized labor was well accepted in Flint? "We have become an integrated part of the community," said Carter. "I'm president of Red Feather. We contributed twenty-five thousand dollars to the College and Cultural Development. One of my staff fellows is president of his PTA. Most of them are active in community work."

He fell to talking about working conditions in the auto industry in general before the unions came. "You were laid off without regard to how long you'd been in the plant. You always started over again at a low rate each time. You'd come in in the morning; if something happened to the machine, you were told to punch out, and you went to the cafeteria and waited. You just had to wait there, on your own time, without pay, and if they got the machine working, you went back to work, and if they didn't you were out of luck.

"Young fellows today don't realize what's happened since those days. Like this—they had a piecework-and-efficiency-rating system. Say you have to make fifty pieces an hour. You can make sixty-five pieces an hour, so for a couple of months you get a bonus on that extra fifteen pieces. But then they rerate the job to sixty-five, and you have to make that many or get fired. Say you're an older man. Maybe sixty-five's about all you can do. But a young guy comes in and makes eighty. He has to run his tail off to do it, but he does it and gets a bonus. Then they rerate the job to eighty pieces and he's no better off than he was. This was the speed-up, the thing that brought on the strikes. Sometimes a guy was only making fifty pieces an hour and the foreman would say sixty is now production. He'd say, 'I can't do it.' The foreman would say, 'Come over to the window,' and he'd show him five hundred guys outside waiting for a job. The main thing we established in that strike was the dignity of man. His superiority over the machine. This is the birthplace of industrial unionism in mass-production industries and of the UAW, right here. The main battle was won right here."

One day last summer, over at the headquarters of Buick Local 599, UAW, four men were talking over "the unemployment crisis." Alfred Federico, head of the union's unemployment committee, a big, dark-mustached man with a plant badge pinned to his shirt, waved a handful of letters and said, "I get a bunch of letters every night. We are going to have to do something to help them out, and what we want to know is, what can we expect of Red Feather?"

A slender man in a business suit, a union representative on Red Feather, replied, "The first responsibility is that of tax-supported agencies—the Welfare Department," and he told about a meeting he'd just come from, trying to increase Welfare's staff and expand its surplus-food program.

Chet Baxter, a middle-aged tool-and-die maker at Buick, said, "Why isn't something being done about bringing new work in, getting Government contracts? We should go to Governor Williams and Senator McNamara. Walter Reuther's a very big man; he should be able to call a meeting of governors and senators."

Otis Bishop, president of the Buick local, said Buick didn't want defense contracts, didn't want to build anything but automobiles. (Buick officials maintained, with justice, that the change-over to 1958 models would increase employment faster than defense contracts.) And, Federico went on, something had to be done about repossessions—creditors were taking advantage of the unemployed. "We want a joint meeting with the welfare agencies, Salvation Army, Red Feather, mayor's committee."

Looking uncomfortable, the Red Feather man said, "Don't you feel your labor representatives on the Red Feather are able to handle it for you?"

Federico said, "I'm not questioning it. But we're asking for a big public meeting to put pressure on the employers."

They were silent a moment. Then Bishop, president of the local, said, "This city of Flint had better hitch up its pants. If they don't get something else in besides General Motors, this city already has reached its peak and is on the way down. This local union had twenty-seven thousand five hundred members in 1955. Now it's got less than fourteen thousand. I'm convinced it'll never be over twenty-two thousand and they'll build as many Buicks with twenty-two thousand as they did with twenty-seven thousand. And you know how they'll do it—with automatic machinery."

The meeting broke up. Bishop stayed behind. How much actual hardship was unemployment causing? He said tautly, "These people are suffering. Those that have exhausted unemployment compensation are hurting bad. They can only go on direct relief. And our relief setup here is run down because the welfare problem has not been any concern for years."

What problems did his members bring him?

"'How can I save what I've got—my refrigerator, my car, my rugs, my TV? How can I pay this bill and buy this amount of food?'" He shook his head. "They bought things on time and set up a standard of living that they can't keep up without overtime. The guy that comes in and hollers, 'I'm losing my Cadillac'—I don't cry too much for him. The people I'm concerned with is the Joe that's tried to live within his means—is set up so if he can work four days a week he can see his way clear. And there's lots of them people." So far, few had lost their homes. "But they're getting to where they will. They bought a ranch house for eleven thousand dollars, paid twelve hundred dollars down, paid on it for three or four years, he'll eat potatoes and beans or anything he can get to fill his gut with to protect his house. But as this unemployment compensation begins to run out, it's going to get rough."

How rough did it actually get last summer? Looking back a few months later, in the winter, Bishop said, "We went fifteen thousand dollars in the hole and all we issued was grocery orders. The mayor's committee never did do much except keep the finance companies from getting too rambunctious. We had people lose their homes. Right today there are forty-five hundred people in bad shape with debts and garnishees. The effects of a layoff like last summer are long-lasting. You take a young man starting out in life with a family, he works good in 'Fifty-four and 'Fifty-five, then, in 'Fifty-six, the layoffs hit, he's off two, three months, he manages to hang onto what he has, but in 1957 he's laid off again, and by then he's exhausted his benefits. A thing like that will set him back ten years, unless he can get another year or two of real good overtime.

"What's more," he said, "this unemployment isn't all just temporary. This automation is becoming serious in this city. I went to work at Buick in 1926 in the crankshaft department, and we had fourteen hundred men building half the crankshafts they're building today with three hundred. This reduced work week is the most serious question this country's ever faced in a long time. I'd walk a picket line forever on that. You can look for one hell of a fight next year."

Buick had revived from the summer slump better than Bishop had expected. He hadn't thought it would ever hire 20,000 men again, yet by the end of 1957 it had hired over 21,000. Nonetheless, Bishop was worried.

"How long is it going to last? Generally at this time of year there is quite a bit of Sunday work, but one of my sources at Buick today informed me that Sunday work is just about over. It's starting to look soft now, just like it did last year. Altogether, I guess I feel about like I did a year ago. I wrote an article then for our union paper, and I said it didn't look good to me and I advised the boys not to buy anything they couldn't pay cash for. The Chamber of Commerce called me up, and so did Buick, said I was retarding business. I said I'd be tickled to death to retract if I was wrong, but I had to tell my people the truth as I saw it. And it turned out I was right. And if I was to write an article now I'd have to tell 'em the same thing." (Buick disagreed, as we shall see.)

Bishop was a big man, wearing a short-sleeved blue shirt, his hair touched with gray. He had been born in 1907 in Hornersville, Missouri. He'd wanted to be a doctor, but he'd had no money, so after high school he'd come to Flint and gone to work at Buick, running a drill press. His mother died in 1929. A year later his sister sent word his father was dying.

"I took a freight home. They had a drought then. He had twenty acres of corn, and I gathered that corn in one wagon bed. He never did have much but a team of mules and a wagon. He finally got all right. I went out to California, looking for work. I was in twenty-eight states in the next year. I didn't find any work. I rode freight trains all over this darn country in 1930–31. Boy, we had it rough. That's why I feel so sorry for these guys here now. 'Cause, dang it, I know what they're up against. I came back to Missouri and picked cotton for twenty-five cents a hundred and slashed timber for two dollars and fifty cents an acre.

"My mother had left seven children, the youngest under one year, when she died. I he'ped with them. I went three months at a time and never had a piece of meat in my mouth. Then WPA came in and dad finally got on it. I got a tent and went down on the river in Arkansas and picked strawberries and came back with eight dollars and thirty cents. I bought some trout lines and went to fishing for a living. I like to starve to death the first two years, I didn't know how to catch fish. But I learned."

In 1936 he came back to Buick and joined the union. "I saw some pretty rough times. I got a scar on my forehead"—touching his hairline—"where a cop hit me in the head at Fisher Body in January, '37." He became a union official in 1942, was elected president of the Buick local in 1955, a full-time job. "Before 1942 I didn't have enough confidence in myself to get in the limelight. I've done a lot of educating myself since then. This is the biggest UAW GM local in the world."

How was attendance at the meetings? "I have to hang my head at that. It's always poor." Another union leader has said, "A big local today will be lucky if it gets ten per cent of its members at a meeting."

The office of the man who runs Buick is richly furnished, with thick carpets and blond-wood paneling. The man who sits there today is Edward Ragsdale. On his desk are pictures of his wife and daughters and grandchildren; above it are pictures of his predecessors, Harlow Curtice and Ivan Wiles. He is sixty years old, of medium height, nearly bald, with blue eyes and rimless glasses and a sandy mustache, looking in repose somewhat like a small-town banker. But his appearance in repose is deceptive; he drives fast and walks fast. He is impatient, nervous. He takes stair steps two at a time. He knows every inch of enormous Buick, knows every one of the 2600 parts that go into a Buick car, and how each is made. He spends hours every day in the shop, walking through it almost at a run. He has a boundless devotion to his company's product. Once, during the war, demonstrating a Buick-made tank destroyer to high Army brass, he proposed to take it up a hill that was almost vertical; the Army officers, convinced he couldn't make it, dismounted, and he took it up alone.

Ragsdale arrives at work at 7:20 A.M., goes home about 5:30, and often works all evening there. He spends a good deal of time on civic affairs. He used to play golf, hunt deer and go deep-sea fishing, but nowadays has no time for these recreations. About his only diversion is poker every Saturday at the City Club.

American automobiles are built to last for years. Only by changing their appearance every year, so that people will want new ones, have the auto makers been able to create their vast market. Edward Ragsdale spends more time on styling than on anything else. He created the first hardtop convertible. "My wife said she liked the looks of a convertible, but never put the top down because it blew her hair around, so I told the designers to design one. It started out to be a private car for her and ended up this year with

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over half the sales in the entire industry."

How is a new style developed?

"The styling section creates hundreds of sketches. We"—he, Harlow Curtice and Harley Earl, GM's chief stylist—"pick out what we like. They put it together and put it into another picture. If we like it, they draw it full size. Then we change it about one hundred times. Then they put it in clay and we change it some more. Then they put it in fiber glass, paint it, put glass in it, and it looks like a real car. And still we change it.

"Sometimes you get a model that you think is the very last word, but after you look at it two or three months you get tired of it. That model's no good. It's got to stay fresh a year. And long after that on used-car lots. I look at the model nearly every day. Sit down in front of it in a chair. Sit and look at it for an hour, sometimes. We froze the body on the 1958's a year and a half ago, but then, about the first of last May, we decided to change the front end. I never sweated so much in my life. We've had four front ends on the '59 already."

Ragsdale, like most GM executives, came up from the ranks. He has been with Buick thirty-four years. An associate has said, "He still has some rough edges." Ragsdale sometimes refers to himself as "a hillbilly engineer." He was born May 15, 1897, in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, a paperhanger's son. He grew up in Columbus, Indiana, worked summers in a foundry, went a year to a teachers' college, then got a job selling pianos. After the first world war, he recalls, he got a job in Newcastle, Indiana, at the old Maxwell Motor Car Company. Soon he became a tool designer. In Indianapolis, an early auto center, Ragsdale worked briefly at Duesenberg, Stutz, the Midwest Engine Company, Prest-O-Lite.

"But I never knew how a body was built, and I wanted to know," so he took a job in the body department at Pierce Arrow, though it cut his earnings in half. In 1923 he came to Buick, starting as a draftsman, becoming chief draftsman, assistant chief engineer, assistant manufacturing manager, general manufacturing manager, and, two years ago, general manager of Buick and a vice-president of General Motors.

Ragsdale lives in a modest clapboard-and-brick house on a small lot. His living room is filled with china knickknacks, flowered wallpaper, period furniture, all rather old-fashioned in the home of a man whose business is to design tomorrow's automobile. Upstairs is his gun collection; in the basement is his workshop, fitted with power tools, everything neat.

A while back, in the recreation room he had built in the basement, Ragsdale talked about automation. "You can go back in history and you'll find that the years where manufacturers spent money on new machinery were the years of greatest employment. I believe in technological progress," he said earnestly. "By 1965 there isn't going to be enough productive capacity in the United States to supply the demand unless we progress technologically. There is no longer a poor class in the U.S. Everybody wants something—automatic dryers, garbage disposers, dishwashers. The rate of population increase is greater than the percentage of production increase. Only technology can take up the slack."

What about the unions' view?

"It's ridiculous. At the start of the first industrial revolution, labor talked about destroying the first machines. The country has only continued to prosper because of what most people call automation, but what I prefer to call mechanization. Today's car, if built with 1908 methods and labor, would cost over sixty-five thousand dollars. Automation has kept the cost down to a reasonable level. It's like the fellow watching a clamshell bucket moving tons of dirt, he said, 'Why don't you get rid of it and hire twenty men with shovels?' The clamshell man said, 'I can do better than that—I can hire two hundred men with teaspoons.' If he put two hundred men on the job, it'd cost like hell and nobody could buy the product. When the union signed the contract with us, they said they agreed with the philosophy of automation. They ought to practice what they preach."

What about the thirty-hour week, which some people thought the union would demand?

"It's just a union smoke screen. You can't operate a plant efficiently on a thirty-hour week and they know it. They're in trouble on fringe benefits—a man can't take it home. They want a take-home-pay increase, and they figure they can get it from time-and-a-half on Friday. They just want more money." Then the union's demand for a thirty-hour week didn't really have anything to do with automation? "No." But didn't automation cause unemployment? "No. A worker who's displaced today will get a job tomorrow." In the same plant? "Not necessarily, though he may and often does. In the long run, he'll have a job. New technology creates new jobs. Despite adding labor-saving equipment, Buick has constantly increased its employment."

Buick produced 415,000 cars in 1957, off 26 per cent from the year before, and far below 1955's output, 781,296. It had lost third place in 1957—right behind Ford and Chevrolet—to Plymouth. Buick had made a thorough model change for 1957—"we had a completely new body, and the engine was so new I could hold in one hand all the parts from the preceding year, but we didn't get credit for it from the public." Why did sales decline? "The economic climate was not what one expected—the whole industry was down from seven and a half million cars in 1955 to five and a half million. The change in GM lines was not so great as the public had expected. Our competitors changed their styling more, and this got their dealers revved up."

Why didn't the new 1958 Buicks have tail fins, as their competitors did? He said stubbornly, "I'm still not sold on fins. But this year Buick looks like a new car—and Chrysler and Ford kept their fins, so they look like last year's model." He shook his head. "As you follow this business you become more and more bewildered on what the public will accept. You can't outguess them hardly."

Everybody in Flint was concerned about the 1958 Buick's appearance. A labor leader said, "That determines whether we work or whether we don't."

Last summer Ragsdale had been confident unemployment was temporary. As 1957 ended, he said, "We're running on about a par with last year at this time, and it looks like we'll have a slightly better year than last year. Our sales to date are about the same as last year's. The industry will be pretty close to 1957 or a little better, but not very much better. I was more optimistic last summer than I am now. The economy seems to be on a horizontal movement, with a slight upward trend."

One economist thought the demand for cars of Buick's price bracket might be down for a long time to come. He said, "Families are larger; family income is needed for raising more children, and so on. And perhaps these nice, new, shiny, chromium cars don't have the attraction of a few years ago."

Ragsdale disagreed. Demand ought to pick up early in 1958—"when the public gets over the excitement over Sputnik and wars and tribulations, they'll let go of their money a little more. And the Federal policy of loosening up interest rates will be beneficial." As for Otis Bishop's uneasiness about 1958 Buick sales, Ragsdale said, "If you compare 1958 with 1955 you would agree, but 1955 (a 7,500,000-car year) was unusual. Remember, 1956 was a 5,800,000-car year, and 1957 a 5,500,000-car year—still tremendous. I think 1958 is going to be a damn good year so far as an average year is concerned. I feel pretty good about our prospects. It's not going to be a boom year, nothing spectacular, no over-all advances. It'll be a good, leveled-out year."

Some people thought Buick was caught in a cycle—that for some years General Motors cars had outsold Ford and Chrysler, but now for several years the tables would be turned. Ragsdale disagreed with this too. He said, "It's who guesses best on what the public will accept. The type of car, the style of car they want, and the guy that guesses right is the guy that's going to sell the cars."

He seemed, and he was, a tough-minded man, all business. Yet he was more complex than that. What did he like best about his work? "Any portion of it that's creative. When you see that car going down the road, you say that you did certain things—that's the satisfaction in it." Where did he get his ideas about design? He didn't know. He had no interest in modern art—didn't like it.

"I don't think it's as enduring as a beautiful photograph. In my own work, I like to be advanced in my thinking—you have to design a car that will be a beautiful car five years from now. Basically, I like beauty of line. If you could make a car coming down the road look like a duck coming into a duck blind, that'd be beautiful."

He never had studied art, but at the St. Louis fair in 1904 he had exhibited some water colors. "Today I couldn't draw the pictures that I did then. The years I've spent in mechanical drafting spoils you for freehand drawing. I can't make a sketch any more." He laughed. "But when I retire in two years I'm going to buy some oil paints. I never had anything but water color or crayons." He had promised his wife he would retire at sixty. "But then this job came along. I'm going to lead Buick back to third place. When I do, I'll think about retiring."

Editors' Note—This is the second of four articles by John Bartlow Martin. The third will appear next week.

... ...

Charmed Circle

By Marian Gleason

Our First Family trees, though
wide-spreading, are gnarled.
Our roots are entangled, our
branches are snarled.
We're planted too close and
we're heavy with fruit.
We're too stiff to bend and too
old to uproot.
No less than the steeple, we're
pillars of town.
No wind from the outskirts
will topple us down,
And silly new seedlings, blown
in by the breeze,
Drop dead in the shade of our
First Family trees.

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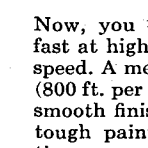

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I Was a 6'9" Babe in the Woods

(Continued from Page 25)

My wife talked me out of quitting. Besides, the Celtics suddenly suffered a rash of injuries and needed even the little help I could give them. By the end of my second week, though, I was convinced that I had come full circle through a four-stage development as a basketball player.

In the first stage, I went from a lousy junior-high player to a mediocre high-school player.

In the second, I went from a mediocre high-school player to a fair college-freshman player.

In the third, I went from a fair college-freshman player to a pretty good college player.

And in the fourth, I went from a pretty good college player to a lousy pro player.

It was lucky for me that I grabbed all those rebounds so soon last season. It blinded people to my weaknesses. It's very embarrassing to shoot and miss. I was doing it much too often.

That wasn't the only thing that bothered me when I became a pro. The first time I left Boston to play before a hostile crowd, a guy yelled, "Hey, Russell, you freak, go home!"

Nobody had ever called me a freak in college. I brooded about it for half the night. Then I heard someone yell to my teammate, Bob Cousy, who is almost everybody's Mr. Basketball, "Hey, Cousy, you're a bum!"

Later I asked him if it bothered him.

"Hell, no," he said. "If you let the names people call you bother you, you don't belong in this business."

That made me feel better. If Cousy could stand being called a bum, I could stand being called a freak.

I'm very fortunate in being surrounded by great basketball players in Boston. Every N.B.A. team has its share of stars, but the Celtics seem to have more than most. In Cousy and his backcourt partner, Bill Sharman, they have specialists who are the best in the business. Cousy, who was side-lined a lot with injuries during the first part of this season, is the game's top ball handler and passer. Sharman is its best foul shooter. I watch those guys closely, especially Sharman at the foul line, since I've always had a rough time there. I figure if I can imitate the best, I'll probably improve.

Before I joined the Celtics, I didn't think much of professional basketball. It certainly looked easy enough on television. But it took me only a few minutes to discover how deceiving television appearances can be. The game that looked like such a cinch from the living room turned out to be murder on the court.

I had to learn things I'd never thought of while I was playing college ball. In the college game, you're in pretty good shape if you keep one eye on your man and the other on the ball. But in the pro game, so much goes on without the ball that you have to try to watch everything at once.

This problem popped up the moment I began playing pro ball. I made my debut in a nationally televised Boston Garden game against the St. Louis Hawks on the afternoon of Saturday, December 22, 1956. Before the game, coach Red Auerbach, of the Celtics, said to me, "You'll cover Bob Pettit. He's big and fast and tricky, and he's going to make you look bad. But the only way to learn to beat him is to play him. Just try not to let him get away from you too often. And whatever happens, don't let it throw you. This is a tough game, and you're just starting."

I'd watched Pettit on television a few times, and he hadn't looked so tricky to me. In spite of Red's warning, I thought to myself, *I'm as big and as fast and maybe as tricky as that guy. He shouldn't give me so much trouble.*

He didn't give me much trouble—he just disappeared from time to time. A few minutes after the game began—by then, he had already poured in a couple of baskets—I thought I had him figured. He was coming down the right side of the court, and the man with the ball was in the middle. Pettit swerved in, and I swerved in with him. I took two steps and bumped into Charley Share. I have no idea where he came from. I took two more and ran into Ed Macauley. I don't know where he came from either. By then, Pettit was in with a basket. I found out later that this was all part of a play pattern. None of these things happened by chance.

That's what I mean when I say so much goes on without the ball. I remember, during a time-out, I commented, "You've got to keep your eyes open every minute, don't you?"

"It would help if you had a couple in the back of your head," said Tom Heinsohn, another Boston rookie.

I chased Pettit all afternoon. No matter how much or how fast he moved around, he always seemed fresh and strong. Long before the game was over, my tongue was hanging out from trying to keep up with him. Finally I asked Arnie Risen, one of our old pros, "Doesn't this guy ever get tired?"

"Sure, he gets tired," Risen said, "but he doesn't look tired."

"How do you keep from looking tired?" I asked.

"Just make sure nobody's watching when you take deep breaths," he replied.

It wasn't any of my doing that we won the game that afternoon. The clincher was scored by Sharman in the last minute of play. Pettit came up with a healthy twenty-eight points. He held me down to six.

That was only the beginning of my headaches as a pro. There was so much to learn, so much to get used to, so much to worry about. This wasn't the basketball I knew. I had to learn to play the game all over again.

I also had to change my living habits. It was a good thing that I had become used to living out of a suitcase while traveling with the United States Olympic team, because that's all I did when I joined the Celtics. In my first six days with them we played five games and never stayed in the same hotel two nights in a row. That was the way it was all season. We rarely had more than two days back to back in the same town.

I had to make a major change in my mental attitude too. In college we played perhaps a dozen pressure games a season, and we nearly always had all the time we needed to get keyed up for each one. But now every game was important. It was no trouble getting keyed up for my first game, but it was tough trying to stay that way all year.

Another problem was that after years of carefully refraining from physical contact, on pain of having a foul called on me, I suddenly had to reverse myself. The professional rules allow for some pretty bruising action, so you have to protect yourself.

I got jolted early in the first game I played. Charley Share, of the Hawks, brought me up short with a forearm across my chest. I stepped back, waiting for the referee to blow his whistle and call a foul on Share, but nothing happened. I didn't even have time to squawk, because I had to chase the play.

Later I asked one of our guys, "What do you do when you get hit?"

"Very simple," he said. "Hit back."

But I had been trained in the Little Lord Fauntleroy school of basketball so long that it took me weeks to start hitting back. In the meantime I was getting mauled all over the place. Finally, in a game with the New York Knickerbockers in Syracuse, I lost my head when Ray Felix, who was my opponent that night, caught me with an elbow. I came back punching, hitting him just once.

This was nothing personal on my part. I had just been getting too many elbows in too many games, and Felix's jab happened to be the straw that broke the camel's back. I was fined twenty-five dollars, which I thought was a fair-enough price to pay for the privilege of blowing my stack.

Some observers tried to promote a feud between the Celtics and the Knicks this season, after Richie Guerin, of the Knicks, broke his hand on Bill Sharman's jaw during an exhibition game. There was some talk of impending trouble before we went into New York to open the Madison Square Garden basketball season in October. A fight or two developed, but I wasn't involved. I don't hold grudges. I just like to be let alone. Incidentally, we won the game, 131–121.

At least one of the lessons I learned last year about the differences between college and pro basketball turned out to be pretty expensive. In college, if you're the big guy—which I was at U.S.F.—you sometimes get a break from the officials. In the pro league, everybody is a big guy, and the officials treat them all alike. Shortly after I began playing in the N.B.A. an official called a technical foul on me that I didn't like.

"That," I yelled at the referee, "was a lousy call!"

"And that," he replied, "will cost you fifteen bucks more."

Since a technical foul calls for an automatic twenty-five-dollar fine, this made a total of forty bucks. I figured out later that it cost me eight dollars a word. At those prices, I couldn't afford to open my mouth.

I'm not a country boy, but New York scared me to death the first time I played there. All I could think of was that this was the biggest town in the world, and here I was playing basketball right in the middle of it. I felt like a bug under a microscope.

There was some justification for my feeling that way, because everything that happens to an athlete in New York seems to be blown up all out of proportion to its importance. When we played the Knicks there in early January last year, Harry Gallatin was my man—or maybe I ought to say I was his. The man haunted me. Every time I took a step, he was a step ahead of me. No matter where I turned, there he was. I was getting elbows, forearms, shoulders and hips as he pushed me from here to there and back again. So help me, he even grabbed me by the back of the pants when the officials weren't looking. We lost the ball game, and I looked very bad, scoring only a few points.

A long, detailed story went out on the wires to the effect that Gallatin had made a monkey out of me. That was true enough, but Gallatin didn't have a corner on the market at the time. Everyone I ran into was giving me trouble. But because it happened in Madison Square Garden, I never heard the last of it. When I got home to Oakland, California, last summer, I'll bet a dozen guys came up and said, "Hey, Bill, how about that Gallatin? What was the matter with you that night?"

(*Continued on Page 68*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

John warned his bride that she would have to live with his elderly mother. Then he stepped aside. When the two women quarreled over which should run John's household, he dropped the marketing money between them and ducked out. Finally the domestic situation goaded his wife into suing for a separation.

"If we've got to live with his old mother, then it is up to him, not me, to show her her place," the wife said. "After all, the wife should run the household."

"My wife knew we'd have to live with mamma, which meant getting along with her, not ganging up on her," John argued. "I didn't get married to referee a battle between two women."

If you were the judge, would you grant the wife a separation?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Separation granted. The court ruled that a husband must take his wife's side in such matters because she is the mistress of the household, not merely a partner with her mother-in-law.

Based upon a 1952 Maryland decision.

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(*Continued from Page 66*) Well, it happens that a couple of weeks after the Garden game we were in Minneapolis, where Wally Dukes, a seven-foot center, did a real job on me. He had me so tied up that I couldn't get a clean shot at the basket. He outjumped me for rebounds, and he made me look sicker than Gallatin ever had. But except for the people who were there, nobody knew about that. The game story went out as a two-paragraph squib. If it had happened in New York, the whole basketball world would have heard about it.

I'd never have got into the basketball world in the first place if it hadn't been for George Powles, the coach of the McClymonds High School basketball team in Oakland. When I was a junior, he made me go out for the varsity the day after I had been cut from the junior varsity by another coach.

"What good will it do?" I demanded. "I can't even make the jayvees."

"I think you've got the makings of a good basketball player," he said, "and I want you to come out for the varsity."

"Those guys are better than I am."

"Son, remember this," said Powles. "If you think the other guy is better than you, he will be."

I never forgot it.

That wasn't the only thing I learned from Powles. Fourteen of the fifteen boys on the McClymonds team were Negroes. Powles was white. Nobody thought anything about it until the day before the first game of the season. Then the coach stood in front of us and said, "We're going to be typed, so play clean. No matter how unfair a call may be, keep your temper. Anyone who gets mad gets pulled out of the game."

He stopped and looked around. Nobody said anything. Then he added quietly, "In order to be good at anything, you have to be a gentleman at it."

I never forgot that, either, although as I said earlier, I've had to modify my approach somewhat in the pro league.

Anyway, even though I wasn't a regular, the very fact that I made the high-school squad changed my whole outlook on life. Until then I was buried under a pretty sizable inferiority complex. My older brother, Charley, was a great all-round athlete at Oakland Technical High School, and people around McClymonds constantly reminded me of it.

Aside from that, I was sensitive about my height. This, of course, eventually turned out to be my greatest asset, but it didn't seem an asset to me then. I went up so fast that a suit I bought in September of 1951 was too small for me to wear at my high-school graduation four months later.

Today I'm proud of being six feet, nine inches. Nice things have happened to me that never would have happened if I hadn't been such an outsized guy. It's a cinch I wouldn't have become a professional basketball player. And it's also a cinch that I wouldn't have had an experience that I'll be telling my grandchildren about long after my basketball days are over.

During the summer of 1955, a group of American athletes was invited to Washington for a White House luncheon. I was chosen to represent college basketball, which I considered a great honor. Even though I had made All-American, I was only a junior, and any of the other All-American players could just as well have been selected. When we were all assembled, President Eisenhower came into the room and shook hands with each of us. Later, he said, "You all look bigger on television—all but Mr. Russell."

It was a tremendous thrill for me to be singled out of a gathering of the nation's greatest athletes by the President of the United States. Only four years earlier I had been wondering how in the world I could go to college. My father, a foundry worker, couldn't afford to pay my tuition. My chances for a scholarship seemed nonexistent, since I could hardly be described as a schoolboy sensation. I was just another big kid playing basketball around the San Francisco Bay area, and still in the mediocre stage of my career.

But I played one good game in my senior year, scoring fourteen points against Oakland High. When it was over, a man came up to me and said, "My name is Harold De Julio. Would you consider accepting a scholarship from the University of San Francisco?"

Even though I lived right across the bay, I actually didn't know there was a University of San Francisco. But I asked no questions. I accepted on the spot. It was the only collegiate offer I ever got. But I couldn't have done any better if I'd had a choice of a dozen. U.S.F. turned out to be a fine school for me. I began majoring in accounting, but later switched to transportation. That might not sound very academic, but I sure learned a lot about transportation, although our basketball traveling really was light compared to the pros'.

I had two first-class basketball teachers while I was at U.S.F. The first was Ross Giudice, the freshman coach. He taught me the fundamentals of a hook shot, and I set a freshman scoring record. The second was Phil Woolpert, the varsity coach. He taught me about play patterns and showed me how a center should help set them up. Woolpert's record while I was in college speaks for itself. We lost one game in my junior year and none the year after, and won the national championship both times.

By the time I was a college sophomore my inferiority complex had disappeared, to be replaced by an insufferably big head. This started when I received a trophy and several paragraphs of publicity for being selected by a San Francisco newspaper as the "most promising young basketball player in the Bay area" during my freshman year. It continued when I made the U.S.F. varsity easily. It got worse when, as the team began to win, the flattering publicity beamed in my direction increased in volume. I began to think I was just about the most important kid in California, more important even than my brother Charley.

Then one night I saw a girl I liked at a university dance. I cut in on her and asked her name.

"Rose Swisher," she replied. "What's yours?"

"Bill Russell."

Having planted the bomb, I waited expectantly for it to explode, but nothing happened. Instead of doing a double-take, she commented, "My, you're tall! How tall are you?"

"Six-nine," I said.

We danced a few steps, and she still didn't show any signs of recognition. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. "Don't you know who I am?" I demanded.

She shook her head. "Why, no," she said. "Should I?"

That taught me another lesson. No matter how famous you think you are, there's always somebody around who never heard of you. I haven't considered myself anything very special since.

Anyway, I never got serious with another girl. Rose and I were married after I returned home from the Olympic games in Australia last winter. Incidentally, at about that time there was a story that I had promised President Eisenhower not to turn professional until the games were over, so that I could play for the United States team. Somebody dreamed that one up. It never happened.

The Olympics were interesting, but we were never under any pressure. None of the teams we faced would have beaten a good American college club. The other countries simply didn't have the physical equipment. We were so big and they were so small that we just toyed with them all through the tournament, which we won easily.

Our shortest man, who stood five feet ten, was an inch taller than Thailand's tallest. We also met Japan, the Philippines, Uruguay and Russia, the latter twice. It was pretty hard to hate the Russians. I couldn't talk to them on account of the language barrier, but I didn't find them obnoxious. Maybe they were under instructions to make themselves agreeable. In any event, they smiled all over the place, and sort of nodded apologies whenever one of their boys fouled one of ours.

The man who was covering me was taller than the others, but nowhere nearly as tall as I. He seemed sort of awed by my height. Between periods and at time-outs he kept looking at me, grinning and making measuring motions with his arms.

The Olympics were fun while they lasted, but I was glad when they ended. I wanted to get home so Rose and I could be married and I could start my professional career. I looked forward to playing for the Celtics, who had acquired N.B.A. draft rights on me in a trade with St. Louis. They gave up Ed Macauley and Cliff Hagan.

There seemed to be some doubt in basketball circles about my professional intentions. The Harlem Globetrotters were supposed to be hot after me with an offer that no N.B.A. club could match, and I was supposed to be considering it.

Actually, I never had any intention of playing for the Globetrotters. I don't know how hot they were after me, but they did offer me more than the Celtics. I wouldn't have accepted three times the amount. To begin with, the Globetrotters live up to their name. They travel all over the world, and keep at it something like forty-eight weeks of the year. It would be impossible to establish any sort of home life. In the second place, their specialty is clowning, and I had no intention of being billed as a funny guy in a basketball uniform. Furthermore, I didn't like the way their representative talked to me. His attitude bordered too closely on contempt.

When I signed a contract with Walter Brown, the president of the Celtics, I had money to spend for the first time in my life. As a kid, I'd always wanted electric trains, but I never could afford them. I bought a set complete with bridges, switches, stations and all sorts of gadgets. I also bought a $7000 automobile with extras, including a record player.

Rose was more sensible. She purchased some clothes and established a family bank account. She's been in charge of our finances ever since. Now that there are three of us and we have bought a house in the Boston suburb of Reading, our finances need a steadier hand than mine.

The Celtics were leading the league by a pretty fair margin when I joined them last year, so it never can be said that they won the title on account of me. I like to think I helped, since I piled up 943 rebounds in forty-eight games and broke the play-off rebound record with 244 in ten games. But for a while I was afraid I was doing the club more harm than good because I was shooting so badly. I hit the bottom of the barrel early in the season when I missed fifteen shots in a row in a game with the Philadelphia Warriors. I finally said to Auerbach, "Red, I can't find the hole in the basket. Hadn't I better quit trying?"

"You'll never find it if you don't keep shooting," he said. "Anyhow, don't worry about it. You're not paid to score points."

I may not be paid to score, but my pride was hurt. My foul shooting in particular was so miserable that I dreaded going to the free-throw line. In college I'd sunk about 55 per cent of my fouls, which isn't good, and in the pro league last season I hit only 49 per cent. Sharman's foul-shooting average has run between 85 and 90 per cent for years. Any good basketball player should hit with at least three quarters of his foul shots.

I practiced every day last summer with my brother Charley, who, after a stretch in the Army, now attends the University of San Francisco. I stood at the foul line hour after hour, repeating two magic words that Bill Sharman told me to say to myself before every shot: "confidence" and "concentration."

I don't know how much all that effort has helped my foul shooting, but I'm sure it will pay off eventually. I pulled my average up a little during the first part of this season, and I was feeling more confident.

Since I'm tall enough to stuff the ball in whenever I'm anywhere near the basket, my shooting percentage from the floor wasn't too bad last year, in spite of that dreadful game against the Warriors. I averaged 14.7 points a game for the season. In the first twenty-five games this season—we won twenty-one of them—I had a 19.5 average, and my shooting percentage was the second best in the league, next to Neil Johnston's.

On rebounds, I was averaging better than twenty-five a game, which would be a season record if I could keep it up. I broke the single-game record with forty-nine rebounds against the Warriors in Boston on November sixteenth.

As for the problem of getting myself keyed up for every game, I've finally developed a system which seems to work pretty well. Each game day I think of one guy on the other team I want to beat worse than anyone else. I concentrate on him all day long, and by the time we start playing, I'm mad enough to murder him.

I've also learned a little about how to play the men I'm supposed to cover. I know, for example, that certain guys are at their best with long, slow, hook shots. I just let them shoot and try to bat the ball back after it leaves their hands. Other guys are all elbows and shoulders, so, in spite of Powles' advice about being a gentleman, I have to be all elbows and shoulders too. I know whom I can outrun and whom I can outreach. But I still can't fathom Pettit. No matter how many shots of his I block, he always comes up with those thirty or thirty-five points.

I've still got a long way to go in this business. I'm so far from being a great basketball player that I feel peculiar every time someone calls me one in print, which happens occasionally. But I think I'm improving. Pretty soon, perhaps, I'll graduate from a lousy pro to a mediocre one.

THE END

The electronic brain poses no threat to the classroom—you will still need a college education to figure out which button to push.

CARL FORSSTROM

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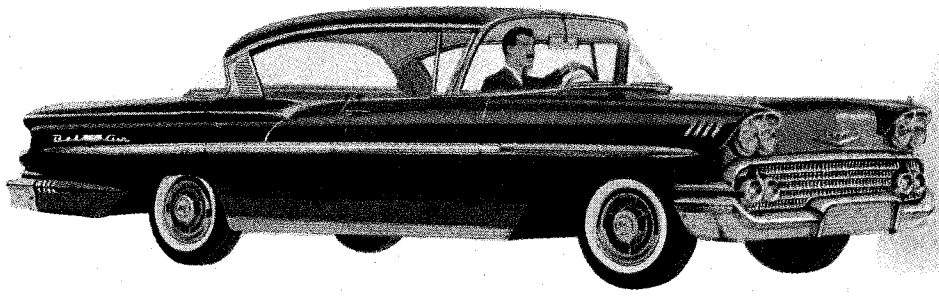

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West of the Law (Continued from Page 45)

the edge of town. At once she renewed her friendship with Hepsie Rennie—indeed Hepsie seemed to be her one friend in Julesburg. Always she dressed in the height of the mode, passing through the streets haughty and aloof. Her reason for bringing herself to that turbulent town, which seemed to offer her nothing either of entertainment or of business, was far from apparent. But she was there, and she remained without apparent objective.

Not blatantly, but adroitly, she cultivated Bednigo and Jack Casement. So clever was she that she made it seem as if the initiative were theirs. She invited them to evening meals of Southern cooking prepared by her own slender hands, and sang to them afterward to the accompaniment of her guitar. Never did she invite either of the men alone. Casement, hulking, with enormous shoulders and thighs, was not one to inquire into motives. Construction genius though he was, General Jack was a simple, direct man to whom a straight line was the shortest distance between points, and who did not deal in ulterior motives. He did not use language to conceal thought, but blurted. He would sit contented, colossal legs stretched to full length, and purr when he was replete after a meal. Then suddenly, as some grievance occurred to him, he would speak his mind without restraint. There was no such thing as a secret to Jack Casement, and his too frank conversation caused Bednigo to cringe.

Potter Nourse made no effort to draw him out. It was unnecessary. Whatever was in his mind came out of its own accord, and if she was there to ply her old wartime occupation as a spy, he supplied her with plenty of matter upon which to report to her superiors, whoever those superiors were.

Tonight he was strident on the subjects of Julesburg and of General Dodge.

"He ought to get back here and tend to his knitting," the general bellowed, "instead of lurkin' around Congress! You can't build a railroad with your backside on a chair in Washington! He'd better mog himself out here and fish or cut bait, or we'll come to a blasted standstill!"

"There are two sides to building a road—or three," Bednigo said. "Besides laying the rails, you've got to finance. And you've got to scratch political backs."

"Scratch hell!" Casement bellowed. "Do you realize what's going on, Claypool? We're laying just half the amount of track a day that we were a month ago. And in a month, that'll be cut in half, if it doesn't stop altogether. And why? I'll tell you why! It's Julesburg and the gang that's running Julesburg! You can't lay track with a crew of hang-overs! You can't lay track with a crew that got robbed of their wages at faro last night! You can't lay track with a crew that hasn't been paid its wages! If this town of Julesburg don't get cleaned up, we might as well shut up shop and go home!"

"Just how would you handle it, general?" Bednigo asked, but his eyes were not on Casement's face, but upon Potter's, watching its every change of expression.

"I'd hang a scalawag to every telegraph pole betwixt here and Omaha," Casement blustered.

"With the scalawags a hundred to one against us?" Bednigo asked. "And every one of them a walking arsenal! This morning I stepped over a body lying in the street in front of the Big Tent. How many in the last month? And who is able to do anything about it?"

"If Grenville Dodge," roared Casement, "would give me the word!"

"There are," said Potter softly, "other jobs." Potter Nourse did not often make mistakes, but this was an error. Not that Casement recognized it as one, but definitely it put Bednigo on his guard.

"Other jobs!" Casement uttered in a voice that almost raised the roof. "Girl, are you suggesting that Jack Casement quits? Quits the top railroad-building job in all history?" He was purple with rage. "Before I'd quit this job—even to be President of the United States—I'd get me a couple guns and go out and clean up this hell hole singlehanded."

"You see," Bednigo smiled, "General Casement and I are a pair of fanatics. Laying rails is our religion. You can't bribe a fanatic, ma'am. You can't lure him away from what he's a fanatic about." There was mild malice in his voice. "Not even with Crédit Mobilier stock," he said, "or offer of a better job."

"But," she said sleekly, "self-preservation might convince where neither stock nor better employment would influence."

"Why, Miss Nourse! Be ye dealin' in threats?" Bednigo asked in broadest New England vernacular.

"Threats!" she exclaimed. Her astonishment seemed unfeigned. "Who am I to make threats? Preposterous! I merely look facts in the face."

"What facts," Bednigo asked, "do you see?"

"Do I need to point them out?" she asked.

Bednigo grinned thinly. "Mebby you kin p'int out suthin I hain't cute enough to 'a' noticed."

"I can point this out," she said straitly: "A man who has gone out of his way to make deadly enemies is safer where there is law to protect him than in Julesburg."

"And a teetotal penetratin' observation that is, ma'am," Bednigo retorted. "Doggone if it don't do ye credit."

"Sometimes," she said hotly, "you try me past endurance."

Bednigo stood up abruptly and stepped toward the kitchen door.

"Where are you going?" Potter demanded imperatively.

"Drink of water," he answered.

Casement smirked. "Makes himself to home, don't he?" he said. "Unpredictable feller. Now take Dodge. He's a heap sight smarter than I am, but he can't make up his mind about Bednigo."

"Can't make up his mind?" Potter asked. "Make up his mind about what?"

Casement had embarrassed himself. He was being indiscreet. To tell it abroad that Dodge sometimes distrusted Claypool was not a wise thing to do.

"Make up his mind," he evaded, and not with great success, "how good a rail layer Claypool is."

Potter did not pursue the subject of General Dodge's doubts about Bednigo, for there was a sudden panted curse outside the front window and a thrashing about as of two bodies in conflict. There was a choked grunt and then a heavy toe kicked the front door.

"Open up, Casement!" Bednigo said in a voice that was somewhat breathless. "Open up!"

Maybe Casement did not think so quickly as some others, but he did act without hesitation. He was across the room and snatched open the door before Potter could voice a word of protest. Through the doorway Bednigo pushed a man who stumbled to his knees and remained there, gasping.

"Thought I'd invite him in," Bednigo said. "Friend of yours, Miss Nourse."

"No friend of mine," she declared, her shoulders against the wall. Her eyes were dark with rage, not at Bednigo, for she did not look at him, but at Laertes Lathrop Skinner.

The deputy boss of Julesburg lurched to his feet, but stood with lowered head.

"Name of Skinner," Bednigo told her. "Laertes Lathrop Skinner. Peerin' through the window. Loitering and lurking. . . . Got any suitable explanation, mister?"

"I'll just go right along to bed.
I'm not worth wasting words on."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I was merely passing," Skinner said, finding his voice at last, "when you pounced on me without reason. For which I demand an explanation."

"Merely passing," Bednigo said, "on tiptoe with your double chin on the window sill. Spying on Miss Nourse, were you?"

"I rebut the accusation, sir. I cast the aspersion back in your teeth. I am not favored with the lady's acquaintanceship. Only at a distance have I seen her." He glanced in her direction and his over-red lips were moist. "To my deep regret, madam—my very, very deep regret."

"Then," said Bednigo, "you were spying on General Casement or me. In whose behalf? Don't stand there slobbering, Skinner. Recite a pretty piece."

"Who is this man?" demanded Potter. "What is the meaning of this violence in my house?"

"Ma'am," Bednigo said softly, "surely you don't call this violence! Gentle as kittens, the general and I. So you're not acquainted with Mr. Skinner, Miss Nourse? That takes me aback. Yes'm. That flabbergasts me. Because he's the right-hand man of a close friend of yours. What ye might call his alter ego. Ma'am, I'm everlastin' surprised that you haven't met so famous a personage."

"Claypool," Skinner said, his pale eyes bulging grotesquely, "my candid advice to you, sir, is to cease and desist from molesting me or turning me into a figure of fun. Other gentlemen have found that an unprofitable amusement. I am not without consequence in this town."

The matter was taken out of Bednigo's hands. Casement had contained himself to this moment, listening with his huge head on one side, sorting out the facts and letting them digest slowly. Now he emitted a bellow, "Why, ye great, white-bellied slug under a wet stone!" he said. "You're him that's been thwarting me and the railroad! Him that can't be got at because he's too powerful to be touched! I'll touch ye, ye scut, ye sweepings of the pig sty! Jack Casement's my name, for ye to remember!"

He cuffed Skinner first with a right hand and then with a left. He swung the man around and frog-marched him to the door, which still stood open, and then, with a kick that would have earned him the envy of a football player, he punted Skinner out of the house, down the steps to the ground. He grinned and rubbed his hands together with satisfaction.

"He'll know him and his thugs haven't cowed Jack Casement," he said, and sat down in a chair and purred.

Potter, still backed against the wall, eyes staring, lovely mouth open, stretched out a hand to steady herself.

"General," she whispered, "general, you shouldn't have done that. He's a terrible man. He'll have your life for it."

"Terrible man, is he?" Bednigo asked. "I thought my ears just heard you say you had no acquaintance with him. . . . Well, ma'am, Miss Nourse, it must have been a fatiguing interlude. The general and I thank you for your hospitality and bid you good evening."

The general turned to the right, Bednigo to the left. The younger man had not walked fifty yards when he halted, listening.

"Whoever it is," he said, "come out where I can see you."

"'Tis nobuddy but meself," called Rory from the darkness.

"And why, me broth of a boy, are you following me?"

"'Twas not you I dogged," Rory said, "but the fat one wid a cheek like the belly of a fish."

"And why, Rory, did you follow him?"

"'Tis a nightly chore," Rory said. "Each night the spalpeen slinks through

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highways and byways to rap on the door of yon painted woman."

"Painted woman? Do you mean Miss Nourse?"

"What she calls herself I'll not be knowin'," Rory said. "But seldom's the night the gr-rr-reat hog does not visit her and bide for an hour. They sit in yon parlor and blether. To the likes of me, it looks, sorr, as if she were givin' the man his orders." He hitched step to get in stride with Bednigo. "Sorr," he said in an offended voice, "I like not to see ye nuzzlin' in sich a pasture. Of the two of thim, Miss Hepsie is a hunnerd times the grandest, and you're no bein' thrue to her. . . . Good night to ye, sorr, and more fittin' behavior tomorrow's eve."

Rory darted away into the night. Bednigo walked on to his quarters with half a smile on his lips. But it was only half a smile.

Bednigo tapped the telegraph operator on the shoulder. "John," he said, "I want copies of all telegrams to Wesley Maury, Laertes Skinner and Miss Potter Nourse."

"I hope I don't get caught at it," John said uneasily. "I wouldn't want those men down on me."

"So," Bednigo said in disgust, "they've got you cowed too?"

"I like being alive," John said.

Bednigo could not blame the man. It was a general state of mind. The decent, diligent population of Julesburg was indeed cowed, and why should it not be? If the Union Pacific Railroad, with all its wealth and power, could not curb lawlessness in this town, then it was time for common people to take cover.

The instrument commenced to clatter and the operator took pencil in hand. It was a short message.

"It's for that Miss Nourse," the operator said. "Nothin' much. All it says is: 'Dress pattern left Boston today.'"

In that day when the ordinary citizen used the telegraph only to send news of a death in the family, it was noteworthy that the wire should be used to tell a young lady that a dress pattern had been sent to her. Bednigo was skeptical.

He crossed from the station to local headquarters. At Jack Casement's desk sat General Dodge, who had arrived from Washington the day before. Last night Bednigo and Casement had shown their chief the night life of Julesburg and left him to sleep on the knowledge his prowling in strange places had afforded to him. He called to Bednigo.

"I thought you and Jack were croaking like a pair of scared ravens," he said gravely. "I was wrong. You understated conditions. What I saw and what I have learned make an intolerable state of affairs."

"It was bad in Kearney," Bednigo said. "It was worse in North Platte. Here, sir, it is abominable."

"Do they dare actually interfere with railroad work?"

"They interfere with everything. They run the town their own way, sir. The railroad has no more authority here than it has in darkest Africa."

Dodge banged his fist upon the desk. "I want this town cleaned up!"

"Using what for a mop, general?" asked Bednigo.

"Run the gamblers and thugs out of town."

"They outnumber us fifty to one."

"Bednigo," Dodge said grimly, "this is only one phase of a bad condition. Everything is in a mess, from Washington to Salt Lake—finances, internal politics, morale of the workers. If this state of affairs should stop the work here or even slow it dangerously, the results in the East would be tragic. The whole structure might crash—and it might be years before the building of this railroad could be resumed."

"Yes, sir," Bednigo answered.

"I can't be everywhere," Dodge said worriedly. "I'm needed in Washington. I'm needed in Boston and in Omaha. One man can't do everything that must be done over a distance of two thousand miles."

"Why, no, sir," Bednigo said stolidly. "But there's one thing you can do."

The general frowned. Bednigo's voice had been close to the point of impudence. It implied a criticism. Dodge, long used to command, to the protocol of army channels and authority, was on the point of taking offense.

"And what can I do?" he asked shortly. "You imply that I have omitted something essential."

"And so you have, sir," Bednigo said.

"And what might that be, young man?"

"To delegate authority, sir."

It was daring. It might have been an impertinence, but General Dodge was a man of intelligence.

"So," he asked quietly, "I fail to delegate authority?"

"Yes, sir," Bednigo said.

"To your way of thinking, what authority should I delegate?"

"Authority to go to war in Julesburg."

"And to whom should I give that authority?"

"To Jack Casement and me," Bednigo said.

"You understand what that implies?"

"It implies, general, that you should go back to Washington, or Boston, or wherever you have business, and shut your eyes and ears."

"Leaving you and Jack Casement to your own devices!" Dodge exclaimed. "I've heard enough of your devices, Bednigo. Blowing up freight shipments! Shooting men down ruthlessly! What would Congress say? What would financiers in Boston and New York have to say if I sanctioned violence and bloodshed. And without color of the law?"

Bednigo was somber. "General, since the dawn of history, whenever men have needed law, they have made it. Rough-and-ready law. You need not be afraid of Congress or financiers, if we succeed. You'll be a hero, sir. You will have met an emergency with promptness and resolution."

"But—but ——" Dodge still hesitated. "Can you and Casement handle it?"

Bednigo grinned wryly. "We can give it a good rassle," he said. And then he paused and laid both palms on the desk top. "General, how have you come out with that financing? We've got to satisfy the men, and quickly."

"Thank heaven!" Dodge answered, "the Ames brothers have raised enough to tide us over. A million dollars."

"When does it come?" Bednigo asked.

"This is, of course, very secret. It will leave Boston in a few days."

"How much will come here to Julesburg?"

"You will need around four hundred thousand dollars for wages current and overdue for supplies."

"In specie?" Bednigo asked.

"In gold and silver. There's no other way to handle it."

"It will be arriving, then, in a couple of weeks?"

"It should," General Dodge answered.

"Did it occur to you, general, that there may be a reception committee waiting for it?"

"What reception committee?"

"Of thugs and murderers and gamblers and thieves," Bednigo said. "Sending that great sum of cash to Julesburg is what you might call, in good Southern language, a right peart temptation."

"But it is confidential. These outlaws will not know it is en route or that it has arrived."

"On that," Bednigo said shortly, "I would not bank."

Into his mind popped the wording of the telegram that by this time would have been delivered to Potter Nourse.

"Already they know when the dress pattern will be shipped from Boston."

"What nonsense is that?" Dodge demanded. Bednigo shrugged his powerful, sagging shoulders. He became really impertinent this time.

"No nonsense, general. It's time for you to fish or cut bait."

The general's handsome face was grave but there were white spots at the corners of his jaw. He had faced the issue and reached a decision.

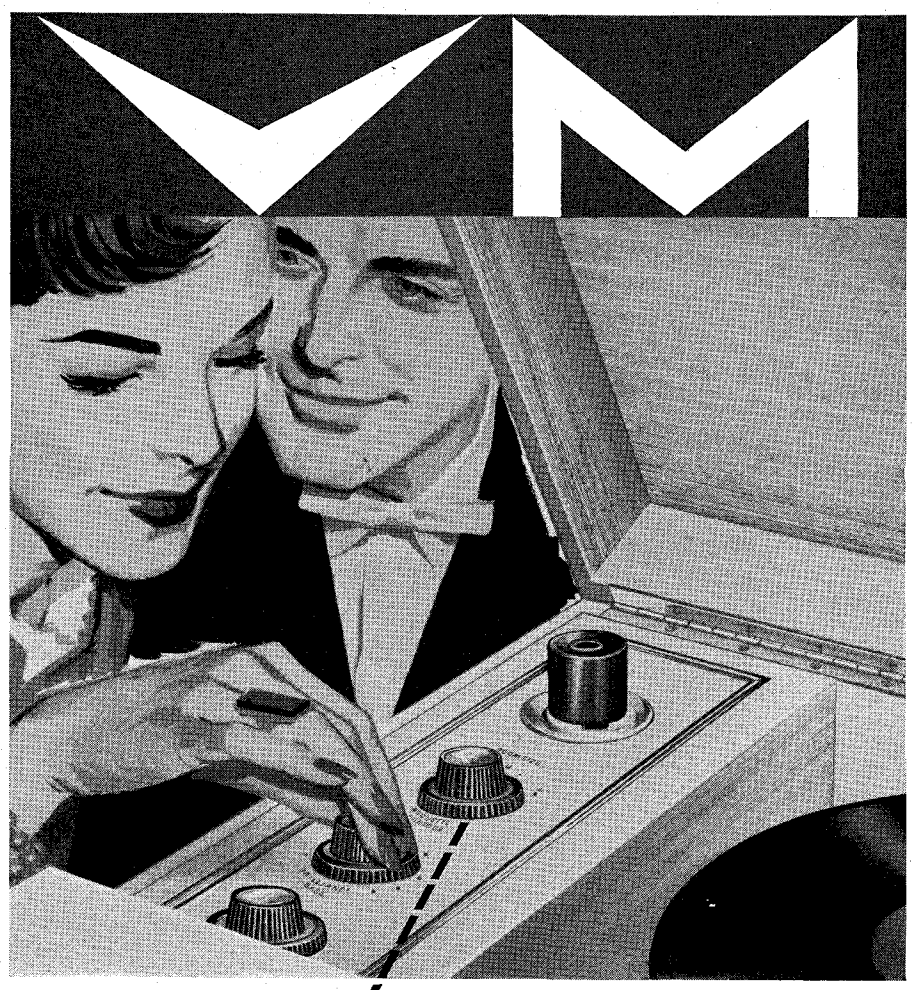
"Bednigo, I'm compelled to go the whole hog in trusting you. There always has been a shadow of doubt."

"I know," Bednigo said.

"This can be my ruin, young man."

"That I realize, sir."

There was a slight hesitation before Dodge spoke the decisive words. But



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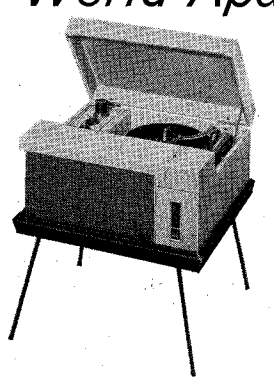

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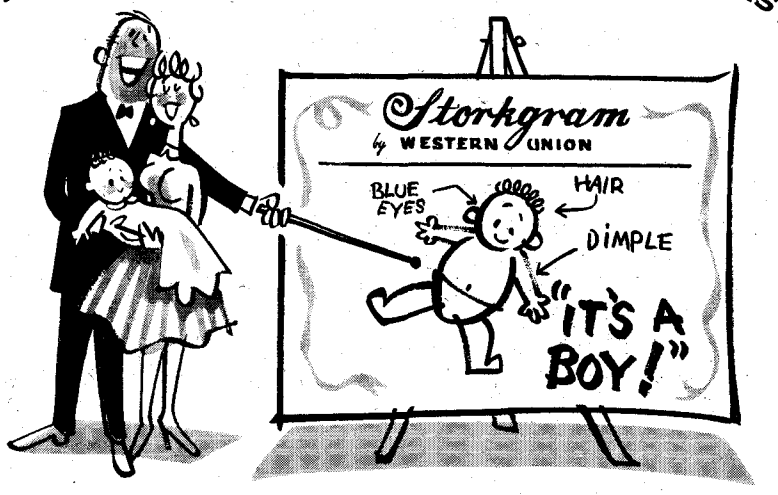

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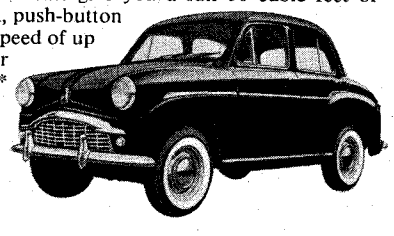

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they came at last. "Clean up this town, you and Casement," he said. "You have full authority and all my backing."

"Obleeged, sir," Bednigo said. "I'll be moggin' along, sir. I got errands to run."

He took a handcar the few miles to the end of track and found Jack Casement driving the sullen crew to greater efforts.

Bednigo drew him aside. "General," he said, "we've got the go-ahead signal. I just left Dodge. We've orders to clean up Julesburg."

Burly Jack Casement dusted his huge palms together and his heavy face lighted with pleasure.

"Come on," he said.

"Whoa!" Bednigo said. "It's a campaign. You have to plan a campaign."

"Got any ideas?"

"Yes," Bednigo said. "Dodge is going to be looking the other way. So we've got a free hand. How do you and General Gibbon get along?"

"We drink out of the same bottle," Casement answered.

"Will he lend us full marching equipment for fifty men?"

Casement frowned. "Out of Government stores? It'll take some arguing to convince him. I'll manage it. He's Dodge's friend, and Sherman's and Grant's."

"If possible," Bednigo said, "have them delivered at North Platte."

"Right," Casement said promptly. "Who's going to wear the uniforms?"

"We've got more than fifty old soldiers working on the line."

"A hundred and fifty."

"Tonight," Bednigo said, "we'll go over the payrolls and pick out our fifty. We'll send 'em to North Platte. Double pay."

"Can't spare fifty men," Casement objected.

"Sparing fifty men for two weeks will be better than stopping the whole job."

With that Casement agreed. "Did Dodge say when the payroll money gets here?" he asked.

"Inside of ten days," Bednigo told him.

"We'd better have our job done before it arrives," Casement said, "or the men may never get their wages."

"It's our responsibility," Bednigo said.

"Four or five hundred thousand dollars in hard money!" Casement said. "They've no right to make us responsible for it!"

"But that's what they're doing," Bednigo replied glumly.

"Young feller," Casement said, "act quick and keep a still tongue in your head. It mustn't leak out that we're going to war."

"Indeed it must not," Bednigo said with emphasis.

At the end of the day's work, Casement and Bednigo rode back to Julesburg on the work train. Bednigo washed, shaved and changed from his working clothes, then strolled to Mrs. Beebe's restaurant for supper. On the menu was antelope steak and fried potatoes and corn from a can, with berry pie and coffee. Bednigo ate with the appetite of a man who had labored in the open air. Mrs. Beebe stopped at his chair to chat a moment.

"We're doing mostly a credit business," she said crossly. "If the railroad hain't got money to pay the men, how does it expect me to feed 'em? Drat it! Everybody's awaitin' for that cash to come! Hear it'll git here next week. Hope so."

"Who told you it would be here next week?" Bednigo asked.

"Nobuddy in p'tic'lar," she said. "Everybuddy talks it."

The room was half filled, for it was early. Two new patrons came in from the street and Bednigo tensed when he recognized both Laertes Lathrop Skinner and Wesley Maury. So Maury had returned to town from his mysterious absence! They walked down the aisle between the tables and both nodded casually to Bednigo, as if he were a mere acquaintance. There was no show of animosity on the part of either—a situation which Bednigo did not like. They found chairs and gave their orders and paid Bednigo not the slightest attention. Bednigo finished his pie, gulped his coffee and pushed back his chair. Mrs. Beebe returned from the kitchen, but did not pause at his table. But her lips moved and she said in a whisper, "Hepsie wants to see ye. Go out the front door and hurry in the back way."

Bednigo sat a couple of moments and then arose and took his departure. He circled discreetly to the kitchen door and entered without rapping. Hepsie, a cloth around her head, sleeves rolled up, feet in slippers, was directing operations, but paused as she saw Bednigo enter. She motioned to her own room and he followed.

"Rory just came in," she said. "He thought you ought to know."

"Know what?" he asked.

"Maury is back in town," she said.

"I saw him inside, eating with Skinner," he said.

"But that," she said, "is not what worried Rory. General Jack Casement is in the Big Tent announcing for everybody to hear that he and you have been ordered to run the gamblers and ruffians out of Julesburg."

Bednigo sighed. "Bad," he said, "but no more than I expected."

"Sit down," she said, "and smoke your cigar."

He sat for an hour, drowsing and thinking. To his ears came the bustle of the kitchen, and from outside, the night sounds of Julesburg commenced their raucous assault upon the ear. It was dark when he arose from his chair, nodded his thanks to Hepsie and went out into the evening. He strolled, perhaps unwisely. It was no time for carelessness, but he was preoccupied. Jack Casement's belligerence and lack of discretion vexed him, but discreet or not, there was no fighting man Bednigo would rather have at his side than General Jack.

As he moved along he became aware that he was being followed. He stopped and turned, ready for anything, and strode back to confront his two shadows. They were neither gamblers nor scalawags, but two section foremen well known to him.

"What's the idea, gentlemen?" he asked sharply. "Following me is a good way to earn a sore ear."

They were embarrassed. "'Tain't our fault. It's friendly meant," said one of the men.

"Meaning what?" Bednigo demanded.

"We got orders to see ye got home safe 'n' sound."

"Orders from whom?" Bednigo asked in astonishment.

"From Miss Hepsie," said the man. And then, defensively, "What Miss Hepsie orders us to do, we do."

"So fur's we're concerned," said the other, "she's the boss woman."

"All right," Bednigo said. "I'll go home now and save you any further bother."

So Hepsie had detained him in the kitchen until she could provide him with bodyguards! It was not precisely the sort of attention one expected from a young woman.

Work on the line was at a standstill. The humor of the men had passed from sullen to belligerent. Any work that was done was in less than a halfhearted manner. The laborers gathered in mut-

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tering groups and busy troublemakers circulated, fomenting discontent.

Jack Casement roared and threatened futilely. Bednigo went about quietly, listening and estimating the danger, and putting in a restraining word when he could find an ear that would listen. Something had brought matters to a head, but he could not determine if the near-mutiny was general or merely local. The immediate cause was an Indian raid in which three rail layers had been killed. But that, as nearly as Bednigo could determine, was a pretext.

He stopped to listen to a reedy man with eyes set so close together that they seemed to be crossed. This orator stood on the bank of a cut and ranted against the railroad in the best anarchistic vein, but the backbone of his harangue was money. They had been promised their wages in full, he screeched, but they had touched no money. It was all lies, corporation lies, that huge sums of money had been sent West for payrolls. The company was bankrupt. The line and the men who were building it would be abandoned to the Indians, left at the mercy of the savages by the railroad and by a bribed Government. In this vein he went on and on, and irresponsible as his words might be, they fell upon eager ears and were greeted with bellicose roars.

Bednigo drew Casement aside. "This thing," he said, "is getting out of hand."

"It's already out of hand. Some of the gang bosses have joined in. They won't listen. Even the calmer heads won't listen."

"They're being egged on to violence," Bednigo said. "General, that money from the East is in Omaha. It mustn't come farther."

"It's got to come!" Casement snarled. "We must have that cash! We've got to pay the men! Nothing else will bring peace!"

"If this state of affairs reaches Julesburg," Bednigo said, "there'll be rioting. At all costs, we must halt that money. To bring half a million dollars into a town in a state of anarchy will be to have it stolen. That, general, is what is behind all this uproar."

"All the same," the general said stubbornly, "it must come."

Suddenly the muttering concentrated and became a roar. The scattered groups became a mob with a purpose, and leaders emerged to direct. It was a thing planned. From far down the tracks men came running, and the mob increased in size. As one man, it moved toward the construction train. They surrounded the engine and imprisoned the engineer. They scrambled aboard the flatcars until each platform was a seething body of men. They rode on the tender and the cowcatcher and crowded into the cab. Not an inch of space but had its determined occupant, and, whistling exultantly, defiantly, the engine puffed and started along the rails to Julesburg.

Bednigo ran to the shack which housed the telegraph instruments. The telegrapher had joined the mob, but Bednigo could use the code. His first wire was to North Platte, where his fifty volunteers were camped. His second was to Omaha, in direct contravention of Jack Casement's commands. "Hold all money shipments in emergency," it said tersely. The third wire was to Julesburg to a subordinate he could trust. "Cut wire between Julesburg and North Platte," it said. "Julesburg must be isolated."

He had done all he could do by wire. On a siding stood a handcar, and he and Casement climbed aboard and grasped its handles to pump their way to Julesburg, and darkness was commencing to fall when they arrived. The Big Tent was a drunken, seething mass of men ready for trouble. Another mob paraded the streets, singing and roaring. Even the gamblers and ruffians who policed the town in their own interests had lost control of things. Anarchy was in command.

Casement and Bednigo could not lay hands on a dozen men who had kept their heads. They were alone and helpless, and their personal danger was acute. If Maury and Skinner wished to be rid of these two men, there never could come a better time than now.

But, strangely enough, even in the midst of unrestrained rioting, there came to the surface an urge for organization, for the democratic process of public meeting. There emerged an instinctive desire to proceed with some kind of order. Bednigo was aware of this movement and it brought encouragement.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Crossing the Ice

By Herbert Merrill

Between the frozen lake
and sky
There moves a solitary
speck,
A curious, two-legged I
Pacing the winter's
quarter-deck.
Caught between
immensities,
Neither of which I
understand,
I watch the blue infinities
That yawn above the edge
of land;
Then downward bow my
head to stare
Through windows of clear
ice. My breath
Curls like a question mark
in air,
As I tread softly over death
And see him wait below
the thin
Pane that will not let me in.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

He left Casement in headquarters and walked down the street past the Big Tent to Mrs. Beebe's eating place. It was closed. When the rioting commenced, the women had shut their doors and retired to the kitchen. Bednigo sought admission through the back door, and it was opened to him. Mrs. Beebe and Hepsie sat there with a visitor. The visitor was Potter Nourse.

"You got an extry cup of coffee?" Bednigo asked diffidently.

"To be sure," Mrs. Beebe said. "Haow'd ye git here? We was hopin' ye had sense enough to stay away."

"But," Hepsie said, "we knew you wouldn't have."

Potter Nourse looked at Hepsie and raised her brows sardonically. Then she nodded. "I reckon," she said in her soft Southern voice, "that's the way you impress people." Her lip curled. "Ear fo'ever opened to the call of duty," she said.

Hepsie leaned across the table to place a cup of coffee. "How bad is it?" she asked.

"The men," he said slowly, "will cool down in time. May do a sight of damage whilst they're riled. That can be bad, Hepsie, but what may go on under cover of the rioting can be worse."

"Does it mean a general strike? A tie-up of construction?"

"That I doubt," he said between gulps of hot coffee. "Money's come from the East. Wages'll be paid in Omaha and Fort Kearney and North Platte. That'll keep things on an even keel. No, ma'am, I calc'late the trouble's concentrated right here."

"When can the men be paid?" she asked.

"Except for this disturbance, not later than the day after tomorrow."

"But they don't believe it."

"They'll believe nothing reasonable," Bednigo said.

"Bednigo," Hepsie said in a voice so low it was almost inaudible, "they're not bad men. They're rough and they're tough, and many of them are ignorant. But they're kind and grateful underneath. They mustn't be hurt. There mustn't be fighting."

"It will be hard to prevent it," Bednigo said somberly.

The door burst open and Rory came into the room like a small whirlwind. He skidded to a stop, eyes big and sparkling with excitement. For him, life was being wonderful, crammed with melodrama.

"How do ye do, sorr," he said politely to Bednigo. "Is it not gr-r-r-and and wonnerful, sorr? 'Tis glad I am to be alive this day!"

Bednigo was able to grin.

Mrs. Beebe sniffed. "What he needs is a hick'ry stick," she said tartly.

"A meetin' they're agoin' to have, sorr. In the railroad yards forninst the station. And whin they're done wid speech-makin' and all, they're agoin' to burn the town and tear up the tracks. Wid thim men—the pair of thim—Skinner and Maury eggin' thim on."

Bednigo finished his coffee and stood up. "Stay off the streets tonight, all of you." He frowned at Rory. "And that means you," he said. "You'll be safe here."

"Unless," said Mrs. Beebe, "they take it into their heads to burn the town."

Bednigo started for headquarters to join Casement. The town, without street lighting, was a great gulf of blackness, except around the Big Tent with its flares. Stores had closed and their lamps had been extinguished. Dim illumination reached the street from a few windows. But to make the scene more garish, more like an anteroom to Hades, flaring torches bobbed and swayed as excited men milled and paraded.

Men, thought Bednigo as he hurried along in the shadows, who were not intelligent enough to solve a problem always resorted to violence. Since Cain and Abel, violence had been the solution of all troubles. Individuals used fists or knives or guns. Nations led by men only slightly more intelligent launched armies. But in its emergencies, public or private, mankind must batter and bruise, maim or burn or slaughter.

Had he been aware that Hepsie disregarded his order to stay within walls that night, his musings would have been less philosophical. No sooner had he left Mrs. Beebe's kitchen than Hepsie hurried into her room and put on a dress suitable for out of doors. It was an unbecoming, ill-fitting gown. She gave no attention either to hair or face, but she did put on a hat—and it was no ordinary bonnet. It was a hat known to every railroad man the length of the line. It had been given her by laboring men as a token of gratitude and esteem, and no dance-hall girl or prostitute in Julesburg owned longer or finer ostrich plumes than flared from its crown. No man seeing her on the streets that night but would recognize her and make way for her.

"Sakes alive!" Mrs. Beebe exclaimed, as the girl emerged from her room. "What you up to naow?"

"Maybe," Hepsie said simply, "I can help."

"More like to git mauled," Mrs. Beebe said.

Potter Nourse's beautiful face exhibited varied emotions. There was astonishment, amusement, something like admiration in her eyes as the corner of her lovely mouth bent in a sneer. "What," she demanded, "do you think you can do?" It was a gibe.

"Why," answered Hepsie, "I don't know."

They did not try to stop her as she opened the door and went out. Rory followed at her heels, big eyes glittering with excitement. Hepsie went past the Big Tent and its uproar, and walked toward the station, where the mob seemed to have congregated. A flatcar had been pushed into position as a platform from which self-appointed leaders were striving to make themselves heard. Hepsie reached the fringe of the mob and was recognized.

"Miss Hepsie! It's Miss Hepsie!" voices cried.

"Let me through, please," she asked, not knowing yet what she intended, but instinctively pressing forward to the center of things. An aisle was opened for her and there was a scattering cheer as she passed through to the denser throng around the flatcar.

"Let me through! Let me through!" she reiterated, thrusting herself onward until she reached the track. The eager orators competing with one another for the ear of the mob fell silent as her bobbing plumes appeared.

"Help me up, please," she directed, and half a dozen bearded, half-drunken men hoisted her as gently as they could to the floor of the car.

As she stood there blinking in the flare of the torches, uncertain what to do, a real cheer arose and the mob pressed closer.

Jack Casement and Bednigo arrived on the scene as Hepsie was boosted to the platform. Bednigo uttered a strangled ejaculation and lunged forward.

"Hepsie! Hepsie!" he shouted.

Somehow he managed to shoulder his way to the center of things. He vaulted to the floor of the flatcar, and a bellow of rage burst from the mob as they recognized an official of the railroad. He brushed aside the orators and grasped Hepsie by the shoulders.

"Idiot! Idiot!" he said furiously.

She placed her palms against his breast to shove him away. "Let me talk to them!" she said excitedly. "They'll listen to me! They'll listen to me!"

There was a shot from the rear of the crowd—a shot intended for Bednigo Claypool. But the marksman was jostled or hurried. The bullet missed the young man, but it found a target. Hepsie Rennie uttered a little cry, stood an instant and then sank to the floor.

Bednigo stood rigid, his narrowed eyes scrutinizing the mob. There, where the shot had been fired, stood Laertes Lathrop Skinner and Wesley Maury. But it was Maury who returned a long-barreled Navy Colt's to his waistband.

Bednigo stooped, raised Hepsie's limp body in his arms and confronted the men, and his voice penetrated to the edge of the crowd. "The Big Tent!" he roared. "The Big Tent has murdered Hepsie!"

There was an instant's stillness. Then a bellow of rage roared upward from the mob. It was given a new direction and a new, savage purpose. Almost as one man, it turned in its tracks and surged toward the Big Tent.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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Rough Treatment (Continued from Page 24)

His new book, about Henry VIII, and the year of research he was going to spend in London? He had tried, and she had looked blank and said, "It's nice that you can travel and see all them places."

Laura came out and sat with the old lady. They started winding wool yarn together and talked in quiet tones. Laura could take anything in her stride. Laura was wonderful, anyway. Look at her, the mother of his two children, thirty and slim and delicately tanned, chic as a fashion model in her halter and peasant skirt, bright and gay and intelligent. And all this had emerged from beginnings as humble as his own. From a land-poor Illinois farm she had won a scholarship to Barnard, just as he had won a scholarship to Columbia; and she wasn't even Irish. *What an odd thought*, he said to himself, *and where did it come from?*

It came from an impatience which he well knew was unreasonable and based on the popular notion that the Irish are a spirited, poetic people, all of whom have kissed the Blarney stone. It amounted to a vague resentment that his family somehow refused to be colorful. The speech of his parents had scarcely a trace of the imagery and rhythms of their native land—the land of Synge and O'Casey. Even the rich lore of Irish Catholicism had bypassed them, for they were Protestants from the north, monotonous with rectitude. Pa, for instance, a bartender, had never had one too many in all his life.

Floyd turned on his side, facing the two women. His father was something to talk about. He had never clearly understood why his father hadn't come with his mother last June. Both had been invited, and handsomely, for the house had a new wing and at last there was room. But only his mother accepted, and her brief explanation was, "Pa and I decided one is company and two's a crowd." He assumed they had other motives as well. Perhaps, though very fond of each other, they secretly welcomed the change. In truth, Floyd had been relieved, and not for snobbish reasons, for he and Laura were unpretentious socially. But one was easier than two. Anyway, his father was something to talk about.

"Ma."

"Yes, Floyd?"

"You know we really wanted pa, don't you?"

"Oh, he's fine, Floyd. Sure, he's all right."

"You're not answering my question."

"Give up," said Laura. "She won't budge. Two is a crowd, and your father likes it in St. Louis, and that's her story."

"I don't get it. Those St. Louis summers are hot."

"Sure he's got the air conditioner you sent the money for. He's all right, Floyd."

"What do you hear from him? What's he doing with himself?"

"Oh, he does the baby-sitting for Zelda, and he eats at Mary's. I showed you the letters from Mary and Zelda."

"Wait a minute. Are there no letters from him? Hasn't he written you? In three months?"

"He knows I get the news."

"Let's call him!" said Laura. "Right now!"

"Save yourself the expense, Laura. Sure I'll be seeing him tomorrow."

"Look here," said Floyd. "Wouldn't you like to talk to him?"

"He won't be home, anyway. He'll be off in the park with Zelda's children."

"O.K.," said Floyd, yawning.

What the devil, he said to himself. *Drop it. Nobody can say I'm not a good son.*

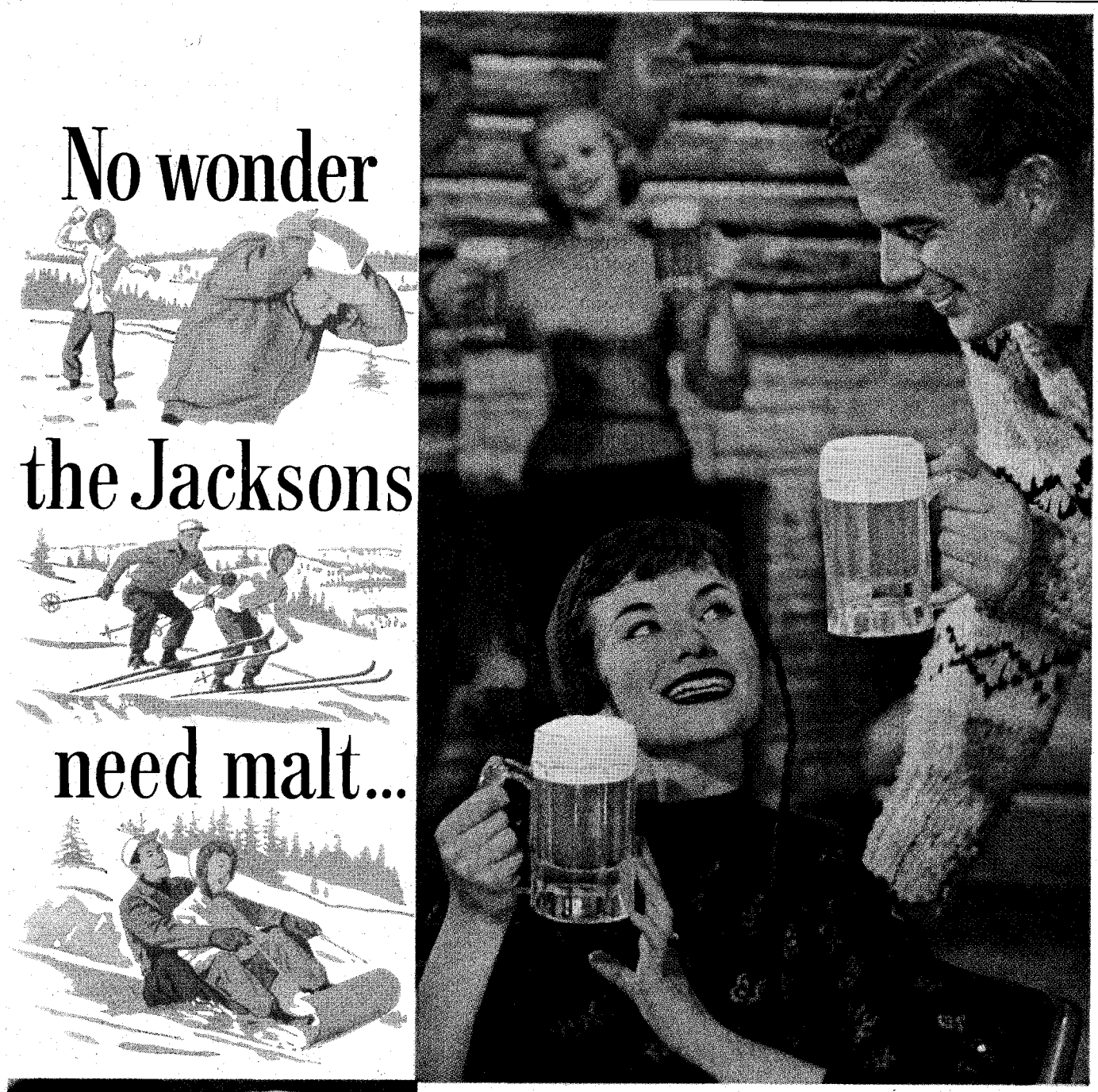
He had been supporting them ever since the success of Catherine, which had seemed to go to his father's head. The old man until then had been a steady character, tending bar in a neighborhood café, handling weddings and parties on the side, paying his bills and contented. Now suddenly he found a great opportunity to open a café of his own; it required but a down payment of a few thousand. Floyd sent the money. Soon a few more thousand were needed, and Floyd came through again. Then the café failed, and pa had fine reasons to explain it; but there was another café, sure-fire; this one couldn't miss.

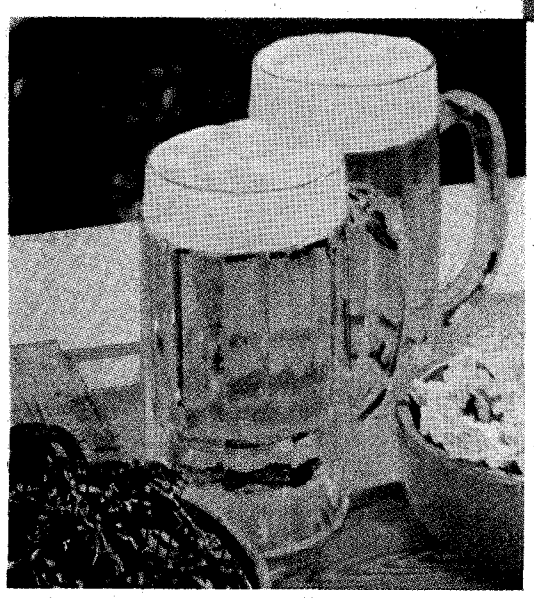
Floyd, due in Hollywood for the filming of Catherine, flew first to St. Louis. Between planes he met the family at the airport—pa, ma, the two married sisters with their husbands, the schoolteacher sister and the kid brother he was sending through Missouri U—and he could see for himself. Obviously pa as an entrepreneur was a bad risk, and none of the others were in a position to contribute. On the other hand, it would be a cruel letdown for pa to go back to his old job.

So Floyd said, "Why don't you retire and enjoy life? I can't afford any more cafés, but I'll take a chance on your upkeep." They both made a show of protest, but Floyd won.

"Well," Laura was saying, "pa will be pleased at how well you look, won't he?"

"I guess so," said ma, head low, winding the yarn.





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"I hate to see you go," Laura said. "If we didn't have to leave for England ——"

"She'll be glad to get back to the old man, anyway," Floyd said. "This is the longest you've been away from each other—am I right?"

His mother reached for a handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes. Floyd thought: *Why is she crying? Because she loves him. Then why won't she phone him and why doesn't he write her? Because neither has anything to say.*

Those two would make a love story, of course. But he knew he wasn't the one to write it. Even the pathetic bankrupt adventure with the café—how do you make it exciting? Build it up with the bartender's secret dream of a gaudy, neon-lighted night club, sparkling with tycoons and doxies in mink? That wasn't pa! Or do you get intensity by dwelling on his pain at the failure? It wouldn't ring true. The old man had expected to fail, had lived with failure all his life and was comfortable with it. Pa's one bit of color, his "weakness" for the horses, did have a twist in it, for he had never been to a race track in his life, nor had he ever bet more than two dollars, and even now, when he spent a few hours every day in the corner cigar store, the bets were restrained, although the monthly check from Floyd allowed for an occasional splurge. It was a character touch, and Floyd might use it someday.

The wool was now a ball, and his mother had picked up her knitting. From the house came the shouts of the children.

"They're getting noisier every day," Laura said.

"Oh, sure they're a pleasure," said ma.

The kids came skittering out, and Laura got up, ready to herd them off to the beach. Brynie, a solid boy of six, braked to a stop.

"Have a nice nap, children?" ma inquired.

"Yes, grandma," said Brynie.

"That's nice."

Sheila, four and incessant, scrambled up beside her. "What you knitting?"

"Socks for your pa, dear."

"Oh."

Laura said, "All right, let's go!"

Their voices died away.

"What are you thinking about, ma?"

"Oh, nothing special."

"When you sit in the living room by the window —— Every afternoon when I finish work I find you there alone, looking at the tropical fish in the bowl. What do you think about? Your girlhood in Donegal County?"

"Oh, Floyd, that's such a long time ago."

"What *do* you think about?"

Ma put her knitting down. "Well, I watch them goldfishes. There's a little red goldfish and there's a big purple one that's always chasing him, but the little one's too quick for him. Sure, there's always something going on."

"You enjoy that, do you? I mean ——"

"Floyd, all my life this is the first time I could sit and look at goldfishes as long as I want and whenever I've a mind to. It's a real pleasure."

He was moved. "I'll order a bowl of—of goldfish for the apartment in St. Louis. Or you buy them and I'll ——"

"Oh, Floyd, I thank you for the thought, but I'd rather be remembering these goldfishes."

"Ma . . . did you ever in your life want anything for yourself?"

She smiled tolerantly. "Oh, sure."

"What?"

"Oh, lots of things."

"For instance?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Did you ever see a hat that you coveted? Or a pair of shoes? Or a man?" She gave him an amiably shocked smile. "Or a piece of jewelry? Take the dress you're wearing. Is it just the same to you as any other dress?"

She glanced down at her uninspired green-and-white plaid dress. "It's a nice dress. I picked it out. Don't you like it?" She looked worried.

"Oh, I like it very much."

"Laura said she likes it. But if you ——"

"I do, I really do!" He thought of his father now. He said, "Look; about the goldfish bowl. You may not want it for yourself, but won't pa enjoy it?" She turned quickly away, dabbing at her eyes again. "I mean when he comes home from the cigar-store bookie and there's nothing special on the TV ——" He stopped, for she was quietly sobbing. "What's the matter, ma?"

She kept on sobbing. Floyd got up. She turned her head farther away, showing only the smooth gray hair, tied in a knot at the back. He went over and sat on a stool, facing her. She stopped herself with an effort, still trying to hide the reddening, faded blue eyes, the long-suffering thin mouth grimacing helplessly in grief.

Floyd had a weird hunch. "Don't you want to go back?"

"It's all right," she said brokenly. "Everything is all right." She got up. "Excuse me. I'm sorry I'm a one who has to turn into a burden, as if other people have no troubles of their own."

"Sit down," Floyd said. She sat, looking wretchedly at the flagstoned ground. "Anything wrong between you and pa?"

"I don't want to talk about it. It's nothing for my son to hear. I shouldn't have brought it up the first place."

"You didn't bring it up. I did. . . . Does anybody else know? The family?"

"God forbid."

"And you've had this thing on your mind all summer! . . . Well, I'm not going to let you go home like this, do you hear? You know you can talk to me."

"I got nothing to say, Floyd. It's an open-and-shut subject."

Floyd had a definite feeling that she wanted to talk. It struck him that she had been wanting to talk from the moment she first dabbed at her eyes; that she had been calling attention to her sorrow; that, being unaccustomed to outpouring, she was asking for help, encouragement, for a warming up, as it were.

He sat patiently, letting her know he was there as long as she wanted him, making a giving of his silence; and he was right, for soon her body began to sway back and forth, and she muttered in a singsong monotone, "The disgrace. The terrible disgrace of it. I'm so ashamed."

Disgrace! . . .

"It was a woman," she muttered.

He could barely restrain a smile. A woman! Grotesquely, the image of Henry VIII flickered across his mind.

"The woman in the cigar store," she went on, the singsong developing a beat and the swaying gaining momentum. "Right on the corner, the cigar store where he went every day to loaf in the back room and to bet on them horses. My whole life has been a lie. My house is built on sand. All these years I been living with a monster. Oh, the humiliation, the shame of it."

"What happened with the woman, ma?"

"What happened? What do you think happened? That's what happened."

Floyd had never thought of his father that way. Pa must be—let's see—sixty-four. That wasn't so old; and he still had his hair, and he always looked neat and dapper in Floyd's castoff clothes. Well, well, well.

"When did this happen, ma?"

"Eleven months ago, Friday afternoon, October fifth. It was after lunch, and he says he's taking a walk, and he goes out. About four o'clock he comes home and he's looking tired and he says he wants to lay down, and he goes into the bedroom quick. And after a while there's a big knock on the back door, and I open it, and the man from the cigar store comes in. He hollers that he wants to kill pa, and I run in front of him and stand in front of the bedroom door. The man hollered that pa ruined his home, and I picked up a kitchen knife, and the man said all right then, he was going to make a scandal in the neighborhood, he'd have pa put in jail. How I lived through it, I don't know to this day. That man, I can see him right now. I thought he was going to grab the knife out of my hand and kill me."

"What was he like?"

"A—a man. A tall, skinny man with glasses, without even a coat on, just an old vest. . . . And then he goes away, and I'm alone in the kitchen. I don't know how long I stood there. I couldn't think."

"What was pa doing all this time?"

"I'm coming to that. Not a word or a move out of him, so all of a sudden I thought maybe he's sick or something and I opened the bedroom door. Well, he's laying on the bed, flat on his back, asleep! So I ran over to see was he breathing, and he was breathing, all right. You could smell the liquor on his breath half across the room."

"Pa drinking!"

"Well, I closed the door and went back to the kitchen. I didn't know should I start making dinner or what. And how was I going to talk to him? How could I look him in the face again? And then another knocking on the door, and this time the two of them comes—the man and his wife. Sure you can imagine a woman who would do a thing like that. A grown woman, forty-five years old, dressing like a floozie. And the man goes to the bedroom and tells pa to come in. So pa came in, looking sick. He tried to say they fooled him and told him it was medicine that was good for the iron content of the blood. Can you imagine a bartender believing a thing like that? 'All I got to say,' says the man, 'is did I find you in an embrace with my wife or not?' Well, I stood there waiting for the answer, and I can tell you your father never faced me—then or any other time. He hung his head, like he should.

"Then the man says he's been thinking it over. The wife stands there just like nothing had happened at all—like a floozie she stands there. And the man says he loves his wife and he would maybe forgive her, maybe not. Then he hollered he's going to get a lawyer and put pa in jail, and I cried and begged him to have mercy, and then the man said one thing and another, and I said he could have everything I've got. I went to the shoe box in the closet where I keep my rings and jewelry. I said, 'There's three hundred dollars' worth of jewelry here. Take it, but please have mercy.' And the woman, she looks at the jewelry, and she tries on some of the rings, and they say, all right, they'll take it, but it ain't enough. They want five hundred dollars more. They said I had a rich son and I could get five hundred dollars easy; and I tried to explain to them that I couldn't stand the disgrace, that I couldn't tell you or any of my children. So they said I could make up some excuse—that we was sick or something. And I said I couldn't, that you'd find out somehow.

"So finally we made a settlement—that I should give them a hundred dollars a month for five months, and they went away. That's why we moved to another apartment. It wasn't because it was a nicer neighborhood. It was a cheaper apartment, and I squeezed here and I squeezed there and —— Nearly eight months I lived with that man under one roof together. Sure, how I did it I don't know. But when you and Laura wrote us the invitation letter in June, it was like a blessing."

"Would you rather not go back?"

"He's my husband. I married him for better or worse. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

There was a pause. The swaying had slowed down and stopped. She was looking at Floyd now.

"Is the cigar-store man paid off?"

"March was the last payment."

"Has he bothered you any more?"

"No."

"What about pa? Has he said anything at all?"

"What can he say?"

"Well, did he admit to you that he was guilty?"

"He was guilty."

"Did he ever tell you so?"

"I'm not a child." Her face became set and obstinate. "I have eyes in my head."

"But—those people, ma. They're crooks. You know that, don't you?"

"There's a feeding station in *here* that could use some attention too!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"He associated with them. Like to like."

"I mean, it's a well-known racket. The cigar-store wife gets an innocent man into the back room on some pretext. She throws her arms around him. In walks the husband ——"

"A decent man don't go to a back room. Where there's smoke, there's fire."

"Now, ma, stop and think. Your husband. You've known him a long, long time. He's been good to you."

"To my face. How do I know what was going on behind my back? You read about it in the papers every day. The presidents of banks, too—and all the time they been swindling the bank."

Floyd shivered a little in the sun. He reached for his towel robe and put it on. He got a cigarette from the umbrella table and lighted it.

He asked, "What does he do with himself?"

"How would I know?"

"But when you're together. You must have some kind of life together."

"Sure I cook him breakfast, but I don't have to talk to him!"

"And doesn't he talk to you?"

"He sleeps on the couch in the front room, and after breakfast he goes out—don't ask me where. To the park maybe. Maybe he found himself another store where he can play them horses, only with what I don't know, because he wouldn't dare take one dime from the money you send. He stopped smoking too; and thank the Lord I don't have to smell cigars any more."

"And then he comes home for lunch?"

"Every day, three meals a day. I put it on the kitchen table and I go in the other room."

"Don't you see the children—don't you visit them?"

"Oh, sure."

"And you and he go together?"

"Sometimes."

"Don't you talk to each other then?"

"We don't need to. We talk to the children and the grandchildren."

"They don't suspect anything?"

"God forbid."

"Eight months—that's hard to believe, ma."

"If a person has to do it, you do it. I smile, and he smiles and —— Sure I was here all summer and I smiled, didn't I? If he was here, the two of us would have smiled."

"And now you're going to go back—and keep on smiling?"

"To the end of my days, Floyd."

Floyd had been listening with an increasing sense of his guilt in the matter. If he hadn't been the prosperous one of the family, his father wouldn't have coveted a café of his own; and if he hadn't shelled out the money, one way and another, the old man wouldn't have ended up loafing in a cigar store, an advertisement for his son's cash and a sucker for blackmail. Of course, Floyd's intentions had been laudable, but had they been innocent? The truth was he had hesitated before sending that first big check, acutely aware of unpredictable dangers; and he had finally decided on giving because it was easier than withholding, and more irreproachable.

His mother was nervously watching him, confused and hurt by his questions. What had she expected? Obviously, sympathy and consolation—perhaps even applause for her martyrdom. He doubted that she desired reconciliation. It was too late to change people like her, to convince her that pa was not a doomed sinner.

He stood up, irritated and impatient. He said, "Would you like to know what I think? I think the whole thing is ridiculous."

"Ridiculous?"

"Yes, ridiculous. And I feel very sorry for pa."

"You feel"—she trembled as if he had struck her—"sorry for *him?*"

Floyd tossed the cigarette into a sandbox. "What's the telephone number out there?" He snapped it at her so sharply that she told him the number.

Then, as he started toward the porch phone, she cried, "Floyd, don't phone him! Don't do that! No good would come of it! What would you be calling him for?"

He paused, looking at her as he never had before, letting her see his anger and scorn. He said, "To make him feel like a human being. By Jove, it's about time!"

As he put in the St. Louis call, he saw his mother sitting numbly where he had left her. He gave the number loudly, hung up and waited, leaning against the wood frame of the porch, deliberately with his back to her. *Let her stew,* he said to himself. *If I'm at fault, so is she, but at least I'm doing something about it.* Floyd had never before made her face the difficult truth, never treated her or any of them as an equal, always being a kindly hypocrite, avoiding issues, giving money instead of time and care. Well, he was fed up. It was a cockeyed attitude, and he hadn't the faintest idea where it would lead, but he didn't give a damn.

He turned as he heard his mother approach his side. "He won't be in," she said. Her tone was hostile and stubborn.

"We'll find out," said Floyd.

"Don't mention what I told you," she said. "Don't do that, Floyd."

"Why not?"

"It'll only make him even more ashamed."

"Oh, no, it won't. He has nothing to be ashamed of, and I shall tell him so."

"He knows what he did."

"What kind of woman are you, anyway?" Floyd cried. "You go to church every Sunday. Didn't you ever learn that it's Christian to forgive?"

"It's not up to me to forgive him. That's between him and God."

"Well, you're an old pal of God's. Have you put in a single good word for pa?"

"Sure I pray for him all the time."

"But you won't talk to him!"

"I do when it's necessary."

"When it's necessary! Shame on you! Standing there so full of virtue—and so cruel and selfish!"

"Me selfish?" She gasped in outrage. "After the way I bore him five children, one after another!"

"He supported them, didn't he? He worked every day—and when he was through, where did he go? Home. To you. And sober. And how did you reward him? When trouble came and he needed you most, where were you?"

"Where was I?" She advanced on him furiously. "In front of the bedroom door, fighting the cigar-store man, that's where I was! And who did the bargaining with that woman? Sure I gave her my jewelry, didn't I? Every bit of it except my wedding band!"

"And you want credit for that? Why, it was the least you could have done—you had to do it! But afterward—when they were gone, when it was between you and him ——"

The telephone rang, and its impact was piercing, so that they both almost jumped. Floyd reached for it, but his mother was reaching for it too. "I'll talk to him," she said grimly.

He found himself yielding. The unsuspected pent-up Irish in her, the passion which had been there alongside the meek piety all these years, dazed him, and for the moment was mightier than his neat, intelligent indignation.

"Hello!" she shouted resolutely, which was her way on the telephone. "Is that you, Tim? . . . Yes, it's me. . . . Now, Tim, I want to get straight to the point. I'm here alone and ——" She hesitated. "Just a minute." She covered the mouthpiece and faced Floyd. "You don't have to watch me," she said. "I'm a grown woman."

Still dazed, he turned and went into the house. As he shut the door and went on toward the front hall, his mother's shouting voice came through.

"Tim," he heard, "I'm giving you a chance here and now to speak for yourself. All I want is a yes or a no. On your solemn oath, are you a guilty man, Tim? . . . Why wouldn't I believe you? Have I ever at any time, place or occasion doubted your word before? . . . Yes. . . . I see. . . . Yes. . . ."

There was a silence. Then his mother resumed in a lower voice, and Floyd, lingering in the front hall, could no longer distinguish the words. He went upstairs to his study.

He stretched out on the couch, drowsy from lying in the sun, wondering if indeed his mother would forgive his father. It all rested, he was sure, on the question of "innocence" or "guilt." For himself, the few words he had overheard contained enough to absolve the old man. "Why wouldn't I believe you?" she had said—in answer to what? Pa must have said, "If I say I'm innocent, you won't believe me." Floyd thought back and could not recall a single occasion when his father had lied. It was remarkable; and ma was right in feeling that his word was good. Then why hadn't the old man hollered at once, on that October day, "It's a wicked frame-up! I'm a virtuous man!"

Well, Floyd thought sleepily, it was understandable. What man wouldn't be ashamed and inarticulate under the circumstances? And when you visualize pa, with his first hang-over, and a silently accusing wife staring at him—the implacable woman whose acquaintance Floyd had just made—why, the poor old guy wouldn't have a chance. In fact—and this pleased Floyd—*that* would be the time when the unsuspected Irish would rise in the quiet bartender and, says he to himself, "I'll drop dead before I ever demean myself to defend my character to my own wife." The unsuspected Irish.

When Laura came later to waken him, she sat down and said, "Darling, that's a wonderful thing you did for your mother."

"What did I do?"

"Scolding and bullying her to call your father. She loved it. What was it all about, anyway?"

"Damned if I know. They had some sort of quarrel, I gathered. So they made it up, did they?"

"Oh, she's having a gorgeous time blaming herself. She's beaming, and blissful with remorse. And you're the hero."

"I am, am I?"

"She said you never talked to her that way before—like a real son—she's so proud!"

"H'm'm. . . . Tomorrow, on the way to the airport, don't let me forget to pick up a few boxes of cigars for the old man."

"I'll write it down."

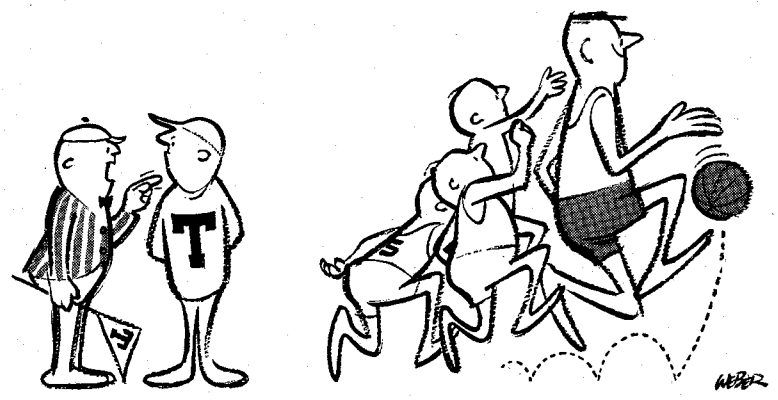
"Also write down goldfish."

"Goldfish?"

"You heard me. And when we're in Paris, let's get some nice trinkets for my mother—a few pins, maybe a necklace."

"I'm all for it, darling. But no matter what you do, you'll never top that bawling-out. She told me it's a pleasure she'll be remembering for the rest of her life."

As they went upstairs to dress, Floyd thought it over. So that was what he had done—fought his mother, stirred her, made her believe that he loved her. . . . By Jove, he did love her! THE END



The Perfect Squelch

The basketball team was whippet-fast and superbly coached. But its average-sized players just couldn't roll up a score against the opposing team, whose members averaged some five inches taller.

Ignoring this obvious handicap, one noisy alumnus persisted in pouring a steady stream of criticism into the coach's ear. "You've got to give these boys something more, coach," he said. "You have to drill and train, train and drill. Give them more fundamentals. Teach them more patterns, more shooting, more defense. Just remember, it's teach, teach, teach."

Eying his critic coldly, the coach finally voiced a weary comment. "There's one thing you can't teach them, son," he said.

The alumnus looked dubious. "What's that?" he demanded.

"Height."

Russell J. Jandoli

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I Call on Edward R. Murrow

(Continued from Page 32)

the air. During our conversation she ducked behind a screen to change into a ballet costume so she could demonstrate a step for me. She was tugging off her clothes and I was still talking to her, when I happened to look at the right-hand corner of the screen which concealed her. I saw something that threatened catastrophe; a power line had come loose during a rehearsal and suddenly it seemed to me that it was going to come loose again, knock that screen down, and the girl was going to stand there before millions of people as bare as the day she was born. It was the only time I ever felt something was about to happen on the air that I couldn't handle."

"Ed told us afterward that if we'd ended up with a naked French girl," Aaron put in, "he was going to say good night and good luck to the public, get up out of his chair and go quietly home."

Everyone smiled at the picture the anecdote conjured up. None of the three others said anything for a moment. I couldn't stand it. "Well, what happened?" I asked.

Murrow spread his arms in shrug. "Nothing," he said.

"Oh," I said with a falling inflection.

"Another tough problem I encountered was when there was a technical failure on one of our remotes thirty seconds before air time," Murrow told me, "and I had to switch to our other remote."

When I'd first heard the word "remote" I hadn't the slightest idea what it meant. Since then I had learned that a remote is a TV session which originates outside a studio. "You mean you had to switch the two halves of your show around?" I asked.

"I was all braced to interview a Hollywood actress," Murrow said. "Then, thirty seconds before air time, one of these two monkeys"—his eyes swiveled to Aaron and Zousmer, then turned back to me—"rushed up and said, 'We can't get Hollywood, so we're going to do the college professor first.' The professor was a scientific type, and I had to shift my mental gears. With things moving with the terrific speed they assume as air time approaches, it was one of the hardest things I've ever tried to do."

Zousmer said, "Ed does a bigger hat-changing job than anybody on TV."

"He means if I interview Tito," Murrow said, "I put on my Tito hat; then I take it off quickly and put on my cartoonist's hat or my actor's hat to interview a cartoonist or an actor. It's as if you were trying to write a piece on fallout, then a few minutes afterward beginning a series on Marilyn Monroe."

"The two things are not too different," I said. "Zousmer and Aaron told me you call your preshow preparation a co-ord," I added. "Tell me about a co-ord. Do you sit in the studio and talk to the people out there in their homes, and do they talk back to you? Can you get to know those people in a half hour or so?"

"Yes," Murrow said, "that's how we do it, but we don't have a half hour together during a co-ord. I have about fifteen minutes of chitchat with each person I visit before we take to the air. Our crew also uses that fifteen minutes for checking their camera positions and for lighting. During that time we go over what the person we're visiting is going to do at any given point. If we're visiting a woman we want to know whether she'll be walking from the kitchen to the dining room or out onto a balcony, and if so, when. We never rehearse our questions and answers. That way, although the person I'm visiting knows my general line of questioning, I don't know the answers I'll get."

"Has someone on your staff already talked to your personalities of the evening?" I asked.

"Yes," Murrow said. "However, once we're on the air, my policy of conducting myself as if I am physically a guest in their home limits my questioning. That makes it impossible for me to pry as deeply as some other interviewers do."

"I'd like to add something to that," Aaron said. "There have been occasions when the persons we are visiting are as jumpy as cats, but the moment they heard Ed's voice in the co-ord a psychological change seemed to take place in them. It's as if he were actually physically there, patting them reassuringly on the head."

"I know you have a huge screen in your studio on which you can see them," I said. "Do they have a screen on which they can see you?"

"Our guests have no monitors," Murrow said. "I can see them, but they can't see me. It's a one-way affair. We wire a little squawk box into each room of the homes we visit and my voice comes through those boxes."

"That was Ed's idea," Aaron said. "He had the feeling that the people we call on—particularly the women—would spend so much time watching themselves on the air and worrying about how their hair looks and whether their make-up is on right, they'd forget what they're supposed to talk about."

I said to Murrow, "They tell me that you sometimes turn to the wife of a man you're about to visit on the air and say, 'We may not bother with your husband at all. We may just concentrate on you,' and that you do this to inject a light note and loosen her up."

"I've done that several times when a wife is still tense and nervous after ten minutes or so of co-ord conversation," Murrow told me.

"When you said that to Mrs. Sid Caesar, I hear she was horror-struck," I said. "She was afraid you really meant it and it might bruise her husband's sensitive ego."

"I did alarm her, I'm afraid," Murrow said. "But by and large, on our program, females have saved a lot of males. I don't think either Richard Rodgers, who wrote the music for South Pacific, Oklahoma! and Carousel, or Sam Goldwyn would have agreed to go on our program if they hadn't known their wives were going to be on hand too. I sensed that both of them relied on their wives to support them, sustain them and even rescue them, if necessary. I take no credit for knowing that certain wives are towers of strength. Any perceptive person, after spending fifteen minutes with a man, knows the extent to which he relies upon the woman he's married.

"Then there's the other type," Murrow told me. "There's the guest who forgets his wife's name when he's introducing me to her on the air. We had one like that."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"He's a comedian," Murrow said, "and I won't mention his name. He's in enough trouble now, what with losing his sponsor."

"What about the successful man who marries when he's struggling upward; then outgrows his wife?" I asked.

"The way life usually works out, we have him on our show after he has outgrown her and he's married somebody else," Zousmer said.

None of us said anything for a few moments. I could see that I wasn't going to get any more fill-in on the story of what had happened at the Sid Caesar home when Murrow had tried his easing-up-the-wife stunt.

Changing the subject, Murrow told me, "I never see a kinescope of one of my shows."

"I doubt if you grasp the full meaning of what Ed just told you," Zousmer said, "since you're not in television, but I don't think there's anybody else in this business who can say, 'I've never seen a kinescope of my show.'"

"There's got to be a reason," I said.

"There is," Murrow said. "Each Monday, John, Jesse and the rest of my crew sit down and do a brutal post-mortem on what I've done the preceding Friday night. If I've done anything wrong timing-wise or movement-wise, they tell me about it Monday afternoon. They are my kinescopes. But to answer your question specifically: I've never looked at a kine for this simple reason: I do the best job I know how while I'm on, but it embarrasses me to look at myself on film or hear my own voice."

"Why?" I persisted. "I think my own voice is mush-mouthed, but I don't let it give me a mental block."

"All I can tell you," Murrow told me, "is that I'm an old-time reporter—I guess I always will be one—and if I have to watch myself on a screen I feel like a ham actor instead of a reporter. I had the same feeling about listening to playbacks of my voice on radio. I'm even embarrassed that being on TV has destroyed my anonymity and I'm recognized here and there."

"I don't get it," I said. "Do you suppose ham actors are embarrassed when they get jobs as reporters, if they ever do?"

"I can't explain it any better than I've already done," Murrow said. "Our biggest problem is putting our guests at their ease," he went on. "I try to make them feel they don't have to remember cues or think about moving from here to there. I tell them I'll take care of those things for them. Occasionally when we have people on Person to Person I don't know well, the question rises what should they call me. John and Jesse tell me that's usually one of the last things our guests ask before going on. Ordinarily they start calling me 'Mr. Murrow,' but often, without realizing it, in three or four minutes they change to 'Ed.'"

"Of all the people he's interviewed, Sophie Tucker is the only one who's called him 'Eddie,'" Aaron said.

"I hate being called 'Eddie,'" Murrow confessed. "But in her case it was all right. Sophie can call me anything she wants to."

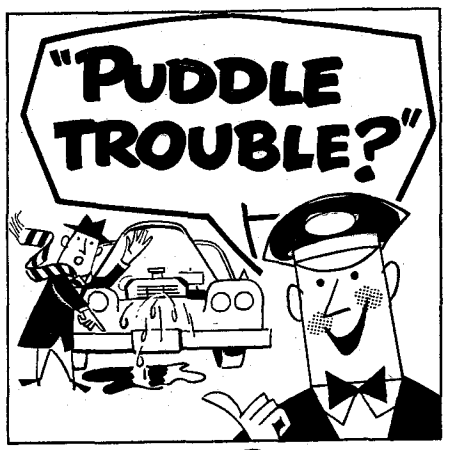
"I hear you have a theory that athletes are easiest to interview," I said.

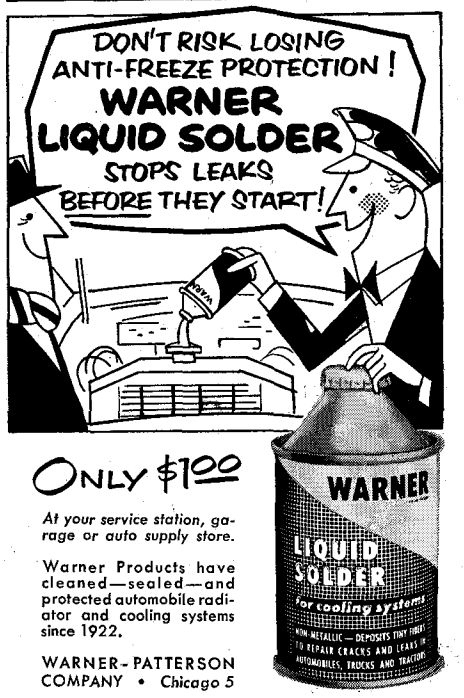
"They're so used to taking instructions from managers and coaches they're relaxed when you tell them what you want them to do," Murrow said. "When you say, 'At this point I'd like to have you get up and show your trophies to the audience,' they do it. A good example was Yogi Berra. I began our co-ord by talking with him and his two children. They were climbing all over him and Yogi was having trouble with them, and I said, 'I hope we're not making you sweat?' He looked the TV camera squarely in the eye and said, 'I ain't sweatin', Mr. Murrow. Why should I? Nobody's comin' in here with his spikes high.' Roy Campanella was the same. Rizzuto was good too."

"Relaxed and easy," Aaron said.

"What kind of mail do you get?" I asked.

"We don't get a tremendous volume," Murrow said, "and only a small amount





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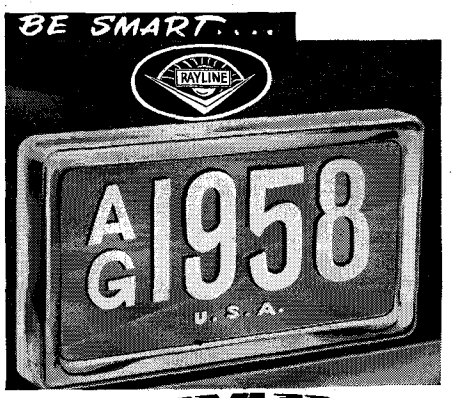

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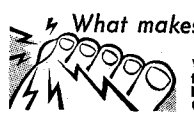

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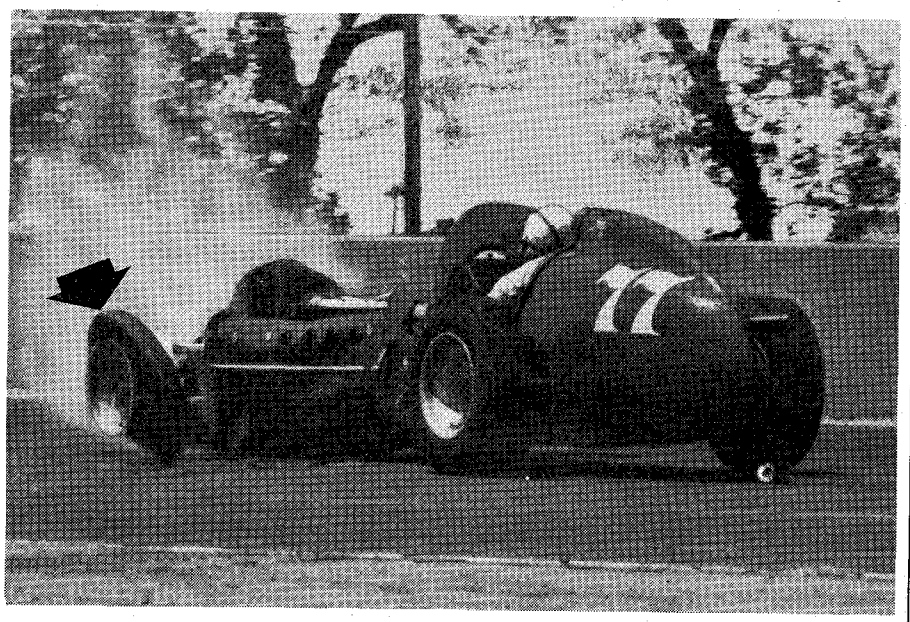

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of it is critical; and occasionally our mail reflects a changed attitude on the part of the viewers toward an individual. When we visited Mrs. Roosevelt, there was a fair amount of letters which said, in effect, 'We've never liked the Roosevelts, man, boy, child, woman, root, branch or dog, but this past Friday night Mrs. Roosevelt was a charming and likable elder citizeness. We have altered our opinion of her.'"

"Do you ever get personal criticism?" I asked.

"Some people think I smoke too much," Murrow told me. "I got my biggest anti-smoking mail the week before I interviewed Billy Graham. Most of it came from religious people who said, 'We don't ask you to give up smoking altogether, but we would appreciate it if, in deference to Billy, you wouldn't smoke quite so much while you're talking to him.'"

"John and Jesse told me you get a lot of the kind of mail which says, 'We have somebody in our home town we think you ought to visit.' Do you?"

"I do," Murrow told me. "But there's not much I can do about it because John and Jesse keep saying, 'You have to have names that are household words.' I think they're wrong and we have an endless amicable argument over that."

"We're not opposed to Ed's doing an important person who has an unknown occupation, such as a curator of a museum," Aaron told me. "We regard those people as only relatively unknown, but we can make out a case for not doing real unknowns who are anonymous except to their immediate circles of relatives, neighbors, employers and fellow employees."

"Last spring we did two men who are relatively unknown," Murrow said, "and even John and Jesse had to agree that it was one of our best shows. One of those two was A. C. Nielsen. He runs the Nielsen rating service and commodity research. The other was the author, H. Allen Smith. He is known to those who read his books and his articles, but he's relatively unknown to a mass audience."

"I disagree with you about Smith," I said. "His face may not be as familiar as his name, but he's well known to a lot of people."

"Anyhow, they were both interesting," Murrow said. "And the show moved. Smith has that rare thing, a sardonic sense of humor. As he strolled about his home, he passed an organ and I said, 'How about playing something for us?' 'Not me,' he said. 'I hate amateur musicians.'"

"Nielsen gave us a plus we hadn't counted on too," Murrow went on. "He is a man whose rating service has made or destroyed the careers of many television stars. His research is based on a small gadget he attaches to a television set. It records who's looking at what, and when. 'You put this little capsule on,' he told me on the air. 'Then you put this little thing on there,' only when he tried to do it none of it would work. He had to make three passes at it before he got it right. I'm sure our viewers got a boot out of seeing him struggle with his own pet invention—and lose temporarily."

"We've done a couple of real unknowns who embarrassed us and our audience," Zousmer said, "because they didn't know how to handle themselves in public, and after it was over, it was generally admitted that we'd made a mistake."

"The tone of the letters we got after that gave us pause," Murrow said. "'If I want to see how the average guy lives,' some of those letters said, 'I can visit my relatives. I don't want to waste half an hour and use the magic of television to see how some ordinary Joe lives.' What they want is the vicarious excitement of visiting places and seeing people they would otherwise never meet."

"That's a bad word we're using, that 'unknown,'" Zousmer said. "Nobody is unknown."

"How about 'average'?" Aaron suggested.

"We've done average people," Zousmer objected. "There's really no word for what we mean."

"The trouble with most of the suggestions we get from viewers," Murrow went on, "is that they don't add up to anything. Two weeks ago we had a letter from a mother who said, 'Why not do us? We're an average family. We have three kids and Mr. Murrow will love our private skating rink.' We had a look. The skating rink was a normal, average-size concrete cellar fixed so water would freeze in it. It was not only not a skating rink, the ceiling was so low we couldn't have got our cameras and equipment into it.

"If our show has had any success," Murrow continued, "it lies in the fact that it consists of extraordinary people doing ordinary things. We put the actor Raymond Massey on the air, and let our audience see and hear him tinkering in his woodworking shop. The combination of the elements fame and an everyday hobby held an almost universal appeal."

"One of the things I'm sure of," I said, "is your courage. The first time I was aware of you as a television personality was when you spoke your mind about Senator McCarthy, although millions of people disagreed with you."

"The McCarthy piece was done on See It Now, not on Person to Person," Murrow told me. "I thought you were only interested in Person to Person."

"I am primarily," I said. "I just wanted to detour for a moment."

Murrow said slowly, "I think television is too timid. I think it ought to be a mirror held up to what's going on both here and abroad. If the picture reflected in that mirror is one that gives people pride and gratification in what is happening, all right. If, on the other hand, the picture reflected is one of bigotry, dishonesty or violence done to the Bill of Rights, it's television's job to hold up that mirror just as steadily.

"We can even get into an area of international misunderstanding on Person to Person too," Murrow said. "Take Krishna Menon, for example.

"I've known Krishna Menon for twenty years," Murrow continued, "and when he said to me on the air, 'That last question of yours is stupid. You're intelligent. You shouldn't have asked it,' I let it ride. When I asked him whether he went to many United Nations' social functions, he said he did if he was invited. Then, for no reason, he said to me, 'You've never invited me to your home.' That was baffling to me, since he had been to my home two or three nights before. My problem was whether to get into an argument with him before millions of people, but I decided not to make a point of the fact that he had been in my home."

I thought he was wrong. He should have told millions of viewers about Menon's peculiar idea of the truth, but I kept it to myself.

"Nor do I go into a guy's home as a guest when he's surrounded by his wife and children," Murrow said, "and say, 'I don't believe in you. I think you're taking money under false pretenses.'"

"We had a perfect example with Nielsen," Zousmer told me. "Ed is on record as far back as the 1948 election as saying he had no faith in pollsters, statisticians, and, by the same token, rating services. When Ed was interviewing Nielsen, he had enough facts, intelligence and experi-

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ence with Nielsen's business to say, 'I can't believe in your rating system. You can't tell me that by using twelve hundred gadgets on twelve hundred TV sets you can decide what sixty million viewers watch.' But Ed didn't think his show was the place for that kind of talk."

"How did Person to Person originate?" I asked.

"It grew out of many conversations Johnny and Jesse and I had," Murrow said. "One night we were having a bull session about the most common human emotion. Near the top of our list was the sexual urge, but we had to rule that out so far as television is concerned. Our next vote was for curiosity in its broadest sense. Then we narrowed that down to curiosity about how well-known people live. One of us—I don't remember which—said, 'No one can walk down the street and pass a window with the blind up and the lights on without looking in. It's irresistible.' So we concluded if we could move our cameras inside the homes of interesting people and show other people how they live, everybody's natural curiosity would give us our audience."

"Should we tell him where we held those conversations?" Zousmer asked.

"In a bar," Murrow said.

"Did you dope it out in one session?" I asked.

"The sessions took place over a period of two or three years," Murrow said.

"All in the same bar?" I persisted.

"Frequently, but not continuously," Murrow said. "Once in a while we took a fresh-air break. Properly used, we thought TV could be an instrument of transportation which could take people places like a flying carpet, instead of remaining the traditional communication instrument it has always been.

"There have been times when our idea has turned out to be a two-edged sword," Murrow went on. "There was my interview with Shelley Winters. It was a normal, straightway interview until I asked, 'What kind of world do you hope your little girl will grow up into?' It was a routine question I sometimes ask when I run out of anything else to say. I didn't know what her answer would be, but when I put the question to her, she took a deep breath and said, 'I hope she grows up in a world dedicated to the principles and philosophies of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.' Right in front of the millions who were listening in, I had to tell her that since it was during a presidential campaign, what she'd said was a straight political plug, out of place on a program like mine. 'If you say a thing like that, I must give someone else equal time to answer you,' I said. So the following week I gave forty-five seconds to Jinx Falkenburg, who happened to be a Republican worker, so she could have her say.

"A lot of the mail about the Winters show came from Democrats who said, 'I'm voting the Democratic ticket and I'm an admirer of Adlai Stevenson, but I felt bad when that woman pulled a fast one on your show.'

"It's only fair to say that our first Person to Person show did not attract glowing reviews," Murrow said. "One of the critics simply said, 'Murrow should have hung up.' The trouble was that the reviewers couldn't accept my sudden transition from news analyst to interviewer. That was my wife's reaction too. She liked the show, but her attitude was that I was giving up any reputation I might have won as a war correspondent and commentator on international affairs to do a show which would appeal to those who read Hollywood fan magazines. Then one summer we were driving through the Cascade Mountains and she began to look at isolated houses with television antennas on their roofs, and suddenly she said, 'I don't suppose these people *do* travel very much. Maybe your taking them to meet the people they meet on your show is a useful thing.'

"On the other hand, once I achieved some recognition on TV I began to receive invitations to do lectures on subjects about which I knew next to nothing. I turn almost all of them down. Unless you watch it, there is a tendency for you to think that because your voice and your picture are transmitted from one end of the country to the other, you're more intelligent and more important than you were when your voice only reached from one end of a bar to the other."

"How do you decide who your guests will be?" I asked.

"We deliberately set out to get contrast," Murrow told me. "It's our theory that if you were going to visit two people on a Friday night you wouldn't deliberately visit two athletes or two actors or two college professors on the same evening. One evening we paid a visit to Liberace and to the famous lawyer, Morris Ernst. You'll have to admit they're quite a contrast."

"That pairing off odd people interests me," I said.

"That is not our word," Zousmer said. "That's yours. They're not odd to us. We have a big audience; we must give it variety."

"If we pair our guests right," Murrow said, "we give them an audience they can never get in any other way. On Person to Person when we presented Prof. James T. Shotwell, of Columbia, a great historian and scholar, we paired him with Ed Sullivan. Shotwell has spent years lecturing on the League of Nations, the International Labor Office and the United Nations, but he had never had any contact with a television set until I asked him to go on our show. A couple of days afterward, he told me, 'I've spent all my lifetime in this field and last night, in fifteen minutes, I talked to more people than all the people I've ever talked to.'"

"Do you run into people who'd rather not be on your show?" I asked.

"We occasionally encounter someone who regards it as an invasion of his privacy," Murrow said. "Then there are those who say they don't want to expose their children to so much publicity, and there are some who claim they have nothing to say. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor kept saying that, but we didn't give up for three years, and finally they said yes. This brings up the matter of the Duchess as a jacks player. In her autobiography she said she was the best jacks player in Baltimore. When I told her I didn't believe it, she said, 'I haven't played in twenty years, but if I had some jacks I'd prove it to you.'

"'I'll take care of that,' I said. I went to a five-and-ten-cent store, bought some jacks and a small rubber ball, and sent a messenger to her suite with them. Next day when I dropped in to see them for lunch, the duke said, 'Thanks to you, I didn't get much sleep last night. The duchess stayed up practicing jacks until three A.M. About one o'clock in the morning she lost that little ball, and I spent a long time under the furniture looking for it.'"

"Suppose you have to go out into the country," I asked. "Do rural lines carry enough juice to supply the power you need?"

"Sometimes we have to put up a pole or poles," Murrow said. "Frequently we have to put up a tower a hundred and forty feet high so our dish will be high enough to throw a beam at the transmitter. When we did Ezzard Charles and Rocky Marciano, we had to slice forty feet from the top of a small mountain with bulldozers. If we hadn't, the mountain would have cut off our transmission. It's necessary for us to get a line-of-sight from our point of origination to the nearest transmitter, whether that transmitter is on the Empire State Building or on a mountain near Hollywood.

"I talk glibly about these things," Murrow said, "but, although I started in radio in 1935, the only technical thing I know about electronics is that the long waves are actually short and the short waves are really long. My natural reaction is that it is impossible for TV to reach out as far as it does. I'm accustomed to being recognized in New York and Washington and Chicago, but when I stop for a hamburger in Washington State and a waitress recognizes me, my instinctive reaction is, 'How does she know who I am?'"

"Is there a limit as to how far you can go?" I asked.

"There is, budgetwise," Murrow told me. "Theoretically, given enough time and money, we can go anywhere on the North American continent, but practically it's a flexible budget. It's not unlimited.

"Every year when we go off the air at the end of a season," Murrow said, "we talk of a dream dinner we'd like to give. We'd like to invite every guest we've had all year long and seat them exactly the way they were seated in relation to each other on our show. We'd like to put Roy Campanella next to Leopold Stokowski and football coach Earl Blaik next to dress designer Valentina, and so on. Then we want to record their conversations on hidden tape-recording machines.

"I'd like to tell you about the unsung heroes of our show," Murrow went on. "I've tried this with every writer who's ever written a story about me, and every editor asks, 'Who cares about them?' and takes them out. The technical men on our program are fabulous. They've worked one-room houses and sixty-three-room houses. We've even had a shot of the kitchen of a Chinese junk which wasn't more than six feet big in any direction. Sometimes I see a camera shot that simply is impossible. We did one like that from a lighthouse. We took our viewers up that lighthouse with us until we finally reached the light. It was then that our technical boys pulled one that astounded me. The camera got to the very top; then it backed off so that I could see the light and the railing around it, and I shook my head because I knew they couldn't do what they were doing! 'That cameraman must be hanging from a balloon!' I said. I discovered later he had only two legs of his camera perched on a catwalk around the outside of the light. The camera was leaning against him and he was strapped to the railing, leaning out as far as he could, sixty feet above a pile of rocks.

"Joe E. Lewis came closest to leaving me speechless during a show," Murrow said. "We were going along fine, when, near the end, he suddenly said, 'I have something I want to say to you,' then out gushed a freshet of unintelligible words. 'Sounds like Norwegian,' I said. 'What is it?'

"'I don't know,' he said. 'I read it on a sardine can.'

"If we weren't scrupulously honest we'd record some of the conversations before and after we're on the air," Murrow said, "and we'd really have some beauts. Take our visit with the theatrical critic, John Mason Brown. On our shows everybody wears completely self-contained concealed batteries and a microphone—actually a tiny sending set. Men usually carry the battery in the hip pocket. During our co-ord about five minutes before air, our producer went up to him and said, 'Mr. Brown, I'd like to recharge your batteries.' John looked back at him and said, 'Young man, not even God can do that.'"

"Which reminds me of the time we did a Person to Person with Kathleen Winsor," Aaron said. "In her case we planned to stuff the battery pack down the front of her bosom. She naturally preferred to stow it away herself rather than have one of our technicians do it for her, but with no one to supervise her stowing, she placed the head of the microphone against her wishbone."

"Is that bad?" I asked.

"Is it bad?" Murrow asked. "During the eleven minutes the show lasted we could hear her heart beating, boom, boom, boom. Sometimes it went fast and sometimes slow, but afterward we had fifty to seventy-five letters from doctors who said, 'Tonight I listened to Miss Winsor's heartbeat. If you see her, tell her it is a perfectly healthy organ.'"

THE END

"Keep after his midsection—I think you're loosening his safety pin!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Rough Road Home (Continued from Page 21)

money then than it is now—as was deducted from the pay of other officers, no higher ranking than Bob, who had quarters more suitable. Fifty dollars would have been high rent for our crackerbox quarters, and we could have used the difference for Mike.

Mike, you see, though eight years old, was unable to talk, and could not, of course, go to school. I tried to keep track of him at all times, but he could vanish, in less than a minute, like a tumbleweed, now here, now gone. As soon as he had slipped from sight, he would get into trouble. He took delight in smashing the glass of the furnace-room doors. I would call the post engineers and ask them to replace it, and to charge it to my husband, and I was invariably treated with kindness and a quiet courtesy, as if it were the most normal thing in the world to have a child smashing glass over and over again. (Post engineers, I love you.)

Nor could Mike resist bending the extended aerials of car radios, and once he scratched the shiny chrome on a rear-view mirror. Bob had the aerials repaired, and he replaced the mirror. The time that Mike tossed pebbles into a baby's playpen, had I been the mother of the baby, I, too, would have been upset and a little frightened.

Some people were human beings, and treated us as if we were too. But there were others, who couldn't understand why people like us "were allowed . . . you know . . . to live on the post. Wouldn't you think . . . I mean, after all ——"

We were agonizingly sensitive—and ashamed of ourselves, when we listened to Pat tell how he had "beat up that kid in the next area who was laughing at Mike. Laughing at him, mother! If he does it again, I'll kill him!"

We were even more ashamed of our self-pity when we looked at Mike, such a beautiful child, so apparently perfect, his features delicate, his movements graceful, his eyes, large and dark, so full of loneliness. Unpredictable, moody, subject to fits of violent despair, Mike was the one who suffered, day after empty day.

Of course we looked for help. Whenever we had money, we took him to another specialist, another clinic, to be told that he was not cerebral-palsied; that he was, and that he was not, schizophrenic; that he had a very high I.Q., that he had a very low I.Q., that he had a borderline I.Q.; that he might be deaf, that he was not deaf; and that he was emotionally ill and must be allowed all possible freedom from restraint. (On an Army post!)

This went on for nearly two years, and then war broke out in Korea. Officers began leaving for overseas with the suddenness of dry leaves sucked up by an autumn wind. Bob and I agreed I had to find a place of our own to hole up in for the duration. I couldn't go back to my parents this time, as I had in '44, not with Mike as big as he was now, as difficult to handle.

"It has to be somewhere with no neighbors nearby," I said. "I don't want my skin crawling at the thought of strangers gaping at him playing in the mud or with his beloved pebbles."

"Nor any cars," Bob said. "Lord, I wish he would quit wandering blithely out in front of cars."

We knew precisely how much, or how little, we could spend. We had exactly $2000 in war bonds, saved during World War II. These bonds were Mike's grubstake. We had agreed not to touch them until somebody came up with something which would really help Mike. No guessing, no experimenting, no more tentative-diagnosis stuff. We didn't see anything unfair in this for the other children either. They had spunk, health and brains. Furthermore, if Mike was cured, he would then never be a burden to them, later on.

But this looked like one of those emergencies you can't dodge. We decided, reluctantly, that we'd have to use the bonds for a down payment on a house. If something ever did turn up that might cure Mike, we'd figure how to finance it then.

"Money we can always manage somehow," I said.

"God will provide," said Bob cheerfully, and sat down to write an advertisement for the Richmond Times-Dispatch; "Army officer seeks modest country home or small farm in Virginia."

... ...

Winter Bouquet

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

I know some desert plants
With small, composite
flowers
That are not fooled by
summer's
Little gift of showers,

But wait, in root and seed,
Till even autumn's done
And something cool has
happened
To this wilting sun;

Then give them one excuse,
Sprinkle, mist, illusion,
And all the desert floor
Is theirs in profusion.

... ...

If you are ever dissatisfied with the amount of your mail, put a little ad in the paper saying that you want to buy a place in the country. Stand by for a snowstorm of replies.

We got enormous, slick-paper, four-color advertisements for brick mansions, genuine early-Georgian style, 200 acres of land, a gift at $125,000, taxes $63 a year, fully modernized, a staff of four could keep the colonel comfortable. We got quite a stack of these. Everybody in Virginia seemed to be trying to sell great-grandpappy's home.

"What's the matter with these people?" I snarled. "Can't they read?"

"We should have made things plainer," Bob said. "Something like 'Poverty-stricken soldier with large family wants place to dump them for the duration, no near neighbors.'"

He shoved a letter at me, "Here's a fellow who sounds businesslike. And here's another. Why don't you scout around? You'll have to take Mikey, of course—too bad Longin can't get leave."

Longin was an honorary member of our family. He was a Polish DP whom Bob had befriended after the war and whom he had helped get a visa and passage to the States. At the moment, Longin was "paying us back" by serving with the paratroops in Fort Bragg.

"Would dad go with you?" Bob went on. "Then if you find something you like, maybe I could grab a day off and take a look at it."

So I wrote my father in New Jersey did he want to come house-hunting in Virginia, and dad being dad, he replied of course he did, so off we went.

We looked at houses forty feet from railway tracks, and we looked at houses smack on United States Highway 29. "Away from traffic," I reminded the agent gently. So we looked at houses two miles in the pine woods. "Small farms" started at $20,000. When I finally convinced the agents that I really could not spend over $10,000 and it had to be away from traffic, we were shown a number of ghastly shacks, unpainted, windowless, partially roofless, sagging-porched, rusty-iron-sinked.

It is true these were away from traffic ("—no running water, but the power line's only half a mile away"). It is also true that Mikey, being easier to please than I, found something attractive about each place, a charming piece of loose drainpipe or an agreeable doorknob that fell off as he approached.

The agent would say, as he patted the remaining clapboards gently, lest he knock the hovel down, "Now, this is quite a buy at eight thousand!" He would say this enthusiastically.

"Oh, that's ridiculous!"

"Yes, isn't it?" Suavely. "Not many buys like this left in country property."

We couldn't find a thing, and finally one day Bob said, "Don't waste any more time looking in Virginia. Where else are there speech clinics?"

"There's one in Connecticut ——"

"We can't afford the country in Connecticut," Bob said.

"Well, there's sort of a speech clinic in Rutland, Vermont."

"There's certainly plenty of seclusion in Vermont," Bob remarked, "and probably not too expensive, either. But you've never spent a winter in the North ——"

"I have too," I said. "I spent four winters in Ohio, where the wind comes in off Lake Erie so cold you can't believe it. I never heard of any winter resorts in Ohio, but there are lots in Vermont. If people pay good money to go there it can't be too bad."

Using logic like this, Bob and I decided I should go up North and take a look. I accepted with gratitude Dodie's offer to look after the rest of the family while I was gone, put Mikey in the car, and kissed Bob, Pat, Chris and Kitty goodby.

My parents—bless them!—thought I'd accomplish more without Mike to look after, so I left him with them in New Jersey and headed north alone.

As I crossed into Vermont I saw I had left autumn far behind. The mountains swelled up on either side, their slopes blackish green where the evergreens grew, and gray where the deciduous trees clung, leafless, motionless, waiting for winter. *I've been here before*, I thought, though I knew I hadn't. *I feel as if I'm coming home.*

When I reached Rutland, I located the Children's Rehabilitation Center and told Harriet Dunn, its director, about Mike, and why I was looking for a place nearby. With the candor of true kindness, she told me that she could not promise that the center could help Mike until she had seen him, but that she thought it an excellent idea for us to settle in the country. Country people, she went on, are more tolerant, more understanding. And this, I have found out, is true.

I drove on and when I happened to see Harold Potwin's sign in Taftsville, and on an impulse stopped, and explained that I wanted a place away from traffic, and he rubbed the stubble on his chin thoughtfully and said how far away from traffic did I have in mind, did I mean to get in and out by dog sled, I had a hunch that I was nearing the end of my quest.

Mrs. Potwin said, "Why don't you show her that place over in Hartland, pa? The Ferncliffe place. It's set back from the road."

We went in Mr. Potwin's car, because, he said, it knew the roads better than mine. We came into Hartland Four Corners from the north, and could see the white blur of a church and its spire framed by the curve of the hill beyond, and the birches on the hill and the church in the valley and the meadows stretching to meet us.

We turned west from Four Corners on another unpaved road and then we plunged into a woods, where the hemlocks leaned over the road and the ferns drifted down the steep banks on one side, and the land sheered away on the other so that one little skid would have landed us in the brook that foamed and twisted between the rocks. And suddenly there we were, out in the open and nearly to the top. The land fell away in bronze and sulphur curves toward the north, and in a wide sweep there were the hills, ancient and everlasting.

"Isn't it beautiful!" I cried.

"Deer up there," Mr. Potwin said, pointing across a field.

I saw the deer browsing along the edge of the woods, and we passed more fields, and an empty house, and then the road dipped down again, and Mr. Potwin turned off into a lane.

And there it was.

It was a haphazard house painted a tired lemon yellow with windows scattered casually wherever needed or convenient. It had the comfortable, settled-down look of old Vermont farmhouses, no line exactly horizontal or exactly vertical, but "more or less." There were no shutters or vines to soften its plainness, and the skinny chimney poked up not quite in the center of the roof. From the straggling stone wall to the lawn which swallowed up the driveway, from the front doorstep to which there was no proper walk, only grass, to the enormous maples which dwarfed lawn, drive and house, it was everything an Army barracks is not, and I wanted to buy it at once.

It was friendly. You can be yourself and I don't give a damn, it said. Paint me blue or paint me pink, I don't care. Holler and shout and sing at the top of your lungs. Nobody will tack up a notice in the kitchen on how to clean the stove. Nobody will instruct you just where you may hang your washing. Do your housework in your bare feet if you like. I don't care what you do, as long as you're happy.

Mrs. Ferncliffe appeared in the doorway.

"Welcome!" she called to Mr. Potwin. "And who, pray tell, is this?" She beamed at me.

"Wants to see the place," Mr. Potwin said.

"Come in, come in, dear child!" Mrs. Ferncliffe cried. "Look around to your heart's content!"

I tried to assume a poker face as I followed Mr. Potwin down the narrow cellar stairs and prodded the birch log beams with his penknife. ("Hm'm . . . sound.") It isn't proper to buy a house the moment you clap eyes on it, I reminded myself. "That wall, there," I said in a business-like voice. "What makes its stones sag in like that?"

"Frost," Mr. Potwin said. "Shovin' from the outside."

"Is it likely to collapse?"

"Dunno. Probably will, someday. Been standing for more 'n a hundred years now, though."

I nodded, satisfied. I prowled around a strange brick structure, something like a kiln, in the (*Continued on Page 82*)

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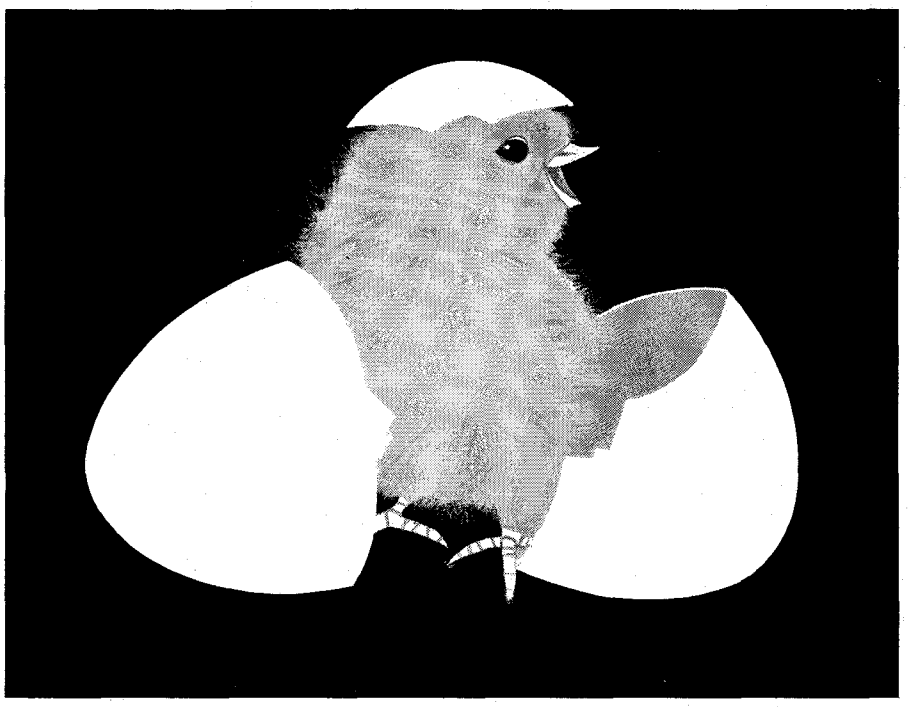

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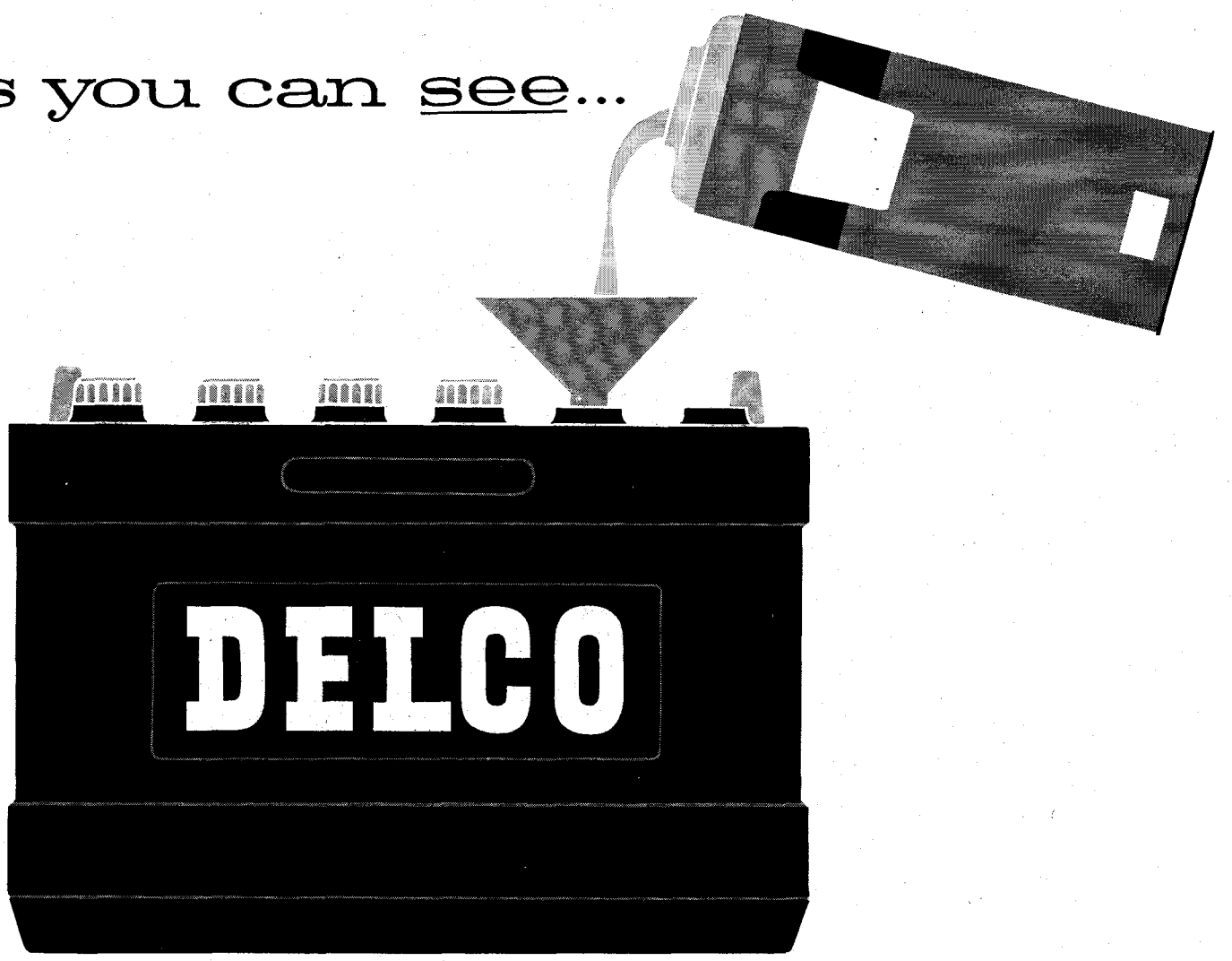

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(*Continued from Page 80*) center of the cellar, being careful to duck under the low beams and nearly tripping over a pipe on the dirt floor near the narrow chimney.

I said I wanted to see the spring, and Mr. Potwin, treating his car as nonchalantly as if it had been a cow pony, drove across the field and over the hill down toward the woods, the car bucking and prancing over the uneven ground. I looked and saw there was indeed a spring, and a pump, and a house over all. The springhouse was not much more than a shack about six feet square, and on the inside of the door was penciled, "In the big snow of 1937 dad went to town and was gone four days."

Then Mr. Potwin drove back up over the hill, and waved his hand at the woods skirting the meadows. "Dunno where the line is," he said. "Down in there somewheres. You got sixty-five acres, more or less."

All around lay raw-sienna fields and burnt-umber woods, and the air was so still and transparent that the trees in the hedgerows stood with every twig clearly defined. We'd all be here, together, safe, cradled by the hills, all together. Bob would not have to worry about us, anyway.

"You got a barn here," said Mr. Potwin, indicating a picturesque structure of weathered boards, well ventilated by the loss of windows and doors. "Couple of old car wrecks out behind, good for the kids to play in. Lots of good manure here," pointing to a heap that sprawled half in, half out of the barn. "School bus goes by the gate. Fields run down, of course. Nobuddy farmed here for years." Mr. Potwin was an expert salesman. What did I care if the fields were run down?

We went back into the house and I took a second look around. The rooms were strung together in a line, like beads on a string. Living room, hall, kitchen, with a chunk out for the bath. Woodshed, garage. Upstairs, three bedrooms were cramped down under the slant of the roof. I didn't see a single room as it actually was, smoke-smudged and water-stained. I had transformed them as I walked through with fresh paint in clear colors and with bright curtains and lots and lots of books and pitchers of wildflowers and toys all over the place underfoot.

"I'll have to think it over," I said to Mr. Potwin and Mrs. Ferncliffe, though I knew I didn't have to, at all. But, I thought, you're supposed to have to think it over.

"Any time," said Mr. Potwin genially.

"You'll be back, my dear," said Mrs. Ferncliffe.

I drove around for one day. I looked at a house in a swamp and one next to a body-repair shop and another next to a chicken slaughterhouse, and I thought, this is silly, and I drove back to Woodstock and phoned Bob.

"I found exactly what we need," I told him. "There isn't any traffic and we can get it for five thousand, and taxes are only thirty-three dollars a year and there's a telephone already in, and electricity, running water, and inside plumbing."

Bob said, "If you think you can be happy there, buy it."

I did. Mrs. Ferncliffe agreed to move out as soon as she conveniently could, since there was no telling how soon we would want to be moving in, and Mr. Potwin and I made arrangements for the mortgage.

In a state of high elation I headed south. It seems incredibly callous, when I look back on it now, or perhaps it was just that head-in-the-sand attitude which protects the nervous system against unnecessary abrasion, but I was ignoring completely why we were buying a place in the country: because Bob was going to Korea. All I felt was a bubbly sensation of tremendous achievement. We were landowners! After years and years of living like rootless nomads, we had sixty-five acres to call our own, and a house, a shed, a barn and a springhouse. Wonderful, wonderful!

I picked up Mikey from mother and soon we were back in Fort Monroe and I told Bob about our place and we made plans each evening until the excitement lost its edge with time, for it was early winter on an Army post.

It was in January that I returned from the monthly meeting of the Fort Monroe P.T.A. to find Bob stretched out in the big chair in our living room, looking tired and under a strain. I searched his face swiftly. Overseas orders? But he would have told me.

Then softly he said, "We have to make other arrangements for Mike, Melissa. We can't keep him here any longer."

I said, "What?"

"I didn't tell you because I knew you had to go to this meeting tonight, and I didn't see how you could go if you knew about the report."

"What report? What are you talking about?"

"The report on Mike." Bob seemed to be choosing his words carefully, as if the information he was trying to convey was so outlandish I might not be able to grasp it. "It seems there have been a lot of complaints about him to the post commander. Somebody was assigned the job of going around and asking how much damage he has done, how much of a nuisance he has been—things like that."

I stared at him, fighting down a cold nausea. "Asking? Asking whom?"

"Everybody we know," Bob said evenly. "Our friends and neighbors, everybody within the perimeter of Mikey's wanderings."

I said painfully, "But what has Mikey done that's so awful?"

"No one thing, sweetheart. It's the total of little things. 'After all, Coughlin,' said Colonel T—— in that clipped, ball-of-fire way he has, 'if you had a dog that barked and made a nuisance of itself, you'd have to get rid of it too.'"

"Give me a cigarette," I said shakily. "What do people do who don't smoke, when the world rises up and kicks them in the face?"

I fought for self-control, not able to look at Bob's face, staring with a desperate intentness first at the tip of my cigarette, then at Bob's tie, tucked so neatly and precisely into his shirt, his shirt with the row of ribbons just over the left breast pocket. I'd sewn them on for him, the brownish one for the campaign in Europe, crowded with battle stars; the blue, white, and red for the Silver Star. . . .

In the morning I phoned home, and when my mother answered and I tried to tell her what had happened, all I could say was, "Mother, they've said we can't keep Mikey . . . isn't it awful, isn't it awful . . . we can't keep Mikey!" And of course I started crying.

"He'll be better off here," my mother said. "He'll be happier. We'll take good care of him—it will be a blessing for your father to have something to do, he is nearly beside himself since he retired. You bring Mike, Melissa—can you hear me?—bring Mike, and plan to stay awhile and rest."

Once again Dodie volunteered to look after my husband and my children, and I packed Mikey's clothes, only this time I packed everything he had, and all his toys, too, those toys so young for his size, his Teddy bears and beach bucket and shovel and his bright-colored ball with the bells inside. And we drove to New Jersey, Mike and I, and I thought, this is the last time.

My parents said that if Bob did not go overseas before then, Mike should stay with them until June, because in this way Pat and Chris could finish their school year without interruption. "And the children can be with their father that much longer," my father said.

And my mother said, "And you can be with your Bob."

"And then I'll take the children and move to Vermont," I said. "I just hope Mike doesn't wear you out before then."

We felt a closeness, during the next two months, that we had not felt since the days before Bob went overseas in '44. Again there was the feeling of impending separation. But this time it was more painful to contemplate, because this time each of us knew, from experience, how agonizing it is to be apart. This time it was Mikey and not the Army who was separating us, and this simply made it harder.

Late in March, Bob flew to California on an inspection trip. Three other officers from the post accompanied him, and they were to start back on Friday, April sixth, traveling by civilian plane.

At noon on Saturday a colonel from Bob's office, and his wife, came to tell me officially that the plane was late. I didn't seem able to grasp any of the details. Bob's plane was down somewhere; I had no idea where or when it had gone down. Someone would let me know as soon as there was any word. . . . I thanked them, formally, for coming.

I told the children that daddy would probably be late, and not get home in time for supper, after all. Pat wanted to know why not, and I said the plane was down somewhere, and daddy probably had a long walk to go get help, that's why he hadn't phoned. Sure, Pat said, and he and Chris went out to play.

The afternoon, which could have been an endless test of endurance, passed very quickly. Directly after the children went out, a priest, who knew Bob, but whom I did not know, as I am not Catholic, came to call, and engaged me in conversation. He was charming, he was witty, he was well-read. As the hours passed, I felt as if I had become two people—the one who was visible, who sat and talked and laughed and behaved as if nothing in the world were wrong; and the other, invisible, who watched the first with astonishment and disapproval.

When the priest left, it was nearly five o'clock. Dodie came in. A reporter from the Associated Press phoned.

As I hung up I saw an olive-drab sedan stop outside, and General Lawton and the Protestant chaplain get out.

I opened the door.

"Mrs. Coughlin?"

I nodded.

The general's face looked pinched and gray. "There were no survivors."

Because I had to know, I said, "Was it quick?"

"Yes," the general said. He cleared his throat. "Instantly."

Thank God. It was the first I had spoken to Him all day.

"Would you like me to pray?" the chaplain asked.

"Why, yes, if you like," I said courteously.

Someone gave the children supper, and someone phoned Fort Bragg to tell Longin, and I went over to the Buechlers'. Colonel Ted Buechler had been Bob's C.O. in Europe, a man for whom Bob had great respect and affection, and his wife Mary had always been my ideal of a C.O.'s wife. On the way over, Mary, who was driving, said, "What about the farm, Melissa? If you need money, I've got some. Tell me what you need."

I thought about Bob's few uniforms, kept presentable only by constant care, and our shabby old car, and how for years I had protested at Bob for being so "insurance poor." "I've got money," I said. "Thanks just the same."

Dodie slept beside me that night, and in the morning, when I first woke, I turned to see if Bob was awake yet, and in that instant my two selves fused, and I knew.

I heard the boys stirring, and I went in to tell them. "Your father's plane was found," I said. "He is dead. Everybody on the plane is dead."

Pat and Chris stared up at me, sleep driven from their faces. Neither made a sound. Chris' face twisted, but he did not cry.

Pat said, "I'll quit school and go to work."

"Don't be silly," I said harshly, because I could feel my insides begin to crumple and go to pieces. "You haven't even finished third grade. Besides, it won't be necessary. Your father has taken care of us."

I was getting breakfast when Longin walked in.

"Hello," I said. "How long can you stay?"

It was precisely the question we always asked whenever Longin got a pass to come home.

"Three days. Children haven't eaten?"

We fed them, and then my sister Mary walked in. "Dad and mother can't come," she said, dumping down her suitcase, "because of Mike. I came to help you pack."

And then began a constant procession of visitors. Everyone on the post who had known Bob, his friends, neighbors and former neighbors. Cars kept coming and going, footsteps to the door constantly, and never time to stop and think. And the women looked at me with eyes from far away, eyes bright with unshed tears and burning with the prayer, *O God, don't let me have to follow her, don't let it happen to me.*

Somewhere in the midst of the first day's callers came the priest who had been there the day before. "I want to talk to you alone," he said, and I took him back to the bedroom, which seemed the only place in the house with any privacy.

"First of all," he said, "let me explain the Church's stand on sudden death. The Church holds that there need be only a split-second awareness of impending death. That is long enough to achieve a state of grace. For the salvation of the soul, it is every bit as good as a complete act of contrition."

I realized he was explaining not so much to me, a Protestant, as to Bob's children, who might one day ask about this.

"Secondly," the priest said, "you must realize that your marriage is now over." He stressed each word slightly to emphasize the importance of what he was saying. "Your marriage no longer exists. It is ended."

"I know," I said.

"So there must be no vows, none at all," he went on. "No vows that you will not remarry, no vows to remain true to your dead husband. It is all over."

"I know."

"Children, especially boys, need more than a mother, they need the companionship of men. You must see to it that they see a lot of their grandfather and their uncles, men teachers, young priests."

That was Sunday. On Tuesday the visitors were still streaming in and out, and no word had come when Bob's body would be shipped East, no word of what plans we should make. I couldn't imagine what was causing the delay.

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I felt wound up tighter and tighter, and finally I asked the priest. He said, "You mean no one has told you they can't identify Bob?"

And then I could see no reason for remaining any longer at Fort Monroe. Longin's three-day pass had been extended to a month's emergency leave, and he thus would be able to supervise the packers and moving men, drive us to New Jersey, and help get us settled in Vermont.

In New Jersey I waited to be told what to do. Joe Dunn phoned to say there were four others, besides Bob, entitled to burial in a national cemetery, but since no one knew for sure who was who, how to label the graves correctly?

"Present plans are for a common grave, one headstone, in the national cemetery in St. Louis?"

"And why, may I ask, St. Louis?"

"Because three of the men are from the West Coast, and two from the East."

I almost laughed.

"Listen, Joe," I said, "tell them this isn't something on paper, it concerns people. And why not Arlington? Bob said once he thought it a great honor to be buried in Arlington. Maybe the other families will think so too."

"I can't promise anything," Joe said, "but I'll see."

In a day or so he called to say Arlington suited the other families just fine. It would still have to be one casket, though, and one headstone.

"Listen, Joe," I said firmly, "I'm bringing Pat and Chris. I feel they have a right to be at their father's funeral. And they already know there will be four of his comrades buried at the same time. I'm not explaining to them about one casket. They're not old enough to know that the body doesn't matter. But they're old enough to count. Five caskets, Joe."

Later I went into the kitchen where mother and Longin were sharing a pot of coffee.

"Let's get out of here," I said abruptly. "Let's go up to Vermont tomorrow and get settled. We've got an awful lot to do before you go back to Bragg, and God knows when they will get this straightened out. I can't stand this doing nothing."

Longin and I left the children and the cat with mother and dad, and drove to Vermont the next day. The further north we drove, the colder it grew. By the time we turned east at Manchester and headed up over Bromley Mountain, it was dark and the air was thick with snow.

I was nearly asleep when we reached Woodstock. There were heaps of unmelted snow two to three feet deep along the northern side of the houses. In Fort Monroe my daffodils had finished blooming, and the women had begun to sun themselves on beach towels, and the children ran barefoot along the shore.

We took a couple of rooms in a guest house that wasn't actually open for business, but since it was so late, and if we didn't want breakfast ——

In the morning Longin and I went off to locate our household goods. They had been shipped, care of Mr. Potwin. When I went up to knock on the door of his house, Mrs. Potwin flung open the door and swept me into her arms.

"Oh, you poor baby!" she cried. "Good gracious, this is awful, just awful!" She wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron. "All your stuff is in our barn. This truck the size of a house come up here, and Harold says to him, 'You're not plannin' to take that up our back roads, are you?' he says. 'It's mud season now and you'll be stuck till summer.' So this fellow says he'll take the stuff to Bellows Falls and put it in storage there, and Harold says, 'Well, what's the widow supposed to do then? Put it in our barn,' he says. And that's where it is."

"Well, thanks very much," I said. "But how ——"

"Harold's gone off to get our boy, who's got a loggin' truck," she said. "They'll take your stuff up on that."

"What does she mean?" I muttered. "What's all this about mud?"

Longin smiled. "In Poland, in the spring, no one tries to go anywhere, not on the roads. The frost goes down three or four feet into the ground, and when it thaws, the roads are like chocolate pudding."

I stared at him in dismay. "How long does this go on?"

"Two weeks, maybe three."

It was a very eventful day. Mr. Potwin located three of his sons, who quit their logging and came and loaded our household goods on the truck, and we drove up the unpaved roads. At first glance I would have called them impassable, but obviously they weren't because first the old car made it, and then the truck.

The men worked like Trojans, and by the time it was getting dark, the truck had made three round trips and all our furniture and other gear was inside, under cover at least. Mr. Potwin handed Longin a lantern. "You might need this, in case the electricity isn't on," he said.

We went back into the house. I flipped a light switch and nothing happened. Longin lit the lamp, and then, in the gloom, with the lamplight making only a small pool of light, we both became aware of how cold it was, a bone-biting cold.

"I better start a fire," Longin said, his breath visible even in the feeble light from the lamp. "You stay here."

He took the lamp and went down to the cellar, and after ten minutes he announced success in building a wood fire in the furnace. "Not much firewood, though. I better get some."

To the cozy sound of an ax in the woodshed, I got supper on the old wood stove which Mrs. Ferncliffe had offered to leave, and which I, with admirable foresight, had accepted. I could feel the cold gradually recede until it was actually almost pleasant. I took off my coat.

Longin came in from the woodshed with an armload of split lengths of firewood. He sniffed.

"Where's the smoke coming from?"

"Smoke?" I looked at him, and I could see it too, drifting in layers across the room. It was filling the room, and it wasn't cigarette smoke, either.

Longin dropped his wood and jerked open the door to the cellar. Billows of smoke swept past him, filling the room, filling the house. He grabbed the lamp and rushed down, the smoke closing behind him like a curtain. I stood at the head of the stairs coughing and choking and asking stupid questions. "Can I help?" I gasped, my eyes streaming. "Where's the fire?"

Longin came back up. "In the furnace," he said briefly. "Some fine furnace. Smoke is pouring out the back."

"What shall we do?" I was holding a wet handkerchief over my nose. It came to me dimly that you are supposed to crawl on the floor, but that seemed extreme. "Shall we put the fire out? Pour water on it, maybe?"

"It would just smoke worse," Longin said. "We'll have to let it burn out."

"But we can't breathe!" I said, coughing to demonstrate.

Longin opened the front door. But the smoke refused to flow out. "I'll have to open windows upstairs," he said, and went up, and shortly came down. "They won't open. They've all got second windows on the outside, nailed shut."

He went up on the shed roof and, in the dark, removed two of the upstairs storm windows, and opened the inside windows, and climbed in and came downstairs and propped open the front door. The smoke began to drift sullenly upstairs, and soon it was gone, accompanied by all the warmth in the house.

In the morning Longin went down to see whatever had been the matter. The furnace hadn't been connected to the chimney at all. We had been like a couple of hams in a smokehouse.

"Funny thing," Longin said. "There was the pipe lying on the ground, right there. How did that old woman manage to heat her house?"

"She had little stoves set up in the living room and hall," I said. I decided not to mention stumbling over a pipe behind the furnace, when I was buying the house.

"You better buy yourself an oil burner, if you have money," Longin said. "You cannot manage that furnace even if it is fixed. You will be going up and down, up and down, crying over a dead fire, and freezing."

I'm not one to argue when told to spend money to make myself comfortable. "O.K.," I said agreeably.

We had set up the table by the window which looked out on the orchard, and as I turned back from the stove, Longin jumped up. "Look!" he exclaimed in delight.

There, near the top of the orchard, was a deer. She was almost the color of the dead grass across which she moved, as gracefully and effortlessly as water flowing, now lifting her head to stare at the house, then lowering it again to graze on the fallen apples. We watched, enchanted.

"Right here!" I breathed, half unbelieving. "A deer, in our own orchard, the very first day. It's some kind of an omen, don't you think? A good omen."

Suddenly something startled her, and she sailed over the hedgerow, the white of her tail flashing.

A car was turning into the drive. It was the plumbers promised by Mr. Potwin, who were to remove the small iron sink lurking in the corner and to install a new one.

Everything needed doing, and at once. We needed a new kitchen stove and a hot-water heater and an outlet for the washing machine in the woodshed. We worked like the proverbial beavers for several days.

"Unless you need me very much," Longin said, "I am not going to Bob's funeral. There is still so much to do before you can bring the children here, and soon I have to go back to Bragg. I want to go," he said, "but there is one thing you cannot hire a man to do for you. I have to get rid of all those tin cans and broken bottles that are heaped up behind the barn; they cannot be here when Mikey comes. I never saw so many junks lying around, on land somebody called his own. Did you see? A space as big as this kitchen, and heaped six feet high."

You cannot hire a man to do it. . . . My eyes burned. "O.K.," I said. "You stay here. I'll manage."

The following morning I left Longin digging a huge pit for the trash, and I drove to New Jersey, and from there we went to Washington by train. Pat and Chris went along, as planned, and my brothers Ted and Bruce.

We drove to the chapel at Fort Myer and my brothers and my sons and I sat in the front pew, on the left. Five flag-draped coffins rolled in almost silently, each accompanied by a guard of honor.

Chris leaned over to me. "Which one is daddy?"

"The first one."

And why not?

And then we were following the coffins out into the warm sweet spring sunshine, and we got into a car and started down through Arlington Cemetery, moving as slowly as the guard walked.

After a bit, Chris looked up at Pat and said, "Do you think daddy is a skeleton yet?"

"Shut up!" Bruce said savagely.

Amen, I thought, my eyes shut.

And then we were at the graveside, and while we listened to the chaplains Joe Dunn leaned over and said softly, "They'll fire three volleys, Melissa; don't let it startle you."

Crack! went the first volley, and scarcely had its echoes faded when Chris whirled and demanded sharply, "Were those real bullets?"

However does a woman see it through, who has no children beside her, no flying buttresses to brace her against the future?

Editors' Note—This is the first of five articles by Mrs. Ambros. The second will appear next week.

"Now then, what's this nonsense about your wanting a transfer from the toy department?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Report on "Plague Island"

(Continued from Page 43)

is stocked with viruses so deadly that, if even half a dozen of them escaped to the mainland, the result could be disease and death for thousands of valuable animals, at a cost to the country of millions of dollars. So tiny that 1,000,000 of them end to end wouldn't measure an inch, these viruses could hide under a man's fingernail by the thousands. Because they are so dangerous there's only one place in the country where they are allowed, and that's Plum Island.

There they are doing a useful job, but there, at whatever cost, they must stay. It's a major part of Shahan's job as director of the laboratory to see that they do. As one careless visitor, without meaning to, could be the agent of escape and untold disaster, there are no careless visitors, and few of any kind.

The primary reason for Plum Island is preparedness. Most of the work done there is research designed to discover causes of, and find preventive vaccines or cures for, foreign diseases of livestock.

Doc Shahan is no novice. His experience with dangerous animal diseases dates almost from his graduation in 1924 from Colorado State University (then Colorado A. & M.) with a DVM degree. He was a research man in the old Bureau of Animal Industry for many years, and in 1946 was appointed codirector of the Mexico-U.S. Commission for eradication of hoof-and-mouth disease in Mexico. This campaign was undertaken, not purely from good will to a stricken neighbor but because of the danger to the United States livestock industry of having the disease within striking distance of our borders. The campaign was completely successful. The disease was wiped out in Mexico. The cost of United States participation during the years 1946–52 and 1953–54 was more than $135,000,000. It could have been much more if the disease had entered the United States.

"There is every reason to be on guard," Doc Shahan told me one evening in a plain Government office in Greenport, Long Island, a dozen miles from Plum, where he met me after hours to look me over and see if it was safe to let me visit his island. "We have had invasions of foreign-animal disease in the past, and we're pretty sure to have them again, in spite of all we do. There are many diseases to fear." He named a few. Rinderpest, for instance, is the dreaded cattle plague. It was first known in Asia. From there it spread to Africa. In the fifth century it was brought into Europe by herds accompanying Attila's invading Huns. "Other bad diseases," said Doc, "are fowl plague, African swine fever of hogs, contagious bovine pleuropneumonitis, to mention three. The one giving most concern right now is hoof-and-mouth disease."

There are two big research buildings on Plum Island. The old one, housed in a remodeled Army warehouse, has been in use since 1954. The new one, specially planned from basement to rooftop, is believed to be the safest animal-disease research laboratory in the world. It was dedicated in 1956 and occupied early in 1957. The dedication was attended by top research people from many lands, including Israel, Costa Rica, Switzerland, West Germany. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson at that time spelled out what Plum Island means to this country and to the rest of the world. Disease, he said, is the biggest single drag on livestock production. The toll it takes, even with the advanced knowledge veterinarians have, is almost $2,000,000,000 a year in this country. The risk of invasion by new diseases from other countries has been increased a thousandfold by fast transportation. It didn't matter much in the old days, Benson said, if infected animals were shipped to us. They came on slow boats and either died or recovered in transit.

But no longer. "Last year," he said, "fifty-eight per cent of all livestock and ninety-four per cent of all poultry coming into this country from overseas were shipped by air. Planes can bring animals here from any part of the world in forty-eight hours. They outrun the incubation period for many virulent diseases."

That's why the USDA maintains strict animal quarantines at ports of entry. That important story was reported in The Saturday Evening Post in December, 1955 (UNCLE SAM'S ARK, by Bill Wolf). But quarantines, Benson pointed out, are no longer enough. Animals themselves don't have to bring their diseases in. The viruses may come in infected meats, hides or almost any imported materials, or on the persons of travelers. One severe animal epidemic in England is believed to have been caused by viruses introduced by starlings flying over from Europe. A German immigrant who went to work on a Saskatchewan dairy farm in 1952 is thought to have brought in on his clothing the virus that caused Canada's first outbreak of hoof-and-mouth disease in many, many years. The last important outbreak of that disease in the United States, in 1929, was traced to raw garbage fed to hogs—the garbage came off a ship just in from a foreign port.

Plum Island is designed to provide the know-how to combat foreign animal diseases if they attack here, as well as to help veterinary experts abroad fight them there. "Knowledge," Benson pointed out, "is one good thing all men can share without in any way lessening their own share of it." He estimated that if certain dreaded diseases got a firm foothold here before we developed means of stopping them in their tracks, they could cause the death or enforced slaughter of as much as one fourth of our livestock herds, or reduce by one fourth our supplies of meat and other animal products. Raising livestock on American farms, he pointed out, is an $11,000,000,000 industry. Not only would many farmers be crippled or ruined; meat and dairy products could become scarce and disastrously expensive, and leather for shoes and wool for clothing could soar into a price stratosphere.

That's why Shahan's job on Plum Island is so important. It explains why he keeps off visitors who might unwittingly carry away live viruses. It also explains why the people who work on Plum Island, of whom there are about 300, have to be almost ludicrously careful.

Hal Block's Inventions
FOR A BETTER TOMORROW
Calories Anonymous
(When tempted to overeat, call C.A. and a member comes over and gets drunk with you.)

We learned more about that on our first trip over to Plum Island. With Doc's permission, Larry Fried, the photographer assigned to the job by the Post, and I, boarded the Piadl-I on a wintry morning before the sun was up. "The only reason I'm letting you two go," Doc explained, "is that the new laboratory isn't quite finished yet. Research work won't start there for another week or two. After it does, nobody"—he tamped fresh tobacco into his pipe as if he meant it—"nobody goes just to see."

The Piadl-I is a sixty-four-foot Army T-boat converted into a work horse for Plum Island. She runs errands and carries a few workers over and back every day. The trip to Plum from Greenport, where the Piadl-I docks, can be choppy and nasty, especially in Plum Gut, which is a 200-foot-deep battleground for tides converging from Long Island Sound, Block Island Sound and Gardiners Bay, making it about as treacherous a narrow strip of water as there is along the coast. The cabin was warm and cozy. Signs on the wall said, PUT YOUR CIGARETTE BUTTS IN THE PAIL, and cheerily, DO NOT USE TOILET FOR SEASICKNESS. The other passengers going over with us that morning were operating engineers in various parts of Plum Island, some in the laboratories, others in the power plant, water works or decontamination (sewage disposal) buildings. Walter Gaffga—Operating Engineer 4—offered a revealing bit of information.

"They sure make you keep clean," he said.

Alton Bohlke—Operating Engineer 1—meaning that he works in the old lab where the dangerous viruses are kept, snorted. "You don't mean it! Why, I only took nine baths yesterday." This indicated nine trips between "contaminated" and "clean" areas, involving a bath and change of clothes every time.

Joe Dussault, who also works in the old lab, downgraded Bohlke's nine baths as hardly worth mentioning. "That's no record," he said.

"Of course not. I heard one guy took eighteen."

"Me!" Joe informed him disgustedly.

"Bath," Gaffga explained, means bath. "Not something your kid takes when you tell him to. You don't stick a big toe in and run. You scrub your nails with this germ-killer soap, blow your nose, lather all over ——"

"Hair too?"

"Hair especially. You got to soak at least a minute. You leave through a gate that trips a bunch of needle sprays. For six feet they hit you all over. Skip any part of a bath and get caught doing it, and you're out of a job so quick it's a pity."

Not many places, I reflected, would fire the help for failing to use soap with hexachlorophene in it. That's one of the funny things about Plum Island. They do.

The crossing on the Piadl-I took sixty-five minutes. Every time we hit a big sea and bounced, Gaffga yelled "Beach! Beach!" That, I found, referred to their jolly crossing two Christmas Eves ago when the same men were on night shift. "The fog was so thick," Gaffga said, "you couldn't see a rod. Suddenly there was a bump. The cabin tipped and we all went head-over-grandma. We picked ourselves up and found we were ashore on Hay Beach. That's on Shelter Island, not Plum. It took four hours of pull and heave, every man lending a hand, to get off. Meanwhile, Coast Guard stations as far as New York were notified we were missing."

Fog, rip tides and storm are among the reasons why PIADL is where it is: they make it harder to get to and away from, for both humans and viruses. Sometimes the Gut can't be crossed at all, even in the big ferry which takes only twenty minutes from Orient Point. Hurricane Flossy almost marooned all the V.I.P.'s on Plum Island at the dedication a year ago last September; they had to leave in a hurry and finish the session in a schoolhouse in Greenport. Plum Island's regulars grin and bear the weather, even when it plays rough. The very morning after the Piadl-I ran ashore in the fog, a security guard returning on her to Long Island leaned against a loose guard chain and was thrown overboard. They got to him within two minutes, but he was so numb from shock and the icy water he couldn't grab a rope. A crewman went over after him.

"That's two baths," said Gaffga, grinning, "that either guy could have skipped without being fired."

On Plum Island, the guards and Shahan met us. We were turned over to the guards' boss, safety officer Dr. George E. Cottral. One of the top men on the island, Cottral is a veteran who saw World War II service in India. He showed us the things we were allowed to see, and described the others; and he saw to it that we didn't go where we weren't supposed to. We were not allowed in the animal-holding areas, which occupy a big part of the island. Several hundred animals, including cattle, guinea pigs, sheep, mice and horses, are used each year in research experiments. The animals have to be kept disease-free pending use, and nobody goes among them except the regular animal handlers. We were also not allowed in the old lab—the "hot" one at that time. No outsider goes there unless it's completely necessary. Theoretically, and probably actually, Cottral said, there are no animal-disease viruses loose anywhere on the island, except for some that may have escaped in a "hot" laboratory area. As a result, no bird can carry disease from Plum to the mainland, as the starlings did from Europe to England.

We saw how the movements of animals, materials and people are regulated with more care than a banker would dream of using to move $10,000,000. No vehicles are allowed on the island except Government trucks or buses—no private cars at all. Each vehicle moves only on prescribed routes and does only prescribed things. One truck, for instance, brings incoming materials to the locked gate of the lab compound. A second truck, operating only within the compound, takes them from there to the receiving door. They pass into the building through an airlock or an autoclave, the principle of both devices being that the inner door can be opened only if the outer door is closed, and vice versa. Any viruses that do get into the lock during use are quickly killed with live steam or chemicals.

Few things that enter the laboratory, except human beings, ever leave it—none without decontamination, which means a bath for people and various heat or chemical treatments (*Continued on Page 86*)

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(*Continued from Page 84*) for materials. Animals that have served their purpose are destroyed and completely incinerated. Sewage and liquid wastes are held in killing temperatures before release. Viruses can be air-borne, so only virus-free air can leave the buildings. Cottral introduced Capt. Louis V. Genuario, a young graduate of West Point who will go through life with a limp from injuries received in Korea; Genuario was acting as resident engineer for the United States Corps of Engineers, which supervised construction of the new lab. He said he was going to write a technical paper about the sheet-metal work in the air-control system. It's the most complicated in the country, he said, and one of the largest. I, for one, found the 5000-square-foot room on the second floor where the ducts, filter chambers, electrical conduits and controls come together an excellent place for inducing nightmares.

Being unable to visit the hot lab, I got a rosy-cheeked doctor who does veterinary research there to outline a typical day. It didn't sound much like a nine-to-five, easy-coffee-break, nice-lunch-hour day in the average office, factory or store.

Dr. George C. Poppensiek has been working in the hot lab since September, 1954. He is a family man with a wife and two children, and he lives in the village of Orient across the Gut. He worked in several places before he came here, and knows what "regular" jobs are like. After taking his first degree in veterinary medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and his master's at Cornell, he worked on the staffs of the Universities of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Cornell, and for several years did commercial work on serums and vaccines for the Lederle Laboratories, Inc. Soft-spoken, mild-mannered, somewhat scholarly in a spectacled way, he finds Plum pretty peculiar.

He and his wife, he said, get up at 6:45. The children go on sleeping. At 7:40 he meets his five-member car pool and rides three miles to the ferry dock. He crosses on either the Orient or the Gay Head, ex-LSM boats converted to transsound ferry service and under contract to carry Plum Island workers back and forth.

At the dock on Plum Island, Poppensiek checks through the first line of guards by showing his "red" card. The color does not denote a political preference. It means he works in a hot area and can go only to certain places. The bus he boards always takes the same route and carries only "reds." When he reaches the lab compound, another guard checks his card.

Poppensiek then goes to the locker room and strips. Everything comes off—clothes, jewelry, eyeglasses, wrist watch, ring. If he wore a hearing aid or a wooden leg which he doesn't, that would come off too. Naked, he walks through a shower stall to the change room. He doesn't bathe now. He is allowed to bring germs in if he has some; it's taking them out that is taboo. In the change room he dons all-white gear—T shirt, trousers, jacket, socks, shoes. He puts on special lab glasses. The lenses in them are ground to his prescription, but they are mounted in a plastic frame which isn't damaged by repeated dousings in 2 per cent disinfectant solution. Glasses and lab clothes never leave the building. The latter are laundered and repaired right on the premises.

If his day's work keeps him in his own quarters, Poppensiek's chores are fairly simple. He changes clothes again only when he goes home, and one bath is all he takes. But if he goes to another part of the building, the routines are strict. Each lab area is virtually a sealed chamber.

The new lab has four completely separated units, sealed from one another so that researches on four different diseases can be conducted simultaneously. Into each such area nothing, not even air, can come or go except under rigid control. Animal rooms are similarly sealed off. When Poppensiek goes to visit an animal patient, he takes off whites and puts on blues. This is done not as a precaution against virus escapes, but because animals apparently are less likely to be spooked by blue. Every move between hot areas entails a bath. With some satisfaction, Poppensiek told me that ordinarily he takes no more than three a day. Animal handlers, he thinks, average about four.

Lunch, which he orders from the cafeteria first thing in the morning, reaches him at noon through a small airlock. The coffee and *soupe du jour* are usually coolish, but he's used to that. He seldom takes a coffee break.

His workday ends early. The ferry leaves Plum at 4:30. He must bathe, dry, dress, catch the bus, and be aboard by then, or go all the way to Greenport on the Piadl-I and then try to catch a ride home from there.

That, briefly, is how a worker's day goes on Plum Island. It helps to show why the legend has grown up of Plum Island as a sort of pesthouse. Actually, it is doing a job important for everybody in this country. The research men have not been working at it long enough to produce any startling discoveries, but there have been significant results. "The first disease we worked on," Shahan explained, "was vesicular stomatitis. That is something like hoof-and-mouth disease, but not nearly so bad. We chose it for a warmup or test run, to try out our safety measures. We did get some valuable results. We learned a new way to grow virus cultures, which works equally well for hoof-and-mouth viruses."

In late mid-summer, 1957, the taking of the first electron microphotographs of the foot-and-mouth disease virus was announced by the laboratory. This is considered an important step toward eventual control. The virus is said to be the smallest animal-disease virus known.

I wondered how they got their hoof-and-mouth viruses. North America, Shahan said, is the only large body of land in the world, except Australia, which so far as known, is now absolutely free of hoof-and-mouth disease. The viruses were obtained, I was told, from research workers in England. Getting them here was quite an operation. As a first step, they were sealed in glass ampules from which escape was believed to be absolutely impossible. That was only the beginning. The ampules were embedded in cotton and packed in airtight, sealed, double-can containers. These went into a large stainless-steel container which was also sealed. That in turn went into an insulated canvas bag, which was padlocked for shipment inside a strong wooden box marked "Property of U.S. Government." They got here alive.

Doctor Cottral not only keeps intruders off Plum Island; he also digs into county histories and courthouse records to discover its history. This has been long and varied. The first white man to see it, he believes, was Adriaen Block, for whom neighboring Block Island is named. On a voyage in 1614, Block made charts, circumnavigated Long Island, and sampled the wild beach plums that give Plum Island its name. The Cutchogue Indians claimed ownership of Plum, but in 1659 their headman, Chief Wyandanch, sold the island to Samuel Wyllys, the son of a governor of Connecticut, for a coat, a hundred fishhooks and a barrel of crackers.

Until the Spanish-American War, in 1898, the island was used mostly for pasture. At that time the owner was Abram S. Hewitt, onetime mayor of New York, and he sold the island to the United States for use in defense. The coast artillery built Fort Terry on it. Terry was one of a chain of forts which, by overlapping fire, were supposed to protect Long Island Sound from enemy entrance. There is no record of any shots having been fired from Plum at actual invaders, but the gunners did a lot of practice shooting at boat-towed targets, and mines were laid during wartime. The building which houses the old lab was once the mine-storage building.

During and after Korea, the Army Chemical Corps had an installation on Plum. Choice of the island for PIADL was announced by the USDA on July 28, 1952.

"People," Doc Shahan said, "have an idea it's dangerous to work here. That's wrong. Actually there is little if any danger to human beings from the viruses we use. The danger we're mindful of, and that's really something, is letting them escape and reach susceptible livestock. That is why we take no risks. We may be extreme, but I don't think so. It's better to be overcautious all the time than not cautious enough just once."

The policy of the United States about some animal diseases, he pointed out, is different from that of many countries. "Take hoof-and-mouth. Some countries are willing to live with it, so long as it isn't too bad. They use quarantines and vaccines at tremendous cost during big outbreaks. Vaccines, however, give only limited immunity. No cure is known. It's possible we'll find one right here, or a vaccine that is effective.

"This country's policy is to live without the disease: not to have it here in any way, shape or form. Every infected or exposed animal, in case of an outbreak, is slaughtered. Infected premises are decontaminated, and can't be used again until proved clean. Australia, following this policy, hasn't had an outbreak since 1872.

"It's costly, yes. But there is evidence that it's far cheaper in the long run. England follows this policy. France doesn't. During an outbreak over there a few years ago, a study of comparative costs showed that France spent $294,000,000 fighting the disease and still had it. Great Britain spent $8,400,000 and wiped it out."

These are things we learned at Uncle Sam's island of no escape, as Plum is sometimes called. It's a spooky place to visit and a strange place to work. Some people wouldn't take jobs there for love or money—not and take all those baths. But it can be very comforting to meat eaters and milk drinkers to know that this fortress of fundamental research is there, and that several hundred Plum Islanders like their jobs and mean to keep them.

On the Prowl With "31 Knot" Burke (Continued from Page 37)

pleasantly; then caught her husband's eye and rose to say good night.

"Wonderful woman," he said, while she was still in earshot. "All the attributes of a perfect wife. Warmth, understanding, stamina. Where's my homework?"

Capt. Frederick Schneider pulled from a brief case three thick black books, each marked Top Secret. Burke riffled through them. They were intelligence reports on all the tides that were moving in the Far East; briefings on economics, politics, the military capabilities of our allies and the enemy, a thousand details Burke had to know before he started asking questions of our Oriental allies or answering them.

Broad-beamed as a battleship, the admiral sat down on the arm of a chair. From a yellow oilskin pouch he filled his pipe, the broken stem held together by a piece of transparent tape. He picked up a brown Manila folder marked with a single Chinese symbol on the back.

"That's the symbol for 'man,'" he said. "It's not enough to fill a man's belly with rice, or help him get his factories running, or to arm his navies and his armies," the admiral went on. "Somehow we've got to find a way to his heart, find a way to earn his friendship and respect. Our co-operation must instill confidence in the people we want to help. The big problem and the most important fight is not military; it is a continuous psychological and philosophical battle. This is not going to be easy. The big thing is stamina and principles." The admiral addresses the big problems on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis in earnest and with an Emersonian philosophy of hard work!

"Now," he said, to nobody in particular, "here's a little problem. You are Commander Seventh Fleet, cruising a hundred miles off Russia's coast. You get a message that the Reds have closed those seas to all ships except their own. What do you do besides send a frantic dispatch to CNO?"

The question was kicked around at some length. Burke finally gave his answer. You'd continue to cruise as before, he said. And if anybody by a hostile act tried to interfere, you'd shoot. The age-old principle of freedom of the seas was at stake. Russia was already testing the free world's resolution by closing certain international waters—such as Peter the Great Bay. Unless somebody stopped her, she'd seal off more and more of the open oceans from all shipping but her own.

Again the subject was debated, and a second equally touchy: What should we do if the Reds should strike again in Korea? Various alternatives were discussed from a military point of view. We could fight with conventional weapons, in limited war, as last time, or include tactical nuclear weapons. Also we could fight an all-out war with nuclear weapons. Each of the alternatives was examined.

It was long past midnight, and the plane was far over the western plains when Burke trudged back to his cabin, carrying the thick black books to study. The evening's talk, said Vice Admiral Ralph E. (Rollo) Wilson, Burke's deputy for logistics, was typical of the way the CNO operated. His mind dwelt constantly on military matters, and he ceaselessly projected his thinking, to make sure that, in whatever contingency might arise, the Navy would have some workable answer. As a disciplined naval officer, of course, he took his guidance from higher author-

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ity. As the Navy's top commander, however, there wasn't too much higher authority from whom he could seek advice. His habit, therefore, was to pick the brains of the junior officers around him, first making sure that he had surrounded himself with brains worth picking.

The next day, over the Pacific, Burke's mind was still absorbed with the "iffy" questions. If Russia decided to hold fleet maneuvers in the waters off Bermuda, what should we do about it? The consensus: Nothing. The waters off Bermuda are the high seas, as free to the Russians as to us.

What if a Russian warship blundered into one of our task forces maneuvering on the high seas—which might well happen, now that the Russian navies are beginning to move about? What action would we take? Answer: None, if he went on his way. If he kept stooging around in the formation, we'd send a couple of destroyers to shoulder him out to the flanks, like cow ponies cutting a steer out of the herd—a maneuver Burke himself employed during World War II, when merchant skippers often got mixed up with the task forces.

Again, what about defending the Nationalist Chinese? We'd fight if the Red Chinese should attack the Chinats' stronghold on Taiwan. But what if they should launch an invasion against Matsu and Kinmen, little islands within gun range of the China mainland? Would we fight to keep Chiang's toehold there? Only the President, of course, could make these decisions, but Burke's views, from a military standpoint, on both are strong.

In midmorning, 1000 miles from Honolulu, Burke went back to his cabin to talk over the radiotelephone to Admiral Felix B. Stump, the Pacific commander, in his headquarters at Pearl. They read each other loud and clear. His effort to call his office in Washington, 3000 miles away, was a failure. It was the end of the working day back there, and the turning of thousands of auto keys in thousands of ignition switches in the Pentagon parking lots blanked out the transmission.

This led the admiral to a discourse on electronic devices and their weaknesses. The guided missile, he said, is an awesome thing. It can be rigged to seek out any anomaly, any abnormality, in the air or on the surface of the sea. It can home on heat, light, noise, magnetic distortions, radar reflections or electronic emissions. And because it can do these things, it can be fooled and thwarted. A whole new field of warfare is opening up, he said—the field of electronic deception. Someday, he said, it will be possible to scatter the ocean with "ghost fleets"—floating or soaring gadgets that give off beeps, heat, magnetism, electronic emissions or any other counterfeit impulse needed to lure a searching missile from its target. The enemy, too, will have his own ghost fleets, and we must develop missiles that will ignore the decoys and go straight to the true target—a tremendous challenge to the scientists.

"Every time we develop a weapon," the admiral said, "we try to find out what will defeat that weapon. Then we work to defeat the things that will defeat the weapon."

Tucked away in the back of Burke's mind were some highly unpalatable messages it was his duty to deliver to the Pacific Fleet. The days of easy dollars for defense were over. The national debt was bumping at the ceiling. There were only three things that could be done: (1) raise the debt limit, (2) increase taxes, or (3) live within our income. The Sputnik scare would cause a new spate of spending for missiles, but in their other operations the armed services would properly have to live on leaner appropriations. For instance, at the time of this conversation and before Sputnik, naval expenditures were being limited under a fixed budget ceiling. This amounted to a huge cut—in the neighborhood of several hundred million dollars. This would have meant that about 100 ships now in commission might have to be laid up in moth balls, 1000 planes would have to be grounded. And that, in turn, meant drastic cuts in personnel. It meant that many borderline officers, very competent in limited fields, but not outstanding among their contemporaries, would have to turn in their uniforms. Most of the reduction in force would come in shore-based installations and in the fleets nearer home, so that the task forces roaming the free world's frontiers, the combat effectiveness of the 6th Fleet in the Med and the 7th in the Pacific, could be kept at peak fighting strength. Some reductions of the fleets can be made in order to get missiles, new aircraft and nuclear power into new ships. But at the same time these fleets have to be ready for action now, as well as three or four years from now. The balance to be maintained between immediate readiness and future capability is a topic close to the surface as an objective in the maintenance of long-term preparedness. This will take some belt tightening, the admiral said.

This meant that the ships and planes and men left in the fleet would have to work much harder and more efficiently than in the past. Mediocrity could not be tolerated and mere competence would not be enough. Every unit of the fleet had to be outstanding.

The reduction in our forces also meant that our allies in the Pacific would have to take on a bigger share of the free world's defense. This, the admiral knew, would not be easy to bring about. Japan, a political entity just beginning to take its place again among the great industrial nations, could afford to build a bigger, stronger defensive force, thus relieving us of some of the burden of her own protection. She already had plans for enlarging her defense forces, but these would take time to accomplish. Fragmented Korea and Nationalist China were willing, even eager, to man ships and guns and planes in greater numbers, but all this expensive hardware would have to come from us, and we would have to continue to support it.

The problem was made more difficult by the fact that the Communist threat in the Western Pacific had remained serious. Landing in Honolulu, the admiral spent a night and a day and a night in private talk with that stern old warrior-diplomat Admiral Felix Stump, boss of all arms in the Pacific, and Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet.

Some of their talk was "bulkheading," the telling of sea stories, a pastime much pleasing to old sailors. But in the course of their main serious talks they went over every phase of the situation in the Pacific. And on Stump's summing up of the Communists' main objectives in Asia, there was a meeting of minds.

Both were certain that Japan's potentially huge industrial complex and the marrying of Japan's industrial and maritime know-how to China's vast manpower played an important part in Communist thinking. For to do so would speed the industrialization of Red China, and also develop a stronger balance of Communist ground and naval strength in the Pacific.

It seemed logical to assume that the Communists, by subversion or force, would hope to take over the still-free countries of Southeast Asia—to control all of Viet-Nam, Cambodia, Laos, Malaya, Thailand and Indonesia, so that great supplies of surplus rice, plus vast undeveloped reserves of rubber, tin and oil, would come into Communist hands.

The United States Navy's main objective in the Western Pacific was to see that this did not happen. But what could the Navy do? In the first instance, on the surface not too much; actually by a demonstration of strength and determination in the hot spots of Asia the stabilizing strength seems significant. The battle against internal subversion was one the countries themselves must fight, with the United States doing all it could to help. Combating the Red use of force was a different matter. With United States task forces roaming the Eastern Indian Ocean, the Gulf of Siam, the South and East China Seas, the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan—their carrier planes able to strike deep inland with thermonuclear bombs—it would be unlikely that any Red military adventure into Southeast Asia, if undertaken, would easily succeed. But those forces had to be strong and they had to be ready, day or night, to use their strength

... ...

Building Problem

By Leonard K. Schiff

Through constant practice
and teacher skills,
The building's cleared in
fire drills.
The principal's delighted
that
The clearance takes three
minutes flat,
But he'd be less happy if he
knew
At dismissal time it's cleared
in two.

... ...

in whatever degree seemed necessary, from issuing a gentle warning to dropping an atomic bomb.

Thus, the inevitable question arose: How strong and ready was this fleet? How ably could it defend itself against the Reds' long-range, shore-based bombers, flying from airfields ringing the China coast? How capable was it of defending itself against missiles? How strong was its protection against the Red submarines which are prowling Asian waters in greater and greater numbers? How strong would it be eighteen months from now, when the reduction in force had taken place? And how capable were the naval forces of our allies in the East? What could they do to help us fight a big war or a little one?

It was to get on-the-scene answers to these questions that Burke was flying west. They would fortify his thinking.

He got some of them on his second day in Japan, and they were none too comforting. Waiting to welcome him at Atsugi Airport were two acquaintances, members of the Japanese Diet, retired Admirals Kichisaburo Nomura and Zenshiro Hoshina. They greeted him with warmth and affection, but beneath their pleasant small talk a note of concern could be detected. That afternoon he spent like any sailor ashore—buying gifts for folks back home. In the stores at Yokosuka, he picked out what Mrs. Burke considered a most curious assortment—nineteen wastebaskets, ten silk cushions and a rattan monkey. That night at dinner with his host, Vice Admiral Roscoe Good, commander of United States Naval Forces in Japan, he outlined the cuts that were to come, stressed the fact that the naval forces in the Far East had to find a way to trim down without losing any of their fighting power, and said he was going to see to it that the officers and men serving in the Pacific were the best that Personnel could provide. "We must not sweep poor officers under the rug by sending them to some isolated shore station overseas," he said. "This area out here is too important to us."

The next morning Admirals Hoshina and Nomura came to Good's guest house to call on Burke. They had a long discussion.

Nomura, now eighty and nearly blind, but still strong and mentally alert, was Japan's ambassador to the United States at the time of Pearl Harbor, though Burke and many other Americans are convinced that he knew nothing of the Imperial Navy's plans. Hoshina, a Yale graduate, as a rear admiral was a member of the Imperial War Council during the war. Both believe Japan's future depends upon close co-operation between our countries. They are tremendously influential in Japan. Their friendship for Burke, dating back to the end of the war, is such that they can speak to him with complete frankness. They did. The Japanese people, Nomura said, had been greatly disturbed by Russia's launching of the Sputniks. Some Japanese wondered whether or not Russia actually had long-range missiles that could destroy Japan.

They discussed the attitude of the Japanese people toward the building of maritime defense forces; the possibility that the United States, by stressing armaments, was driving the country inevitably to war. This feeling was especially strong among Japan's intellectuals and students, who were tinged with Marxism, Nomura said. The impact on the labor unions and the teachers' unions of the blatant blasts of the Reds provided propaganda fuel for the comet's tail of Sputnik. This could take hold among the people, and it might spread fast if something positive was not done to stop it.

There was much propaganda in the press against building up the defense forces. Some papers were saying, "Let us abandon defense forces and make friends with the Russians." The people were saying, "No soldier, no sailor, then we shall have peace."

Burke listened, puffing at his pipe. He thanked his two old friends for speaking so candidly. But, he said, the launching of the Russian satellite should not terrify the Japanese. The Sputnik was not a weapon. The power that put the satellite in its orbit could, of course, be used to launch a missile. But the fact that Russia might have a long-range missile made it more important than ever that the Japanese have strong defensive forces at sea. For, of all targets, a moving ship was the hardest for a missile to hit. If people were to say Japan should abandon her defense forces and make friends with the Russians, they would be, in effect, betraying their country, for no nation that had tried to make friends with the Russians had ever survived. A greater danger to the Japanese than the Russian missile was the Red Navy—particularly the Russian and Chinese submarines that were prowling off the Japanese coasts. And the best defense against submarines was a strong sea force skilled in antisubmarine warfare.

But these men talked convincingly of the need for strength and determination. The three sailors understood each other well. Throughout the conversation, however, the point emphasized was that the war-weary people of the world could develop a sense of hopelessness and despair

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in the face of Russia's missile threat, without mature and American leadership. And Burke, earnestly and doggedly, kept returning to his theme—that strength was the deterrent, and he was confident that with traditional convictions Japan would stand ready to defend herself and provide a real pillar of strength in the collective security of the free world.

The next day, in an hour-long conference with the Emperor, Sputnik and missile again came to the fore, for Hirohito obviously shared his subjects' concern over the Soviet achievement. If Russia moves against Japan, the Emperor asked, what will the United States do?

Burke spoke frankly to his majesty. If Russia moved overtly against Japan, it would mean war, he said, and Russia as a war-making power would be destroyed—by missiles from our fleets at sea and by SAC's bombers and land-based missiles. The Red leadership was well aware of this, Burke said. Therefore, an armed attack against Japan was extremely unlikely, so long as Japan remained strong. The Soviets were more likely to move against Japan by infiltration and subversion, by nibbling away at her political foundations. War in the Western Pacific, if it should come, could take the form of limited aggression with ground troops and conventional weapons. And these we would handle as the situation demanded.

It could be sensed that Burke's efforts to bolster the Japanese morale were effective. He instills confidence by his sincerity and convictions. His integrity incites positive action by men. In a long session with Admiral Ko Nagasawa, commander of Japan's Maritime Self-Defense Forces, he made concrete suggestions as to how the Japanese, with our help, could strengthen their naval forces, and by so doing, strengthen the defenses of all the free world.

He recommended that Japan should build long-range patrol planes capable of ranging far to sea to keep Russian and Chinese submarines under surveillance.

He agreed that Japan should have a submarine to be used on antisubmarine patrol and to work with Japanese surface ships and naval aircraft, to sharpen their capabilities for antisubmarine warfare. When Nagasawa suggested that this be a snorkel sub, Burke winced. A snorkel costs $2,000,000 more than the old fashioned type.

They discussed the impact of Japan's security laws and ways that they might be amended. This seemed necessary if Japan were to obtain surface-to-air guided missiles. (Japan, in her revulsion against her wartime "thought police," has no laws punishing the giving away of military secrets.) Missiles, Burke said, could be built in Japan and, if the Japanese found ways to improve them or build them cheaper, this information would be useful. It would be mutually beneficial.

Finally, he recommended that the Japanese Maritime Self-Defense Forces move in to share the bases now occupied by United States naval forces, on a joint-use basis, so that when we withdraw, the Japanese can fully take over the role of their own defense.

Content that he had done all he could to allay the fears and spur the resolution of the gun-shy Japanese, he moved on to Korea, where a different task awaited him. Tough and fractious old Syngman Rhee had also taken note of the Soviet satellite. But its presence in the sky had not left him trembling. It had only steeled him in the belief that there would be a time to send his South Korean armies north, to drive the Chinese out and unite all Korea.

Burke agreed that the liberation of Korea would be a triumph over tyranny. But the reunification of Korea was a problem to be considered on levels higher than his own. He was in Korea as a sailor, to evaluate with a sailor's eye the Korean naval forces, and to judge for himself what their contributions would be to the free world's defense in Asia. Rhee said they could do a better job if they had better ships and more modern weapons, and Burke agreed that this was so.

The journey by air from Seoul to the Korean naval base at Chinhae brought back a flood of memories to Burke, who during the Korean War had served first as deputy chief of staff to Admiral Joy, commanding the Far East Naval Forces, later as commander of a cruiser division, and finally as a United States representative at the truce talks. Traveling with him to Chinhae was an old friend, Gen. Paik Sun Yup, chief of staff of the Korean armies, and one of Asia's toughest soldiers.

"We never got but two messages from General Paik when he had the First ROK Division," Burke recalled. "When we were attacking, he'd send a dispatch, 'We go.' When the Reds were attacking, we'd get Paik's signal: 'We stay. We fight.'"

Burke and Paik were linked in that bond of friendship men feel who have shared great danger together. One snowy day during the Korean War Burke, who liked to prowl around on shore, wearing a lieutenant colonel's oak leaves ("So I could ask a lot of fool questions") went up front with Paik to visit a naval shore party directing gunfire from Burke's cruisers against a massed concentration of Red Chinese. Through some mischance, they found themselves so close to the Red lines they could hear the enemy jabbering. While lying flat, wondering what to do next, Burke's alarm wrist watch went off, its little bell sounding as loud as Big Ben under his heavy jacket sleeve.

"I'll bet you could have knocked my brains out with a gun butt," Burke said to Paik.

Paik's broad flat Mongol face broke into a grin. "Wouldn't have stopped little bell," he said.

At Chinhae, Korea's Annapolis, on the south coast, Burke found much to cheer him. Burke related that the Koreans have had a tradition of sea warfare for 400 years, since a fiercely mustached old admiral named Yu Sunsin used "turtle ships" the world's first ironclads, to conquer a Japanese armada in Chinhae Bay. The modern Korean Navy is a far less devastating force, consisting of small flotilla of old United States subchasers, patrol craft, mine sweepers and LST's, capable only of inshore patrol, coast guard and a limited escort duty. Burke, however, was pleased to find the ships clean and well handled, and the minuscule navy as a whole imbued with a laudable esprit. Lacking patrol planes, they had built three by hand, following do-it-yourself directions found in an American magazine. No sane man would fly in these weird homemade craft—one of them had a propeller shaft made of an old machine-gun barrel—but to Burke they represented the grim determination of the Koreans to defend themselves.

From Korea, Burke, with the eagerness of a small boy on his way to see Santa Claus, moved on to the fleet. A salty sailor at heart, he wanted a rolling, pitching platform underfoot. There is little romance in the Pentagon flagship for the Chief of Naval Operations.

For four days, from the carriers Kearsarge and Bon Homme Richard and the flagship, the cruiser Rochester, he moved about by high line and helicopter, visiting ships and submarines while bos'n's pipes shrilled and side boys stood at attention in one of the ancient rituals of the sea. Aboard the Bon Homme Richard he watched the simulated readying of a thermonuclear bomb for delivery, stood by while it was hung beneath a twin-jet bomber's belly, and timed the action from starting signal to the moment when the plane stood ready for take-off.

Once during night air operations, when the jets were streaking straight up, their tail pipes glowing like red-hot stars, and flares from searching "enemy" planes lit up the sky, he was seen in deep thought.

"Remembering your old battles out here, admiral?" somebody asked him, knowing how fiercely, in the last great war, his Little Beaver destroyer squadron had fought in these same waters.

"No," said Burke, "I was trying to figure out a better way to harness a plane to the catapult. Every time we lose one of those slings over the side, it costs the Navy three hundred and fifty dollars."

In the wardrooms of the cruisers and destroyers he gave impromptu pep talks to the officers. Many surface-ship commanders, subsequent to the last war, have felt there was little future for them except in a carrier or in the submarine Navy. On the contrary, he told them, their future was never brighter, nor more challenging, for the cruisers and frigates of the future would be floating arsenals of missile and antimissile fire power, and the new sub-killing destroyers were fantastically complex assemblies of electronic gear. He convincingly told of the wonderful oceanic opportunities of the future. He instilled confidence and faith in the naval future as an instrument of national policy and national security.

Everywhere, he made cryptic notes on things he'd have to see about when he got back to his desk: "Rochester too small as flagship. Beak (Vice Admiral Wallace M. Beakley) wants to pull No. 1 gun turret to make more room. . . . Rivets' Rivero's old destroyers wearing out. Boilers and condensers shot. (Rear Admiral Rivero commands 7th Fleet's destroyer flotilla.) . . . Some repair yards sending out sick ships. Find out which ones doing poor job."

Burke moved on to Taiwan, after a brief stop at Okinawa, where he watched elements of the 3rd Marine Division, removing from Japan, descend upon their new home by vertical envelopment, coming in by helicopters that swarmed in the skies like grasshoppers.

In Taiwan, in a two-hour talk with President Chiang Kai-shek, he found the aging warrior still grimly determined to lead a victorious army back to the mainland as soon as civil disturbances there indicated a weakening of the Red regime.

Burke, who says that he can judge what shape a ship is in after being aboard her for three minutes, was pleased to find Chiang's small force of destroyers and patrol craft in fighting trim; the officers were able and efficient, he said; the crews worked smartly, and the ships were ready, with "No paint on the threads, gaskets all in, dogs down tight and no steam leaks."

At the same time, in a frank speech, he made it clear that his pleasure was a selfish one.

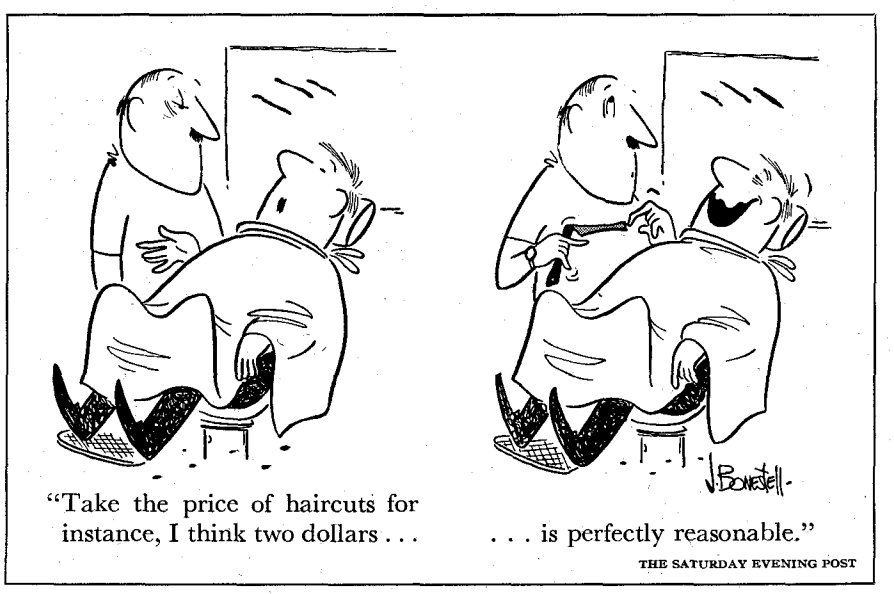
"I am a United States naval officer," he told the Chinese. "I work for the United States Navy and my country. I do not work for the Chinese Navy or the Nationalist Chinese. But here in this area of the world our two countries are mutually dependent upon each other. The better you operate as a navy, the less we will have to do here; the more of our strength we can assign to other danger areas in the world."

One of these danger areas, where the Fleet's power may someday be called into play, was the last stop on Burke's itinerary—Hong Kong, one of the world's great cities, crouched against the flanks of a political volcano which at any moment may erupt and overwhelm it. In briefing sessions with Hong Kong's defenders, British officers told Burke frankly of the threat—the powerful Red Chinese armies that lay almost in cannon range beyond the blue hills of Kowloon. Burke, in turn, told them what help the Fleet might give if the Reds should finally decide to gobble up this British stronghold with its hospitals, universities, race tracks, cricket fields, its bulging banks and busy factories.

With Hong Kong, the trip was officially over, except for one brief stop at Midway Island. Here, for the first time, Burke got mad. On an island where great storms are almost unknown, the Navy was building massive barracks of steel and concrete, unsuited to the climate and fabulously costly. Burke's language, on inspecting these, caused the gooney birds to take flight, and no doubt reddened ears in the Bureau of Yards and Docks 5000 miles away.

Two days later, just at dusk, his plane settled down at Washington Airport. In twenty-three days he had flown more than 20,000 miles, made a dozen speeches, talked with three heads of state, and watched a great fleet flex its muscles. He had done his best to spur the faint-hearted, and to calm apprehension that the tense peace in the Pacific may be broken. He was tired.

The wives of his officers were there to kiss their husbands hello and drive them home. Burke kissed his wife good-by—and drove off to the Pentagon to work at his desk until midnight. THE END



"Take the price of haircuts for instance, I think two dollars . . . . . is perfectly reasonable."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I Saw the Algerian Rebels in Action

(Continued from Page 30)

were no Frenchmen, and, indeed, no sign of what the French call *la présence Française*. On the contrary, they were marked by the French absence.

These Arab villages all were built on hillsides sloping from the valley bed to a dirt road connecting the villages to larger towns. Each comprised sixty or seventy peasant houses surrounded by tiny terraced fields, grazing lands and orchards. The houses, made usually of clay and stones, included roofless courts and several rooms. They had no electricity, plumbing, stoves or even beds. To take a bath, I retired to a room with a drain, and poured water over my head with one hand while scrubbing with the other.

Whenever our party came to a village, the whole population turned out to greet us, pouring from the houses and fields as though running before a flood. When we left a village, the women would stand on the hills, arms raised to the heavens in prayer for the nationalists. While we stayed, nothing was too good for us. *Mechoui*, a barbecued lamb reserved for festal occasions, was served twice a day.

• •

Recovery
Discovery

My wife has found her
gloomy moods
Are easy to disperse:
She merely buys a
brand-new dress—
And guess who, friend,
feels worse!

Dick Emmons

• •

There were grapes, peaches and huge tomatoes. The women insisted on washing our uniforms. If there were barbers, they were not to be denied; in one stretch of seven days, I had my hair cut four times.

There were other and sadder marks of popular devotion to the nationalists. Children of five or six would form into squads and parade back and forth with wooden guns and nationalist-army caps. One small boy who forgot to salute his eleven-year-old commander was made to stand in the corner, head bowed. An old man—over a hundred, I was told—said he feared only one thing: that the leaders would "settle for peanuts." A mute approached me once, put his forefinger between lips pursed for whistling, and then clasped his hands together. Even people who could not speak, he was pantomiming, were bound to the nationalists.

In each of the villages there was a nationalist headquarters called "people's homes." These were rectangular caves about twenty feet long, five feet high and five feet across. They usually were located near the bed of the valley, and in all cases the entrance was a hole, covered over by vines and creepers, and just about big enough for a man to squeeze through. Such nationalist officials and soldiers as happened to be passing through slept in the caves. As many as twenty persons would crowd into a cave, lying side by side without even room to turn over. Poor ventilation made breathing difficult, and toward dawn it was impossible, because of the lack of oxygen, to light a match. But even though the caves were uncomfortable, they played a key role in what the French called the "*téléphone Arabe*"—the nationalists' warning system.

Time after time we were in villages when word came that a French convoy was moving out or was on the road. All uniformed persons would bolt for the cave. I never ceased to wonder at the speed of the system; it appeared that the French could not make a move without the nationalists' knowing almost instantly. In some cases when we were close to the French, we received the alarm a full half hour before the French completed their travel preparations. Hidden in a cave we could hear their tanks, but were safe unless betrayed by a villager. About that, no one seemed to worry.

Almost always we shared the caves with the local nationalist political officer and his staff. These uniformed ward bosses are responsible for relations between the rebel army and the Arab population. They move from village to village, accompanied often by a doctor, one or two nurses and a secretary. They are the militant base of the nationalist movement. In quality they vary immensely. I saw one who seemed self-indulgent and cruel. Once when he was speaking, two of the nurses, neither above seventeen, had a fit of the giggles. He stopped, glared, and then ordered them to slap each other, which they did—hard. On another occasion I saw him condemn a nineteen-year-old boy to be buried up to his neck in the ground for a day—he had fallen asleep while serving as a sentinel.

Other political officers, however, breathed the qualities of the saints. One who had been a doctor in civil life was a friendly, soft-spoken fellow of evident intelligence, and the only genuinely moderate person I met in the nationalist camp. I accompanied him one day on a medical tour of a village. In all he visited some eighty patients, finding six cases of tuberculosis, several of malaria and trachoma, and at least a dozen of syphilis. The doctor gave medication to everyone he visited in the village, and left behind a soldier trained in first aid. "He may help a little," the doctor shrugged, "but after a few days I'll have to move him somewhere else."

Between patients we talked casually about politics. The doctor thought there were many French settlers in Algeria who would like to co-operate with the nationalists, but were afraid. He mentioned the United Nations debate on Algeria, evincing no hope for any important gains for the nationalists. "India, for instance," he said, "might like to help us, but they can't like the idea of the U.N. taking a strong role, because of their own record in Kashmir. Everyone has a Kashmir of some kind."

The political officers have one important thing in common. Almost all of them have been involved in nationalist politics for upwards of a decade. Although the Algerian war began only three years ago, the militant rebels have been building an organization, gathering arms and arranging for hide-outs since the end of World War II.

Preoccupation with conspiratorial tasks has ill-fitted the political officers for any real sympathy with democratic institutions. When I asked one whether he thought there should be different parties in an independent Algeria, he said, "We must guard our unity." Another, questioned about freedom of the press, replied, "Anyone can have a voice who speaks the truth." A third told me that he had arranged local elections between two slates of candidates that he had picked himself, "to make sure that all were competent."

Emphasis on competence is a fetish of the political officers. Most of them have

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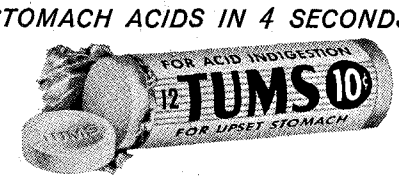

PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

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served in the French Army or as workers in France and can look after themselves in almost any practical difficulty. They set tremendous store by pure know-how. One of them once said to me of a commanding officer, "X is a great man. He can mount a radio, fix a camera, clean any gun, pitch a tent, tend a horse, march for hours without a break—anything."

These leaders display a blindness toward almost everything not connected with the Algerian struggle. They know very little about America. One officer was astonished to learn we spoke the same language as the British. Neither was there much talk of Russia. Although the nationalist movement was allied with the French Communists during the '20's, these nationalists, I thought, harbored a virulent strain of hatred for the Communists. Once, speaking of the occupation of France, a political officer said, "The Germans only tortured Communists," as if that were all right.

Even more striking than ignorance of the United States and Russia is contempt for the three Arab countries which have most helped the Algerian nationalists—Egypt, Tunisia and Morocco. Habib Bourguiba, the Tunisian president, was put down as a "blow-hard." One of the officers said, "He won't make those grandstand plays when we have independence." The Sultan of Morocco was often called the "man in the *djellabah*," an allusion to his Arab cloak, with the clear intimation that modern Arabs should wear Western dress. As to Nasser, I did see one picture of the Egyptian leader and two babies who were named after him. But the political officers held him in low esteem. One of them said, "He has no contact with the people. He rules from a balcony. With his army, the only problem is catching it."

Such contempt for others is born of a self-pride based on nationalist accomplishment. Following the Communist model, the political officers have planted activist cells in every village. They have organized units of local government: a mayor and officials charged with responsibility for the police, justice, finance and health. They collect taxes—in theory, a tenth of each man's income, but in practice a flexible schedule. They have organized a rudimentary system of social security for indigent families, providing payments of five dollars per person per month in the countryside and about ten dollars in the cities. Schools staffed with nationalist soldiers have been set up to teach children from six to ten to read and write.

The political officers are responsible for feeding nationalist-army units, and one told me that he had brought in a grain crop under the eyes of the French by arranging for the villagers to harvest it at night

Probably the most significant reform the nationalists have attempted is emancipation of Arab women, and this has become one of the driving forces of the whole movement. The French, with their principle of toleration for religious institutions and cultures, left intact the system of *purdah*, or seclusion of women, among the Moslems—a custom which makes virtual slaves of females and keeps them in ignorance.

Until I went with the nationalists I had not met socially a single Moslem woman in Algeria. An Arab writer acknowledged that his wife knew only one man besides himself—his brother. Miss Germaine Tillon, a French anthropologist who lived with the Arabs in Algeria, reports that the women she met were unable to keep household accounts, to nurse sick children or even, in some cases, to do the daily marketing. Ignorance, in its turn, has fostered contempt. One can still hear in parts of Algeria a prayer that asks: "God, give us peace, plenty and little boys; deliver us from plague, famine and little girls."

To pass into the camp of the nationalists is to change worlds. Without exception, the women I met were full of self-confidence and eagerness to learn. Very few were veiled. Some had joined the army as nurses or even fighters, and lived side by side with the nationalist soldiers. Some of these were teen-agers playing adult games. One sixteen-year-old nurse, when I asked her whether she would wear a veil after the war, went and conferred with the political officer before returning to tell me she would not.

About the ordinary village women there was no such silliness. With most of the men away—in the army or in prison or in France—they have shouldered heavy responsibilities at home and have gained a growing sense of their own worth. A political officer told me of a nationalist photographer who had come to take pictures of the troops. As he set up his camera, a score of women crowded round.

"Sorry," the photographer said, "these pictures are only of the fighters."

One of the women flung back smartly, "Are we not fighters? We cook for the soldiers, we wash, we clean, we mend; also we make uniforms, deliver the mail and stand guard. Are we not fighters?"

Something of the same spirit was apparent at a women's cell meeting I attended at the largest house of the village. The rectangular candlelit room was bare of all furniture except a raised platform with mats and pillows. A score of women were present, dressed in their best silks and embroideries. They wore no veils, but some were daubed with silver and red paint on the forehead, just under the nostrils and on the chin. A few carried children in their arms.

The political officer opened the meeting and introduced his secretary, a seventeen-year-old Arab girl of bizarre appearance. In dress she seemed not quite a top-drawer member of the hot-rod set, wearing a brown suède windbreaker, green velveteen breeches garnished by metal studs, and brown-and-white shoes with pinholes on top for ventilation. Her fine features, long braids and the flickering glint of the candle on dark skin gave her the face of a starlet made up to play Pocahontas. She spoke in short, fiery, hortatory sentences, her eyes fixed as in a trance. Her theme was courage.

"We must not be afraid," she began, "but must hold fast for freedom and to be respected in the world. We have good morale and unity. The enemy will break his head on our unity. Justice and victory will go to men of good will. It is true that we have difficulties. Our men are in prison. Our women and children are alone. But we must sacrifice everything for liberty. We must keep abreast of our brothers. We must do everything we can to fight for our country. It is the way to raise our women up. If we do our duty today, tomorrow we will be free."

Throughout the tirade, the other women sat silent and almost motionless. The leader of the cell, a fat old crone with a marked thyroid condition, kept incanting, "Oh, may they understand." She rose when the girl finished and announced a recess. Immediately, all the other women converged on the girl with questions.

For one, the girl translated from French to Arabic the instructions on a can of evaporated milk. Another had a problem about olive trees. After a word with the political officer, the girl said the trees should be planted about a yard apart for best results.

"I presume it has anti-freeze."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I butted in to ask some questions. What made them think they were going to win? "We fight for principles," one of the women said. "The French fight for the price of tomatoes."

I asked what they hoped to get out of independence. One said, "Tomorrow, with independence, we will be able to instruct ourselves. There will be women policemen and postmen." Another answered, "Before, we were beasts of burden. We will never return to that."

The cell leader motioned the women to their places and said, "We started with nothing and now we have organization, arms, and everyone wears a smile on their faces. Everything in this country belongs to the rebels—the houses, the eggs, the trees, the chickens. When a French soldier comes to a village, he takes a chicken, twists off its head, and puts the chicken in his pocket. That's why even the chickens are with us now." They all laughed, and that was the end of the meeting. That night my group began the long trek over the valley and across the mountains to Morocco. The journey held no surprises. But it did demonstrate the nationalist communications system.

I had been aware of its almost palpable hum all the time. One soldier had a radio, which he tuned in daily to a secret broadcasting station recently established by the nationalists. Whenever our party stopped for as much as a day, there was a constant stream of incoming and outgoing messages, written by hand on bits of paper and carried by Arab boys or women. Even on the march, messengers kept arriving and departing. We often changed course, but there was always a welcoming party when we arrived at our new destination.

One of our pauses stretched out longer than normal, and, I, impatient to get across the frontier, complained to Tahar. He explained that we had a rendezvous, fixed for midnight, with a group escorting three deserters from the French Foreign Legion who were to cross the border with us. I was sure the plans would misfire, as we had stopped on a hillside indistinguishable from thousands of others in Algeria, and the other party had been on the march for seven days. There was no moon to guide them. Yet they arrived only fifteen minutes past the appointed hour.

The presence of the legionnaires was nothing remarkable. The nationalists have developed a highly organized system of printed pamphlets, contact points, specially trained guides and promises of safe transport home to encourage desertion. It is no secret that many of the legionnaires are unhappy, and that the young recruits are especially easy prey. The constant threat of desertion must make the French command uneasy. But the legionnaires that came out with me were no loss to France.

They were new and very unhappy recruits—a German of twenty-five, and two Yugoslavs in their teens. Despite repeated warnings, they kept lighting cigarettes as we marched. During a break, one of them picked up a carbine and fired at a bird, making a noise that could easily have alerted the French. They complained bitterly about the pace. The German told me that he was an expert at crossing frontiers and if I came with him we could sneak out of Algeria by train. In the end, they drew from Tahar the bitter remark, "For those pigs we risk our lives."

We reached Morocco early in the morning of the third night's march. I was on my way home within a matter of hours.

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Kraft.

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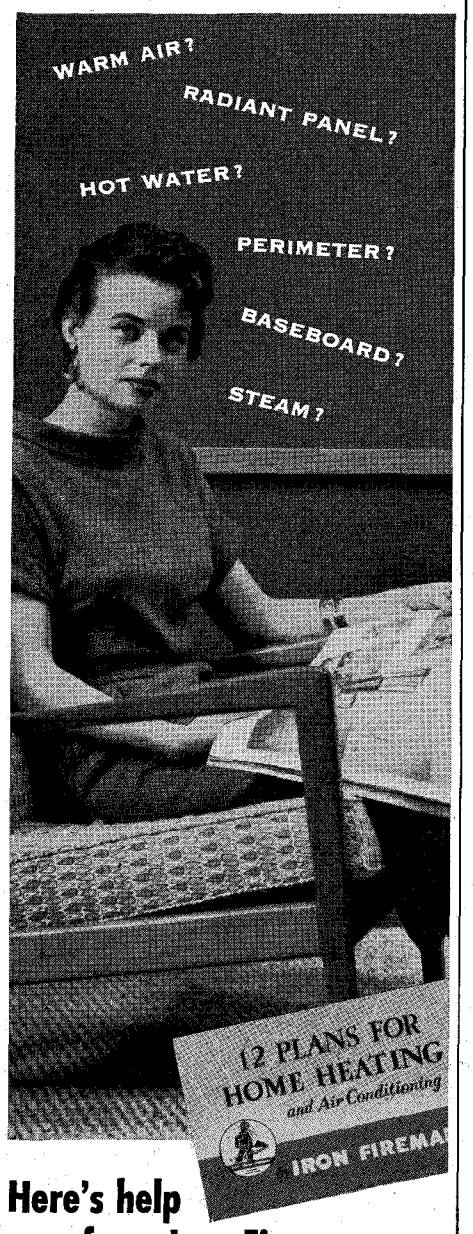

Here's help from Iron Fireman

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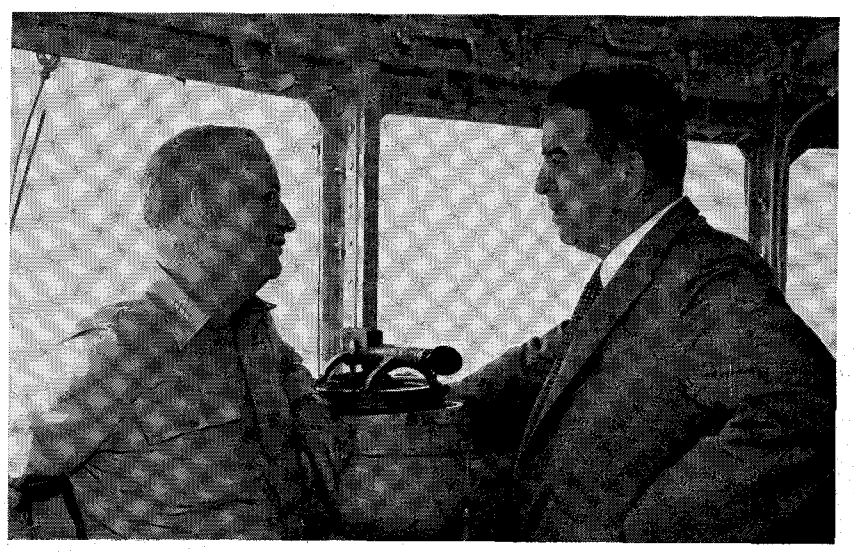

Harold Martin, right, with Admiral Arleigh Burke.

For several years Editor Ben Hibbs has been trying to get the Post's three Martins—Pete, Harold and John—together in the same issue. Something has always come along to foil him. You can't edit a magazine by the numbers—or the names. But now for the first time we can proudly offer a historic bargain: not one, not two, but three Martins (not related, incidentally) for the price of one.

Of the writing stars in this package, the senior Post contributor is

Pete Martin.

Pete Martin, 56, whose first appearance in the magazine was an editorial (The Three R's) published in 1928. Most readers know Virginia-born Pete best as a writer of articles, and he has written a good many, for a fact. I CALL ON EDWARD R. MURROW, which starts on page 32, is his 231st. But some readers may not remember that Pete's production also includes fifteen short stories, two fiction serials, six editorials and a poem.

Pete came to work for the Post less than a year after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, and his name has been on the masthead since May, 1929—longer than any other member of the staff. One of the first writers to employ a tape recorder for interviews, Pete never takes pencil notes if he can help it. This is probably just as well, because (a) he can't always read his own handwriting and (b) he refuses to fudge a quote. But the tape can't lie.

Discussing his interviewing methods, Pete says he finds that he subconsciously adopts the techniques of his subjects: that is, he interviewed Mike Wallace the way Mike Wallace interviews people on his TV program, and Ed Murrow the way Ed Murrow interviews people on *his* TV program. When we asked Pete about the techniques he found himself using with Marilyn Monroe, all we got was a glassy stare.

Harold H. Martin's first Post appearance was an article in 1945 called THE FAT LADY OF OKINAWA. Harold, now 47, was still in the Marine Corps then, and the lady, for those who missed it, was a pig. Since that time Harold has written 116 Post articles, about half of them since he became an associate editor of the magazine in 1951. Writing for the Post has kept him on the go. A fairly typical assignment sent him far from his Atlanta home, on the prowl with "31 Knot" Burke, which happens to be the title of an article starting on page 36 of this issue. (We should tell you that several of the Post editors do not live in Philadelphia.)

While visiting Formosa with Admiral Burke, Harold attended a dinner given by Chiang Kai-shek and found himself seated opposite a Gen. Ho Shai-lai. General Ho remarked conversationally that his daughter attended school in Virginia—a nice place nicely named Sweet Briar. Harold remarked that, as a matter of fact, *his* daughter was at Sweet Briar too. It turns out that the two girls are good friends; and the following week Min Ho and Marian Martin both got letters from their fathers in the same mail from Formosa, telling all about it. "Small world," Harold comments.

John Bartlow Martin, 42, has been writing for the Post since 1949, when his first article—WHAT THE MINERS SAY ABOUT JOHN L. LEWIS—appeared. A chapter in his series on the Midwest, A MATTER OF STYLE AND STEEL, beginning on page 26 of this issue, is his fifty-second contribution. In the interim, John has won three Benjamin Franklin awards for article series in the Post. And late in 1956 his series INSIDE THE ASYLUM also earned him the Sigma Delta Chi award for the year's best magazine reporting.

Born in Ohio and reared in Indiana, John moved to Chicago at the age of twenty-three and has been free-lancing ever since. In the course of an active writing career, he has encountered most of the hazards of his trade, but a new one beset him when he was researching his current article. Touring the Buick plant in Flint, Michigan, he arrived at the foundry, "a noisy, hot, somewhat frightening place . . . where the air is filled with ladles of molten metal flying around." Presently John smelled smoke, but because the whole place was pretty smoky, he didn't pay much attention. In fact, he continued taking notes until a companion began beating at his leg, yelling, "You're on fire!"

John Bartlow Martin.

"I was too," John says; and his latest expense account includes, somewhat diffidently, a charge for one ruined suit of clothes, original price less depreciation.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Gangway for the Nuclear Garbage Men"

Ever wonder what happens to radioactive wastes—the lethal leftovers of military, medical and industrial atomic projects? George Perry's whole business is built on getting rid of these and other kinds of high-risk "garbage." John Kobler tells all about it.

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